

NATIONAL

MAGAZINE 15 Cents

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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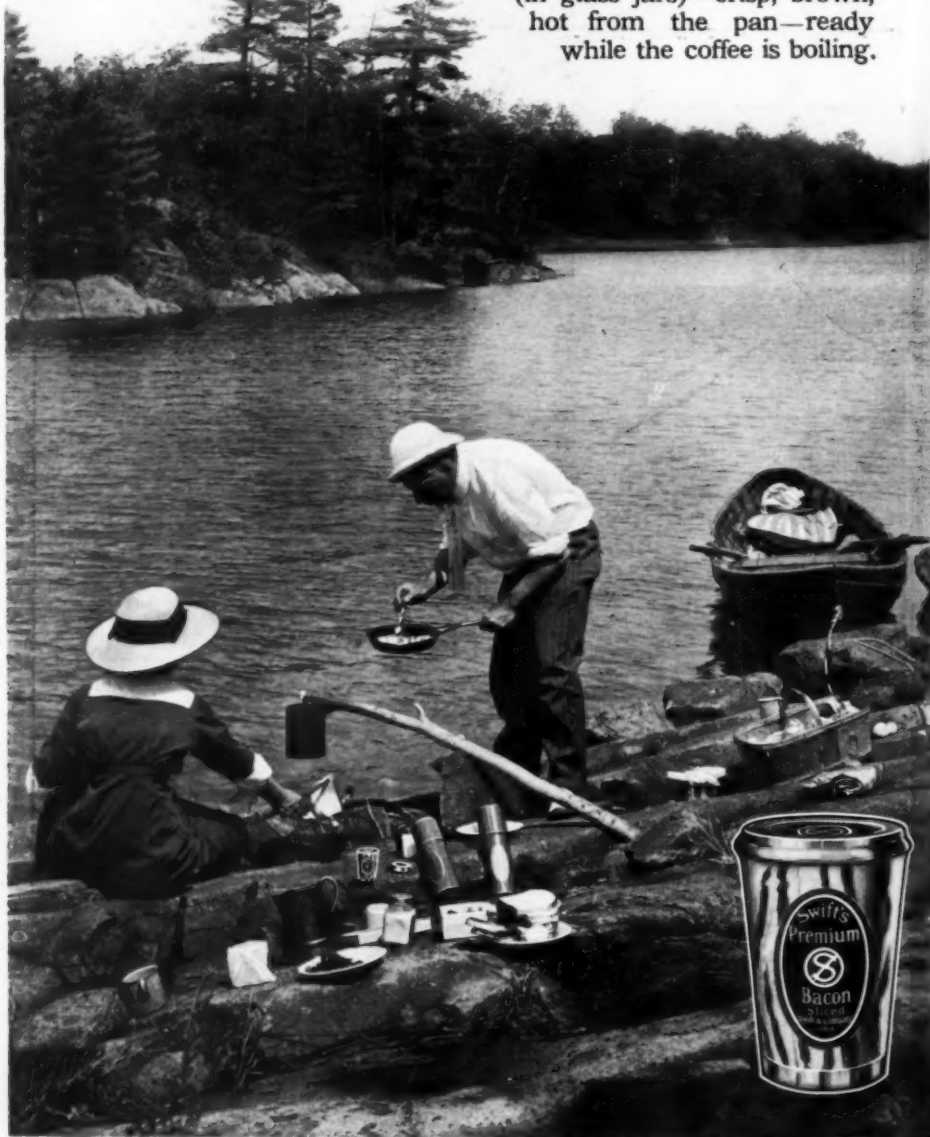


AUGUST
1914

The "HEART THROBS"
Magazine

Half the joy of any outing lies
in the mid-day halt for lunch.

Nothing else quite meets every demand
of this "event of the day" so perfectly
as Swift's "Premium" Bacon
(in glass jars)—crisp, brown,
hot from the pan—ready
while the coffee is boiling.



Cantilever "Comfort" Springs Eliminate Jolts and Hold the Car to the Road

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Famous Ward Leonard Starter and Lighter \$90 net additional
Prices F. O. B. Detroit.

30-35 Horsepower
Touring Car and Roadster



Pure European stream line body.
 Flush "U" doors—No moldings.
 Concealed hinges and latch handles.
 Full floating rear axle.
 Combination head lamps.
 Instrument board.
 Special crown fenders.
 Gasoline tank in cowl.
 Hyatt roller bearings.
 Honeycomb radiator.
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 Center control.

New price, new body, new chassis refinements, but retaining all the sturdiness, reliability, and special mechanical features that made the 1914 model a success the world over.

The KING chassis has always been built to give many years of faithful economical service. Now it comes with a body of a type pronounced by the majority of engineers to be the *ultimate* motor car design. In Model C you will be buying for a decade.

All stock of the KING MOTOR CAR COMPANY is owned by the active executives of the Company. These stockholders prefer solid, successful growth rather than large, immediate profits. To this end they insure careful, high grade manufacturing by including every employee in an annual distribution of profits. The KING was first to do this. With this painstaking and responsible manufacture, go materials of such high quality that only by cash buying and modest profits can such a price as \$1075 be made possible.

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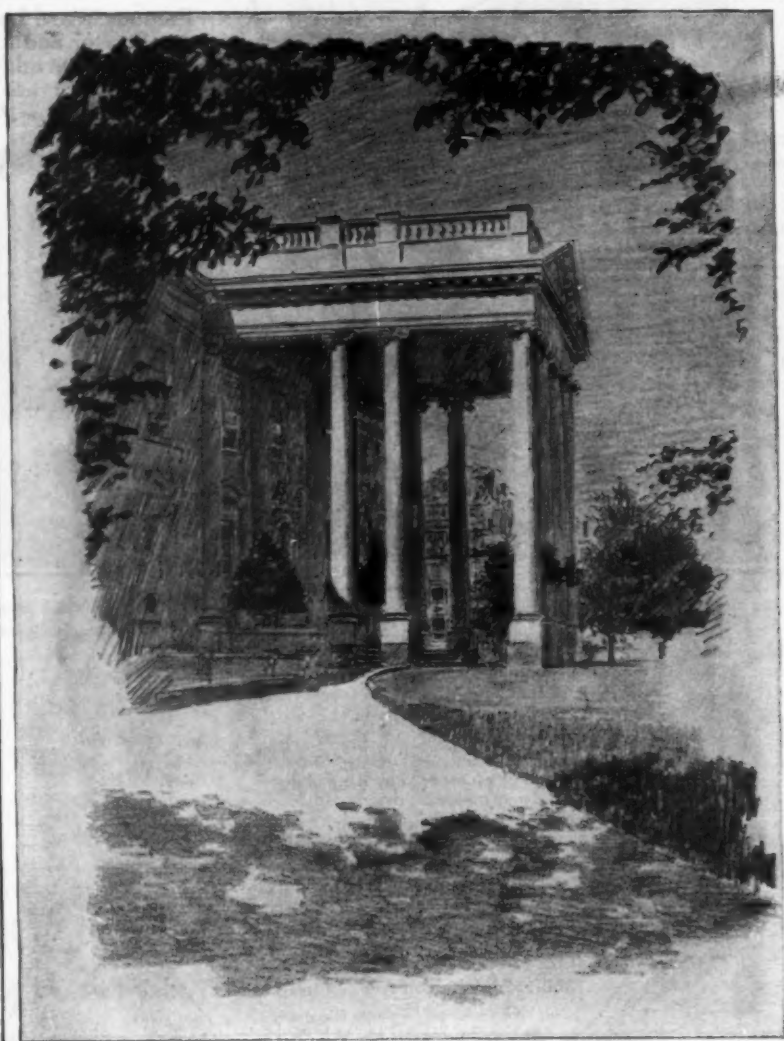
1300-1324 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

*New York Agency and Showroom, B'way at 52d St.
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Multiple disc cork insert clutch.
 True ventilating, rain-vision wind-shield.
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 Silk mohair one-man top.
 Option on two gearings.
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 31¹⁵/₁₆" x 5" motor.
 Extra heavy frame.
 18" steering wheel.
 Full equipment.



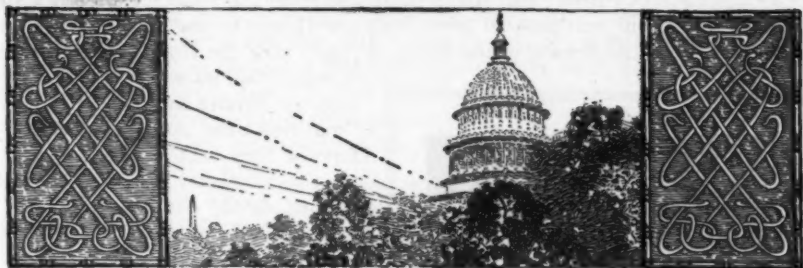
DEALERS SHOULD NOT DELAY in arranging for territory yet unallotted. The KING'S 1914 success is about to be repeated manifold. A handsome, dependable, economical car of popular name and price, produced by a financially solid factory, and generously advertised, is a combination that will mean big 1915 profits.



THE WHITE HOUSE

Although not the front, this is the side most familiar to the public

NATIONAL MAGAZINE



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

MANY a prominent official, experienced in summer Chautauqua work, insists that an audience will not listen to or talk over an earnest message until they perspire freely. Perspiration, they aver, is a physical condition for psychical and mental perspective. In the congressional debates this summer there have been all the fire and flavor of a Chautauqua canvassed forum, with the perspiring audience, indicated by the straggling spectators in the gallery fanning furiously above the whirling horizontal fans over the legislators' heads. A review of the legislation still pending in Washington suggested to one foreign correspondent that the United States was being re-made while Congress awaited permission to adjourn. The government still remains a Republic, and the humble citizen may feel that he is a definite and component hundred-millionth part of the nation, and has a right and title of citizenship; but the officers in power, the commissions appointed by the authority and control of party representatives are the real rulers of the country. After being so long in power, the Republicans are beginning to appreciate what the rule of party means in national affairs, and are still reflecting upon the returns of the 1912 election, with the peculiar meditations of a minority, which settles in defeat with accrued and acute interest.

The President realizes that time is passing rapidly, that he has definite legislation to do and the Congressional class must recite now or take the full course examination in fall elections. President Wilson is not going to be jarred from his purpose. Conferences have been held with Mr. J. P. Morgan and Henry Ford and delegations of business men. The President is enjoying the summer in new suits of snowy duck, but is not "ducking" his work. The regular afternoon game of golf takes place, and Secretary Tumulty tumbles the tennis balls to keep his liver active, recalling the Rooseveltian days when presidential tennis ruled the country. The diplomatic corps long ago

deserted the capital for summer quarters, but the Congressmen, like good boys, go on attending summer-school.

The country has now had a test of four successive years of activity by the Federal legislative legions, who were there through necessity, not through choice. The closing of the Panama debate and other important measures is a suggestion of earnest and eloquent appeal from the minority.

The trust bill was hustled over from the House to the Senate with the conviction that the Senate would fix it all right; now the House believes that it will finish its work a month before the Senate and just continue "marking time" and keep the conference fires well banked, to keep up the necessary steam if a real contest should develop.

The River and Harbor budget of forty-three million is continuously arising, as a ghastly spectre, before the eyes of legislators too prodigal of favors to constituents, or too utterly unable to dip into the "pork barrel." The "Good Old Summer Time" has long ago lost its popularity as a legislative ditty when referring to dog days or dog-gone hot days in Washington, with Congress "still in session."



HON. GILBERT N. HAUGEN

The Representative from Iowa is a true and tried friend of the dairymen

JUST around the corner from the elevator, in room 200 of the House Office building, the seeker will find Hon. Gilbert N. Haugen.

Mr. Haugen was born in Rock County, Wisconsin, in 1859, and was actively engaged in business

in Worth County, Iowa, up to the time he was elected to the Iowa Legislature. He started in business at the age of fourteen and is an interesting type of the self-made man.

Everybody in his district appears to know Gilbert Haugen and trusts him. The same popularity which he enjoys at his home in Northwood seems to pervade his district, and party disputes may come and go, but for eight terms Gilbert Haugen has been honored by his constituents in re-elections. After a service of sixteen years, he is regarded as one of the solid and substantial leaders of his party. When his colleagues gather for conference in the room of Gilbert Haugen they feel that they are getting at the very gist of the problem, and are listening to opinions founded on just rugged common sense.

He is dean of the Iowa delegation, and his poise and good-nature have given him a unique distinction in the House of Representatives. His long service on the Agricultural Committee and his faithful work on War Claims

is a record of which he may well be proud. Mr. Haugen has been working night and day in behalf of the dairy interests of the United States, and to defeat the oleomargarine measure. He has stood so far ahead in this work that he was once asked if he were the "sole defender of the dairy interests on the committee." His reply was characteristic of his modesty, "Oh, no, I have a number of friends on the committee, but I have been engaged in the work so long and am so familiar with it that I naturally take the lead." He is greatly interested in measures looking toward "pure food" legislation, in the establishment of a children's bureau, and in other legislative matters, such as tariff currency and railroad rate regulation.

In a review of the discussion on the Federal Reserve Banks, Mr. Haugen made one of those plain, simple statements that attracted widespread attention in Congress. He drove straight at the situation from the standpoint of practical experience rather than illusive theory.

He made a speech on the Panama tolls last March and his address on vocational education was a most interesting forecast of the message which is certain to crystallize into law. He has also spoken on the parcels post, the savings banks, the tariff, the Post Office Appropriations bill—in fact very few measures of importance have come up in Congress in which the voice of the sturdy Congressman from Iowa has not been heard.

Mr. Haugen has always been known as one who is broad and sympathetic and willing to help along in any good cause. This is most emphatically evidenced by the great mass of mail matter that comes to him every day from all parts of his district, and if ever a man in Congress felt it a duty to look after every request from a constituent, his name is printed in modest letters on the door of room 200.



MRS. KEY PITTMAN

Wife of the Senator from Nevada. The Senator and Mrs. Pittman are entertaining extensively at "Alta Hall," a beautiful estate that commands a magnificent view of Washington and the Potomac



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MISS NANCY JOHNSON

Daughter of Representative and Mrs. Ben Johnson of Kentucky. She will be missed from Washington society for several months, having accompanied some friends to Italy the latter part of May

HOT-WEATHER legislation in Washington differs materially from the deliberations at the Capitol in the crisp winter months. The Senators and Congressmen, attired in white or light-tweed suits, move about in a leisurely summer-resort way, except when red-hot "snappers" interrupt colloquy or debate. Whether out on the terrace in one of the rattan rockers to get a breath of air or in the marble room, discussing some legislative problem, or pacing up and down the green carpet in the corridor or ambling toward the cloak-room, with ears intent on the insistent bells which ring for the roll-call or the quorum, there are always latent activities in the Senate outside of what appears to the spectators in the gallery, as they gaze upon the Senators.

As one countryman remarked, "It seems just as if they were like bass, getting off into a shady corner until there is some bait dangling on the floor to attract them." All the visitors move about outside just as at an exposition, seeing the sights here and there. A guide standing in the center of the main corridor points on one side to Speaker Clark, sitting high up in the Speaker's chair with a background of the American flag, and then to Vice-President Marshall, sitting at the other end, fitting into a little alcove back of the presiding officer's chair, which makes him seem like a living statue. On either side in front of the Senate Chamber are ranged life-like statues of the former Vice-Presidents of the republic.

The passing of Adlai Stevenson, who served with President Cleveland, is indicated by the crape that hangs on the white bust. At the end of the corridor are life-like pictures of Calhoun and Clay, opposite Patrick Henry, whose lips seem to repeat that immortal sentence so familiar in the old-time school books, "Give me liberty or give me death." In front of this statue walks a Senator, fanning himself furiously, asking, not so much for "liberty or death" as for "a vacation or country breath."

FOR over two months the Twelfth Massachusetts District was without a Congressman. Since the resignation of Congressman Curley, one place was vacant in the Bay State delegation. And so, when on the sixteenth day of April the oath of office was administered to the Hon. James A. Gallivan, Massachusetts had a brand new Congressman. Amid a round of good-natured applause the novitiate took his seat.

On June 9, while the House was in Committee of the Whole, the Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the National Body, mounted the rostrum. By his side was a member. With a Southern hand-shake, the drawling Missourian surrendered the chair and descended from the rostrum. "Bang" went the gavel. Up looked the startled members and there was an audible gasp—Gallivan was presiding. Less than two months had elapsed since he took his oath of office and now he was Speaker, *pro tem*. The Sundry Civil Bill, with its appropriation of several millions of dollars, was under consideration and back and forth raged the storm of legislative battle. Points of order, lack of a quorum, disputes as to the right of the floor—every technicality known to the parliamentary expert was introduced and the friends of the very newest Congressman were worried. Truly they were proud of the honor that had come to their colleague, but the tarnish of an error might mar forever the glory of the moment.

For a while the tense expression on the face of the presiding officer told



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PRESIDING OVER THE DELIBERATIONS OF THE HOUSE

Representative James A. Gallivan of Massachusetts took Speaker Clark's place during the discussion over the Sundry Civil bill

of the feeling that was within his own breast—a feeling akin to a doubt as to his own ability to handle the situation, but presently that expression vanished and a smile, the Gallivan smile, took its place. Decision after decision was rendered from the rostrum, ruling after ruling came down with calm, exact precision. A master hand was at the helm and although the wheel was strange and the seas for him uncharted, he guided the ship of Congress over the turbulence of the time and made port without a quiver.

It was old Champ Clark himself who first congratulated Gallivan as the latter descended from the Speaker's bench and then an impromptu reception was held. Gallivan had made good on his campaign promise—Gallivan was most strenuously "in action."

Next to his having gotten "into action," his proudest claim is that his Washington address, the Hotel Driscoll, is situated on the northwest corner of B and First Streets, corresponding to his old South Boston birthplace, B and First Streets, that district.



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MRS. WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Wife of the new third assistant Secretary of State. She was formerly Miss Caroline Astor Drayton of New York, a well-known social leader of that city and related to many of the leading Knickerbocker families

ONE of the exasperating things in editorial work is to run across a good story, full of gossip human interest, to write it out carefully as it was related submit it and find out that it was all wrong—nothing right except the names. The NATIONAL has always made an effort to verify every paragraph printed, and when I sent on a good story to Treasurer John Burke at Washington, I found that the idea was all right but the facts all awry.

The Treasurer of the United States will be remembered as the Governor of North Dakota who wore a fur-lined overcoat and launched battleships in Boston. He has always been a Democrat and managed to be elected Governor of North Dakota, and one of the real Democratic presidential campaigns was when Governor John Burke was in the fore-rank as one of the old guard.

He is an Iowa boy, having been born in Sigourney, Iowa, February 25, 1859, and educated in the common schools and the State University of Iowa. After being admitted to the bar in 1886, he practiced law in Iowa and Minnesota, finally removing to North Dakota, where he crowned a notable

legislative and legal career by being elected governor in 1906, serving three consecutive terms. In March, 1913, he was appointed United States Treasurer.

As he was sitting in his office, after he came on to take the position, he wrote an old-time friend for whom he used to do odd jobs around the farm as a boy. The boy and the farmer for whom he worked used to have many talks, and little John Burke used to tell of the time when he was going to be a real lawyer. The lad never forgot the kindness of Mr. Ferry, and one of the first letters he wrote after his election to office was to Mr. Ferry. The letter tells the story:

FEBRUARY 3, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. FERRY:—

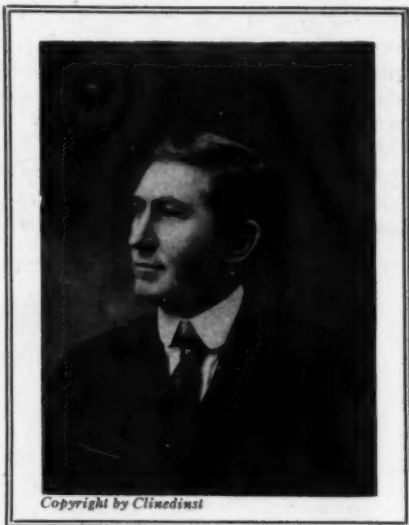
When we lived neighbors on adjoining farms in German Township and I was a little mite of ten, you frequently employed me in corn husking and corn planting times and on various other occasions, for which services you promptly paid me fifty cents a day. You will remember, however, that at the time of settlement you assured me that you were not certain that fifty cents was a sufficient remuneration for my services, and that in addition to the payment of fifty cents per day, you were to turn over to me all the money that you got with my name on it, which agreement was perfectly satisfactory to me and was duly accepted at the time. Fearing that you may have forgotten this obligation on account of lapse of time, I am calling your attention to it now, for of course I know that all that it will be necessary for me to do is simply to call your attention to it, and that your part of the agreement will be faithfully kept, and that you will kindly scrutinize all bills and faithfully turn over to me all that you get with my name on them.

With kindest personal regards to all the members of the family, I am

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) JOHN BURKE.

When the United States Treasurer had posted this letter he looked upon the chests of the United States, containing the millions of dollars, and his mind wandered back to his boyhood, when he was earning his fifty cents a day, little dreaming that he would one day have charge of the billions of dollars expended in the annual budget of the United States Treasury.



HON. JOHN BURKE
Treasurer of the United States



HAILING from the old "monkeywrench" district of Iowa, Mr. Maurice Connolly, the young Congressman from Dubuque, the home city of the late Senator Allison, has already made a record in party affairs that has logically resulted in naming him as the party choice for Senatorial honors in the Hawkeye state. Already his friends have begun an aggressive

campaign for his nomination, and hope to see the state honors, now enjoyed by Senator Cummins at Des Moines, swing back to Dubuque.

Mr. Connolly represents the district from which a Speaker for the House of Representatives was chosen twenty years ago, and he has thoroughly canvassed every nook and corner within the boundaries that outline the form of the "monkeywrench"—a tool always considered an indispensable implement for keeping machinery in order. Mr. Connolly is one of the young Congressmen who works early and late, looking after the interests of his constituency and keeping in close touch with the national councils of his party. Year after year he has spoken in campaigns where the results seemed hopeless for the Democrats, but through it all has been persistent in the faith and belief that Iowa would some day swing to the Democratic column. He enjoys the confidence of the President and other leaders in Washington, and his friends feel that the traditional habit and inclination of the state of Iowa to choose a

Senator from the upper banks of the Mississippi will continue, and result in his selection for the distinguished honor with which his home city is associated in the life activities of Iowa's grand old man, William B. Allison, and ex-Speaker David E. Henderson—two men who left an imperishable impress of their personality and activities on the pages of national history.



HON. WINFIELD S. HAMMOND
Representative from Minnesota, who has won the Democratic nomination for governor at the recent state-wide primary election in Minnesota

THERE is one Congressman in the cloak room who insists that it was no joke when he was greeted by a colleague, after they had negotiated an early lunch of apples, with the solicitous query, "Well, how's everyone at home?"

"Oh, *she's* all right," he responded with alacrity.

It was pointed out as an evidence of the strong and potential "home influences" when one Congressman will admit to another that the "everyone" at home is his wife.

In retaliation he repeated the old joke asking "why New York girls were like brown sugar," and answered it himself quickly, for fear that a proper response would not be made. "They are

very sweet but liable to be unrefined." This caused a chuckle from the Boston Congressman, who was sure that such an old and archaic witticism could not be applied to the girls from the Hub, but he was met with the crushing remark, "Yes, the Boston girls are refined all right, but who ever charged them with being sweet?" Thus even the sedate Congressman will discuss affairs in the cloak room that would make interesting reading in the *Record*, wherein even old jokes would be an alleviation of the monotony at times.

THE responsibilities of the Presidency, with the appointing power attached to the office, develop the latent resources of the individual holding the veto power over the legislation of a nation. With a glance now and then at the timetable and legislative schedule which crystallized in the Baltimore platform, there is no doubt that President Wilson holds the throttle of the law-making engine. The members of the Cabinet walk across the threshold with a more weighty and stately tread than in former administrations, apparently realizing the seriousness of the situation as the country adjusts its business to the swift-moving legislation of the year.

The zest and exuberance of making and securing appointments is rapidly abating, and new faces are becoming more familiar in the federal offices. The millions of dollars always involved in government pay-rolls and contracts, to say nothing of new and increasing appropriations, will constitute a billion budget that will sober radical inclinations, as the procedure of the past few years is studied, and the income tax returns come in.

The Democratic atmosphere at the executive offices was reflected the other day when a Congressman entered, smoking his Missouri corn-cob pipe. A colleague approached him and innocently asked: "Are you smoking bituminous or anthracite?" Attention was called to the old smoke ordinances upon the office walls, for the past three Presidents have been non-smokers, and the fumes



MISS JEAN ROBERTS

Daughter of Congressman and Mrs. Roberts of Massachusetts. She is one of the prettiest girls of the younger Congressional set, and with her charming manners has made a host of friends at Washington

of tobacco have not been known in the executive offices for nearly two decades. "Merely hay—merely hay—this is our busy hay-time," was the laconic reply.

One old-time correspondent remarked that in the Grant and McKinley days there was a sociable atmosphere of tobacco smoke that has not been apparent since the Major, as McKinley was called, even when President, complacently enjoyed his cigar and made an attentive listener between puffs,—with his ear close to the ground. Colonel Roosevelt presented in strong contrast his assertive instinct for leadership, as one cynic remarked, with his ears up. President Taft was called to the executive bench with an open mind;

for hearing testimony was his wont after years spent on the bench.

President Wilson is said to have a closed mind; and the cynic also insists that he has no ears; for whoever hears of getting the presidential ear nowadays? President Wilson knows exactly what he wants and follows out the analysis for himself, working on a "single track" toward a single purpose, without stopping to resurvey the public mind, or courting the advice and counsel so freely offered on legislative and executive matters, ever since he was nominated.

The routine of work at the executive office continues after the simple methods of the President's university custom. The Saturday holiday is rigidly observed, for recreation on the golf links, which the President insists is necessary to keep him in proper trim to "swing" things.

The musicales at the White House and the social life in the Cabinet circle differ little from traditional custom.

The prophets and wise-acres, not associated with the weather bureau, have stated that the present session of Congress will soon have completed its work; welcome news to the scarred

veterans who have for some years past faced long sessions, extending through the dog-days of August, and witnessed havoc played with their political fences at home, by aspiring and ambitious candidates who propose to push them into the ranks of the "has-beens."



HON. EDWIN Y. WEBB

The youngest Congressman who has ever presided over the deliberations of the House Judiciary Committee is Representative Webb of North Carolina. He was unanimously chosen chairman by the Ways and Means Committee to succeed Henry D. Clayton, who has resigned from Congress to become Federal Judge in Alabama

IT is not generally known that corn, or maize as it is properly called to distinguish it from other "corn," was originally a tropical growth and the one distinctive cereal characteristic of America. Maize is indissolubly associated with the American Indian, and wherever the Indian has raised corn the white man has followed, until now it is the only cereal cultivated in every state in the Union, not excepting Alaska. The decorative architectural value of the graceful maize leaves are illustrated in a pillar at the Capitol.

Some years ago, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, the poetess, started a movement to make corn Columbia's emblem, and from all indications it may perhaps bear fruit, since a resolution endorsing this idea has now been proposed. This was emphasized when Dr. Joseph Kossuth Dixon, the leader of the Rodman Wanamaker Expedition to the Indians, returned from his trip, after covering twenty-five thousand miles and visiting 189 tribes or sub-tribes of Indians. Dr. Dixon brought back and laid before President Wilson a document in which the chief of each tribe swears eternal fidelity and allegiance to the American flag. To each chief Dr. Dixon presented an American flag, similar to the one raised by thirty-two Indian chiefs on the site of the memorial to the North American Indian, to be erected by Rodman Wanamaker and others at Fort Wadsworth.

Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Cato Sells, were greatly interested in the report of Dr. Dixon. It is felt that a new destiny awaits the descendants of the red man, for this is the first time that the Indians of the country ever swore formal allegiance to the flag. Their words on this occasion are significant and interesting:

"Though a conquered race, with our right hands extended in brotherly love and our left hands holding the pipe of peace, we hereby bury all past ill feelings and proclaim abroad to all the nations of the world our firm allegiance to this nation and to the Stars and Stripes, and declare that henceforth and forever



MRS. FRANK S. WHITE

Wife of Senator White of Alabama. She has lately arrived in Washington with her daughter, and entertaining with their charming Southern hospitality they promise to become notable factors in official life

in all walks of life and every field of endeavor we shall be as brothers, striving hand in hand, and will return to our people and tell them the story of this memorial and urge upon them their continued allegiance to our common country."

The observations of the expedition reveal the mental attitude of the Indians toward the government and also emphasize the handicaps with which they have contended. It has done much to eliminate the suspicion which has ever been latent in the mind of the Indian from the early days of the

Republic. The oratorical responses by the various chiefs are in themselves a classic reminder of the orations of ancient Rome and Greece.

Mr. Rodman Wanamaker has certainly accomplished much in winning the confidence of the American Indian, and the reverence and appreciation of some of the Indians for the American flag should make some of the descendants of Revolutionary forefathers blush with shame.



MISS MARGUERITE WHITE

Daughter of Senator and Mrs. Frank S. White of Alabama. Her many friends at Washington are glad to welcome her to the national capital in the charming role of a Senator's daughter

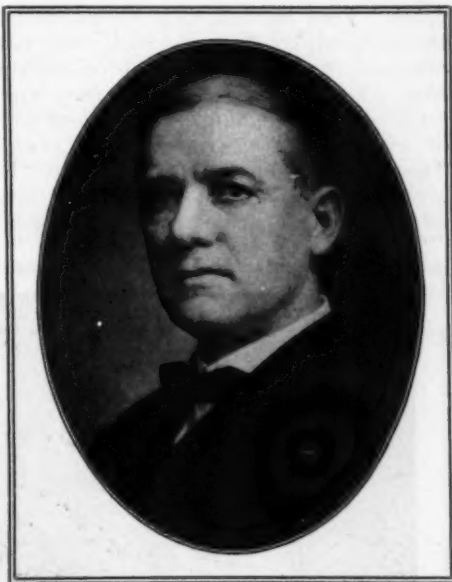
IN the discussion of the Tolls bill, Senator Townsend of Michigan revealed his familiarity with classics and ancient history. His address was counted one of the most able opposing the repeal of the tolls, and it was like a mixing of strange bedfellows in the Senate when coming from his colleague, Senator O'Gorman of New York. In this repeal, Republican attacked Republican and Democrat attacked Democrat. The discussion had in every way the aspect, at least, of the consideration of a non-partisan question, despite the fact

that a definite pledge was made on the subject in a political platform. In the course of his speech, the Senator said that "the question of a waterway from the Atlantic to the Orient is as old as the dream of Columbus. Periodically it has been an issue in the world's activities since the discovery of America."

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty he considered inimical to the best interests of the country and he continued by giving a definition of the Monroe doctrine, which it is well to understand nowadays.

"The American continents are not to be subject to colonization by any foreign non-American nation. The United States will consider any attempt on the part of such nation to extend its system to any portion of the Western hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. Any interposition by such foreign powers for the purpose of oppressing the independent nations of the American continent will be considered by the United States as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward us. This doctrine clearly implies that the United States will resent, with such power as is necessary, any attempt by such a nation to violate it. It implies a disapproval of every effort to supplant the sovereignty of our Government, either directly or indirectly, by that of any other nation.

"This principle of our national policy, proclaimed by President Monroe on December 2, 1823, recognized that at that time certain European nations had possessions in the Americas, and with those possessions there was to be no interference by the United States, but the extension in America of foreign sovereignty was not to be tolerated."



SENATOR CHARLES E. TOWNSEND

His address on the Panama Canal tolls was considered one of the most able on the subject

WONDROUS things are revealed while walking along the streets and highways these days. In the show windows of a jeweler's shop on an avenue in Washington, Senator Chilton stopped to show some of his senatorial colleagues the little glass bulbs standing in the sun, in which small aluminum fans were racing, suggesting perpetual motion. The source of power lay in the warmth of the sun; the same force that makes plants grow made the fans go. The shadows from the group of curious onlookers shut off the rays of the sun, and then the little fans stopped, reminding one of tiny minnows panting for fresh waters. When the Senators stood aside to let Old Sol shine upon them, the motion started again.

The senatorial group continued their walk toward the dome on the hill, philosophizing and soliloquizing (for Forbes-Robertson's "Hamlet" was played the night previous) about how the sun typified life and the shadows suggested

death. Then the talk took a scientific turn, and stories were told of how a frosted pumpkin had exploded while baking in an Ohio stove the winter previous; how the sun engine on Sahara had developed fifty horse power from a half acre of desert sand, from which it was computed that the waste sands of Africa could furnish electrical power for all Europe; and how the life of window-glass was only eighty years—because the sand disintegrates. There was a running, or I should say "walking," debate on these subjects, involving sun rays, shadows and sand, until the portals of the Senate chamber were passed. What was further discussed in the cloak room is not of public

record, but the insistent ring of the bell for a roll-call brought back the "regular order" of business.



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MISS THELMA THOMPSON

Daughter of Senator and Mrs. William H. Thompson of Kansas. She promises to become a great belle when she makes her debut

IT was sizzling hot and good corn weather on the day that I visited Uncle Joe in Danville, Vermilion County, Illinois. When I say "Uncle Joe," many thousands will know that I refer to Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, former speaker of the House of Representatives. On the wide veranda were flowers, swings and chairs, all inviting, but Uncle Joe was at his desk inside, working away on his Memorial Day address. It seemed good to grasp his hand and see that familiar twinkle in the eye and quizzical shake of the head of one so long conspicuous in Washington. Uncle Joe, as usual, had a cigar in his mouth, at the same old angle, and it was hard to realize that here was a man who was present at the Republican national

convention at which Lincoln was nominated, and had served almost continuously forty years in Congress—from top to bottom.

The former speaker was just as incisive as ever in his comments on current events. There never was a quiver of compromise touching the policy of the Republican party, in his nature, and it does not require a political horoscope to discover that Vermilion County and the district thereabouts will return Uncle Joe to Congress with a greatly increased majority. As he insists: "I don't care for myself. It is not that I am particular about going back, but

as the boys seem to want me to run, I want to show them that I am still ready for duty and willing to do my part." All up and down the street, everybody knows Uncle Joe, and when he runs, even without asking they remark, "We're going to send him back to Congress."

On the walls of his library are many pictures and mementos suggesting the honors of his speakership career. The hot weather outside had no terrors for Uncle Joe; he went on with his work with the diligence and energy characteristic of earlier days. The stirring scenes of the last years of his speakership revealed the indomitable and courageous spirit so much admired by Americans.

When Uncle Joe came out to shake hands, with that humorous glister in his eye, and an expression of opinion now and then that conveyed his convictions in no uncertain words, it brought to my mind many of the vivid and dramatic incidents of that sermon in Congress, when he beat back as frenzied a lot of Congressmen as I ever looked upon. As he passed out and down the street, there was something about his walk that was refreshing and aggressive.

Many of the old tried and true friends of the ex-speaker expect to return with him to the next Congress and hold a reunion, appreciating the ups and downs that came to them in the political whirlwind of 1912.

The people of his district cannot help comparing the arduous, efficient and close attention of Uncle Joe Cannon to his duties in Congress with the record of his successor—all said in a respectful way. The people there seem to realize that Uncle Joe was always "on the job," night and day, and there were no roll-calls or discussions on big questions that he did not attend; and now he feels that with the long, ripe years of experience involved in his twoscore years of service, he owes at least one more term to his constituents, and then he will arrive at four-score years, hale and hearty, with his duty done. We may expect, on his return, salutations that will be pointed and direct.



"UNCLE JOE" STARTING OUT FOR A WALK ON A WINDY DAY

FREE from the blazing hot sun, the trip through the subway to the Senate office building is indeed cool and refreshing. Thunder showers come and go with vivid lightning and roaring thunder, promising a breath of cool air, but relaxing into muggy humidity—and legislation goes on.

On the House side through the wire screens are the cloak-rooms, and the visitor sees the Congressmen at ease, like baseball players on the bench, and groups of Congressmen lounging in their circular seats keep the legislative mill

going. The conviction seems to be growing all over the country that the last few years have been an era of legislation unexampled in the quantity of bills that have crystallized into statutory laws.

The President has been supported by his party in his attempt to finish his entire program of legislation, from a feeling that there might soon be a change in the political complexion of the House that would check the passing of future bills along these lines. The President has expressed a desire to have the legislation assume Republican support in nearly everyone of his measures. The fact that the Democratic party have absolute power carries with it a responsibility.

Senator Smoot may arise with that gesture of two fingers erect, which to the schoolboy means the suggestion to "go in swimming." Senator Hoke Smith's suave response and Senator Borah's humorous ways are indeed gracious, and Senator Overman has been kept close to the appropriation

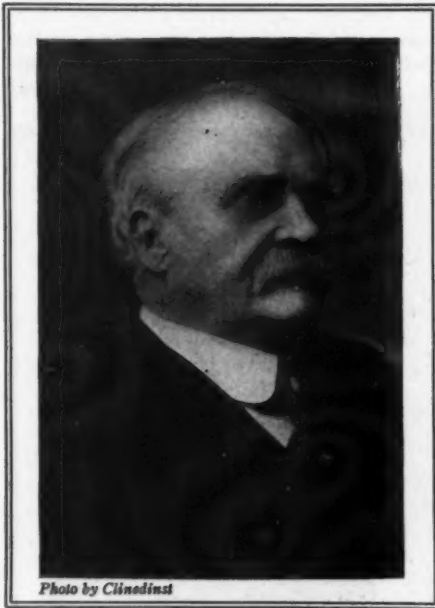


Photo by Clinedinst

JUSTICE HORACE H. LURTON

Who died at Atlantic City, New Jersey, on the twelfth day of July, at the age of seventy. Justice Lurton fought in the Confederate army and was one of few Confederate soldiers to serve as a justice of the Supreme Court, to which position he was appointed in 1909 by President Taft

room with the Sundry Civil bill. This bill is a kind of basket in which all the overlooked appropriations are put at the last moment, just as a bookkeeper, when he can think of nothing else specific, enters up "sundries." Uncle Sam has a much more generous sundry bill than the ordinary individual business firm.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has been very busy, and some of the secrets of the executive sessions have leaked out. Secretary Bryan has spent a good deal of time with the Committee, nearly every morning, giving in person his ideas and plans, following the precedent of the President in delivering messages in person to Congress.

The desks and seats in the Supreme Court room are covered with white canvas for the summer. No more decisions will be handed down until October—they have really gone fishing. At present this is the only restful corner that

the weary sightseer can find amid the ceaseless activities of the Capitol when Congress is in session.

In the meantime, the uppermost question in the minds of the Congressmen in July was the same old "previous question," "When are we going to get away?" and "When will come the welcome news of immediate adjournment?"



WITH decrees coming thick and fast against the tango, the importation from Argentine, the interest in dancing does not abate. Old and young are now learning to walk instead of whirl through dances. None are too elderly to take up the modern dances, with its less-fatiguing action of the limbs. One of the dances becoming more and more popular is the "Wilcox Glide." It was composed for Ella Wheeler Wilcox by her teacher, Miss Jane Beers. The famous poetess has always been noted as a graceful dancer. "The Wilcox Glide" requires the use of a scarf, and the way in which that scarf is manipulated is as individual and graceful as one of Mrs. Wilcox's poems. The dance attracted the attention of Professor Chaliff of the Metropolitan Ballet in New York. Mrs. Wilcox has said that dancing is a sort of religious ecstasy to her, that the joy of living is in it, and the dance combines the arts of music, painting and sculpture.

The beauty of the "Wilcox Glide" is in the posing and the rhythmic movements with the scarf, which adds an artistic touch to the picture of the dancers. Mrs. Wilcox says she was probably a dancer in some other incarnation and nothing gives her more pleasure than to participate in dancing. The glide was composed by Miss Jane Beers, a pupil of Chaliff, who has won distinction as a teacher and a dancer. Mrs. Wilcox, who is one of her pupils, this winter composed what she calls a "poem dance,"



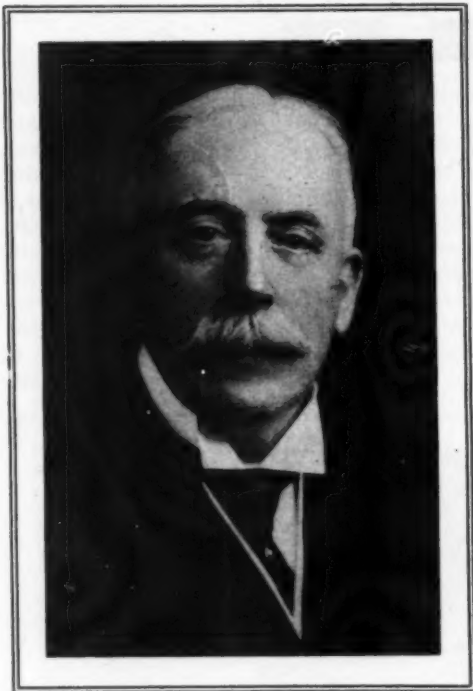
THE "DANCE OF THE LILIES"

Presented by Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Miss Jane Beers at the costume ball of the Rubinstein Club

called "The Dance of the Lilies." She and Miss Beers gave it at the costume ball of the Rubinstein Club last April, where it was the feature of the evening. A basket of lilies and a long chain of smilax and lilies help to make the dance a very beautiful picture. The idea of the dance and its various

features originated with Mrs. Wilcox. She called in Miss Beers as a collaborator, and the result was eight beautiful new waltzes combined in one harmonious whole called "The Dance of the Lilies."

Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Beers have been asked to give the dance at a large charity ball next autumn, which is to be arranged for the benefit of the New York Italian Hospital.



JAMES A. FARRELL

President of the United States Steel Corporation. He was a conspicuous figure at the National Foreign Trade convention recently held in Washington

FOR many years Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire was the only United States Senator having a doctor's diploma. His early experience in the practice of medicine and surgery gave to the proposition of founding a municipal hospital for the District of Columbia an especial and personal interest.

The records show that few Senators have accomplished more by rugged hard work and unselfish devotion to their duties than Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire. It was an

unusual but gratifying incident when Senator Smith of Maryland, a Democrat, arose and paid a warm tribute to Senator Gallinger. Too often these expressions come after the passing away of their deserving subject, and often some Senators are so narrow in their views of the fitness of things as to object to any appreciation of a man's character and services while he is still living. The tribute of Senator Smith follows:

To the members of the Committee on Appropriations and the Committee on the District of Columbia it has seemed appropriate that this municipal hospital, because it promises so much improvement to Washington and so much relief from sickness, care and misery to the people, be named in honor of the distinguished senior Senator from New Hampshire, Jacob H. Gallinger. I am convinced the Senate, regardless of faction or aught else, will unanimously recognize the peculiar justness and fitness of this tribute to extraordinary worth.

For over twelve years the senior Senator from New Hampshire, in addition to other active and responsible duties, presided most ably, though without ostentation, as the

chairman of the District Committee, and he has been a member of the committee for over twenty years. Fortunately for Washington and for the country, his was a prophetic vision, so farseeing and broad that his influence tended always to shape the destinies of this city in right channels toward a point of perfection never before realized in any capital of any nation.

The present chairman always sought Senator Gallinger's advice, always sound, and looked for support to him. And that aid, advice and support has always been frankly and freely given in the service of the people and without grudging. No man in the country, I am convinced, has a more thorough knowledge of the needs and possibilities of this Capital than the Senator from New Hampshire, and no one is in deeper, quicker sympathy with any effort from any source to promote the moral and material welfare of this District.

Throughout the Senator's long and most useful service as chairman of the District Committee the shafts of slander, charges of corruption, incompetence, or favoritism have never been directed at him, and the future alone can measure the full value of his services.

Differing from the senior Senator radically on those principles which divide the two great parties, I would despise myself if for partisan reasons I closed my eyes or blinded others to the sincerity of his acts, the simplicity and perfection of his character, and to his wonderful influence for good here and elsewhere.

This is one of the few expressions of esteem outside of the usual eulogies on the dead that can be found in that voluminous work, the *Congressional Record*. And Senator Gallinger was the recipient of many hearty congratulations upon this unusual and well-deserved tribute.

CONGRESSIONAL proceedings have gradually abandoned much of the serious formality of the early decades of the republic, but even today the president *pro tem* of the Senate is an officer of considerable importance. When the Vice-President is absent, the president *pro tem* is absolute, and even designates who shall preside from time to time, for the Vice-President has no power to appoint his substitute when he is absent. Otherwise the president *pro tem* has little to do during the regular attendance of the Vice-President at the sessions of the Senate; but when a matter like the presentation



MRS. LINDLEY M. GARRISON

Wife of the Secretary of War and one of the most gracious and popular hostesses in Washington. She will accompany her husband on his tour of inspection to the Philippines this summer

of a wedding present to the daughter of the President comes up, it is done through the president *pro tem* of the Senate as the social head of the body.

Formerly the president *pro tem* was one of the successors to the office of President, following the Secretaries of the cabinet in regular order. Many names notable in the history of the country are recorded in the list of presidents *pro tem* of the Senate. Senator Clarke of Arkansas, who now enjoys that distinction, is counted one of the ablest men of the Senate, and his colleagues feel that the honors are worthily bestowed. A thorough scholar and



LAYING CORNERSTONE FOR NEW HOME OF THE CONGRESSIONAL CLUB

Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, president of the club, and other officers assisted in spreading the mortar on the cornerstone, which was laid by Speaker Champ Clark. The site was donated to the club by Mrs. John B. Henderson, widow of ex-Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri

trained thinker, he says but little, but that little counts. Born in Yazoo City, Mississippi, and educated at the University of Virginia, Senator Clarke is, nevertheless, a thorough Arkansan. He began the practice of his profession in Helena, Arkansas, in 1879, and has been prominently identified with many movements for the advancement of his state. He entered actively into public life, serving in the Arkansas legislature and State Senate, as Lieutenant-Governor, Attorney-General and Governor, and was one of the first United States Senators chosen by a primary election, succeeding Hon. James K. Jones, who was chairman of the National Democratic Convention at the time William Jennings Bryan made his first campaign for the presidency in 1896. A well-read and well-informed man, he is frequently consulted by his colleagues, as he is accounted an expert in all forms of public procedure, and in his modest way one of the influential advisers of the administration. His broad spirit of fairness was exemplified when he placed on the record the letters of some of his constituents opposing the currency bill which he framed.

PUBLIC careers come and go, but the career of John Kendrick Bangs has always been with us and always will be. Wherever he speaks and whenever he rises, there is always a friendly ear and friendly eye. While he has established a reputation for humor like Mark Twain, some of his best work is in other fields. His readers soon know in one way or another that he was born in Yonkers, New York. He, as well as Yonkers, seems to be proud of the fact. In 1894 he was a candidate for mayor of Yonkers and was defeated, an incident in his career that he rather boasts of.

Up in Maine, at a place called Ogunquit, he has a summer home, and a real summer home it is. There is not a day that he is not working. This is evidenced in the long list of books he has written. "The Idiot" and "A House Boat on the Styx" are classics, and "Songs of Cheer" includes poems that reveal the real soul and spirit of John Kendrick Bangs. I have heard him at many banquets and on the lecture platform, but when I heard him read one of his poems shortly after the sinking of the Titanic, from the applause of the audience and congratulations that followed I knew that John Kendrick Bangs had long ago arrived as a real poet. I met him in his lecture work in



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

The genial author and lecturer, enjoying the cool summer breezes at his home in Ogunquit, Maine

various parts of the country, saw him shivering in an overcoat in Florida in midwinter, and congratulated him on the day he proudly showed the telegram telling him he was a grandfather. No distinction is too good for John Kendrick Bangs. He just likes people and loves people, and good cheer and happiness follow in his wake wherever he goes. He does not make fun of other people as much as he does of himself, and his latest work, "A Line o' Cheer for Each



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YOUNGEST SUPFRAGIST AND HER MOTHER

Mrs. Claudius U. Stone, wife of Representative Stone of Illinois, has enrolled baby Shellagh, who is only seven weeks old, as a member of the suffrage organization

Day o' the Year," has been a prominent feature in the syndicates. At one time he was said to have written the biography of Methuselah, but he gave it up after he was told he would not live to be over a hundred years. He is also the author of "Tomorrowland," a musical fantasy.

He has the scholastic stoop, the genial black eye and the personality that charms under any and all circumstances. His work for the last twenty years is an interesting reflection of the times, for a mere list of the books he has written is a history of the fads and foibles and facts of the years in which they were written, and some day perhaps American homes will be as proud of having complete works of John Kendrick Bangs as they are of Shakespeare, Dickens, Mark Twain and other immortals, for he has that unfailing and ever fresh sense of humor that appeals especially to Americans and finds favor in

the books translated to other tongues. It would not be fair to give the exact date of his birth, because John Kendrick Bangs maintains that he is still considered a young man. He passes for such on the lecture platform and, best of all, he still rises as a young man; seemingly he has discovered the fountain of youth in the bubbling and rollicking good nature and humor which has crystallized his career. If you have not heard John Kendrick Bangs speak, the next best thing to do is to read his "Foothills of Parnassus," just published by the Macmillan Company, and get acquainted with one of the popular geniuses in rostrum and library work of his day and generation.



WHEN the Alaskan Railroad Bill was signed by President Wilson, there was little of the ceremony that attended the signing of the Tariff and Currency Bills. The hour chosen was three o'clock in the afternoon—the time when housekeepers become restless and want to go out for a walk—the lull between the activities of the day and the festivities of the evening. This parchment marks the first railroad enterprise ever directly undertaken by Uncle Sam. In the early years of railroad development the government, conservative as usual, never led in railroad development; today it follows the

individual initiative—ready to take advantage of any opportunity. Whatever is done in the name of “the people” is felt to be all right if labelled that way, for the people are in fact the sovereign of the times.

With thirty-five million at his command to build a railroad to the Northwest in Alaska, President Wilson has before him a chance to experiment industrially with an amount almost as great as that voted McKinley to carry on the Spanish War. The undertaking is far-reaching, not only in the test of national ownership in this country, but of the world at large; the government ownership of railroads was established in this law, with scarcely the raising of an eyebrow and with no ceremonial other than the formality of making ink flow from a fountain pen. Indeed there was more real agitation on the floor of the Senate over the question of purchasing and maintaining automobiles for government officials in Washington—for Senator John Sharp Williams is consistent, at least, and tenaciously clings to Jeffersonian simplicity.

The words of President Wilson on signing the Alaska Railroad Bill are memorable for their brevity. He said: “I want to say, gentlemen, how sincere my gratification is in the completion of this measure and its successful passage. I feel that we have at last reached out the hand of real helpfulness and



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WHERE PRESIDENT WILSON TRANSACTS BUSINESS DURING THE SUMMER

The tent is equipped with telephone, electric lights, push buttons, tables and chairs. The President spends much of his time under this shelter, which is for work and recreation purposes only

brotherhood to Alaska, which will now link it to us by many bonds that will be valuable to both sides. This is a consummation that I have been hoping might arrive in my administration, and that it has come so soon is to me very delightful.” The scene was in sharp contrast to that enacted at the time of the purchase of Alaska. Then William Seward, Lincoln’s Secretary of State, was sharply criticised for investing seven million dollars for the

purchase of the entire territory—a sum less than one-third of the amount now to be expended for a railroad within its borders. That purchase undoubtedly would never have been made had not the government felt deeply grateful to Russia for her attitude during the Civil War. Thus do the past events leap into the limelight. No matter how prosaic they are—the future demands picturesque settings for the pages of contemporaneous history.



MRS. WILLIAM H. MURRAY

The wife of "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma takes keen interest in his political career and is often called by him his most valued advisor and counsellor

THERE was a practical, as well as poetical tribute paid to life on a farm by the wife of Congressman William Henry Murray of Oklahoma, known generally as "Alfalfa Bill." The nickname came to the Congressman not because he was a cowboy, but because from his earliest days he has been a great advocate of alfalfa. He not only planted it, grew it and wrote about it, but eats it in the shape of alfalfa biscuits and has helped to make it the glorified product of the Southwest.

Mrs. Murray, too, a quiet, dignified young woman who delights in her home and in her children, has passed most of her life in Oklahoma and insists that in changing from farm to city life she cannot quite get accustomed to the congested markets, and the effort it requires to buy

a few good things to eat for her family of five sturdy children. She often goes with Congressman Murray to the Agricultural Department to study those things associated with the farm as being things worth while.

She was trained by a mother descended from the chieftains of the Chickasaw nation, who was counted an uplifting influence in the territory of the Five Nations. And yet she says she has never seen a blanketed or feathered Indian belonging to the Chickasaw nation except those dressed up for the Wild West show. Her father was a native of Missouri and married the Chickasaw maiden when Oklahoma was known as the Indian Territory.

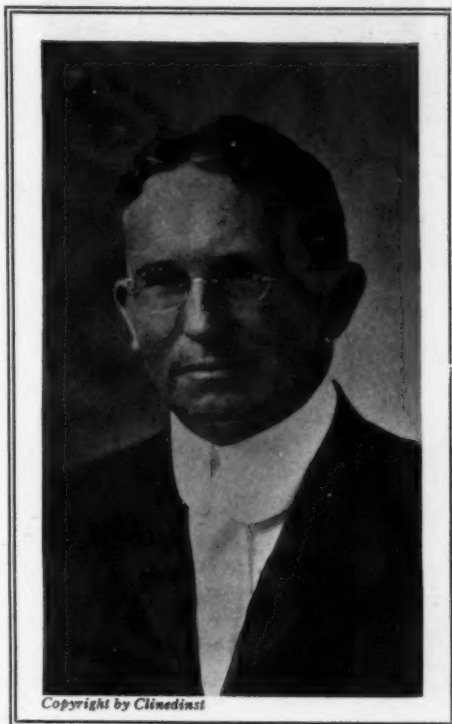
SOME statistical fiend has figured out that there are forty-nine Wilsons on the Federal payrolls, forty-nine Wilsons in the Washington directory and a score or more in the telephone book, for great is the name of Wilson at the National Capital. Strange as it may seem, not one of these Wilsons is directly of kith or kin to President Wilson at the White House, although some

may have worn the plaid of the same clan in ancient Scottish wars. There seems to be a Wilson upheaval—like the eras of Joneses, Browns and Smiths that have come and gone in the tidal eddies of shifting population. Wilson and Washington are alliterative, and this name now duplicated at the Cabinet table, shows that as one Wilson retired another came.

The other day a certain Wilson, not on the government payroll, was leaving a federal department, and he proved to be a real philosopher. "Well," he announced, "I guess I'll have to change my name to get the job. They seem to have enough Wilsons already. Perhaps if I had arrived sooner, I might have basked in the sunshine of political favor, but anyway I can come out and enjoy God's free sunshine." This Mr. Wilson, without a job, seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, and bore no ill feelings against his various namesakes in the department where he sought favor. "My name is still Wilson," he chuckled, "and will be Wilson till I die. Hurrah for the Wilsons who are not holding government jobs—there are some of us left. I'm going out and land a real job!"—and off he went, in the direction of Union Station.

THESE have been strenuous days in Washington for Mr. Howard Elliott, chairman of the New Haven system. The spectacle of a railroad man in Washington trying to protect his railroad from the onslaughts in hearings and onslaughts all along the line at Washington, reveals a new phase of executive duty devolving upon a railroad executive of the times. Mr. Elliott has made a favorable impression wherever he goes because of his intuitive grasp of shifting situations, but he keeps first before him the efforts to create traffic and develop agriculture and good towns along the line and to put the finances of his railroad straight.

The hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission on the advance of rates were perhaps the most exhaustive. If there is a detail or fact concerning the operation of a railroad not on public record at this time, it is because



HON. JOHNSON M. CAMDEN

Appointed by Governor McCreary of Kentucky to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator William O. Bradley. Mr. Camden will be a candidate for the short term, which commences on the November election date, when his appointive term expires, and ends March 4, 1915, when the regular six-year term of Senator Bradley's successor commences

the attorney ran out of questions. Some of the testimony as it is read may seem inconsequential, but the advocates of government ownership are making the most of their opportunity, and the result has been to make the average person

dizzy in contemplating the great labyrinth of detail. The result may be that the individuals not directly concerned with railroads will find the inquisitorial details will follow right on until they reach them in their business. The smile of satisfaction on those whose income is not three thousand dollars may not be so broad when it reaches down to their limit, and the farmers are beginning to see in the single tax movement that which will make the values of farm lands as fluctuating and shrinkable as that of stocks or corporations. In fact, one prominent leader in Wisconsin insists that no man owns a farm. He is simply a custodian and the state (who is the state?) can tax or confiscate as it sees fit. The result will be a swing of the pendulum back toward a leadership of ultra-conservative and practical character that will depart as far as possible from the procedures that have heretofore attracted clamorous applause. With dross and demagogery eliminated, there is a positive advance in meeting the problems of the distribution of wealth, which Herbert Spencer has said had always been a fundamental problem of the human race.

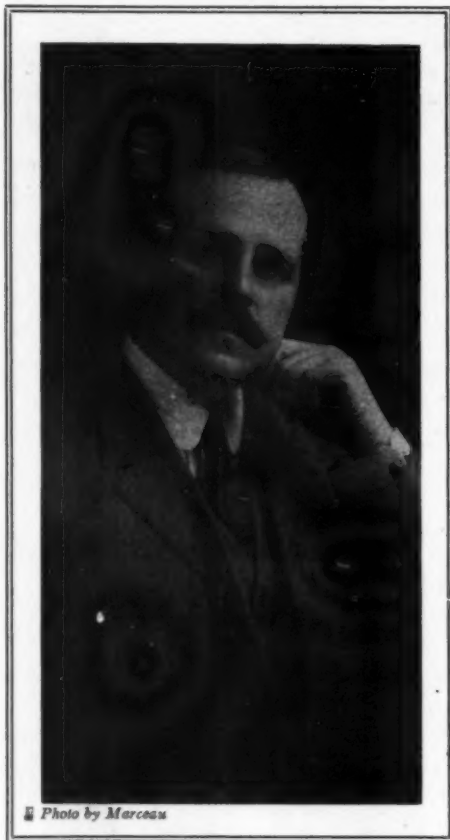


Photo by Marceau

HOWARD ELLIOTT

Chairman of the New Haven system. The Interstate Commerce Commission, in its recent drastic report on the New Haven road, point out that Mr. Elliott has co-operated with the commission and has rendered it substantial assistance

Chairman Elliott not only has an active mind but a way of persuading the public to at least consider from his point of view. What he has done, as well as what he has written, reveals a strong and vigorous personality. The triumphs he achieved as a young man, after he became president of the Northern Pacific, in winning for his railroad the friendship and approval of the farmers all along the line, despite the bitter prejudice aroused against railroads by politicians, shows that a railroad executive today must possess the ability to win popular favor just as much as a man seeking the suffrages of the electorate.

THE capital of the Republic has had a dizzy time of it since early days, and the moving dates are not generally known, but in answer to a query from an appreciative little miss in Oklahoma who reads the NATIONAL, we are giving the dates and locations of the national capital up to the time it was removed to Washington in 1800:

In the beginning it was located at Philadelphia from September 5, 1774, to December, 1776, and in later changes it has been located at Baltimore, December 20, 1776, to March, 1777; Philadelphia, March 4, 1777, to September, 1777; Lancaster, Pennsylvania, September 27, 1777, to September 30, 1777; York, Pennsylvania, September 30, 1777, to July, 1778; Philadelphia, July 2, 1778, to June 30, 1783; Princeton, New Jersey, June 30, 1783, to November 20, 1783; Annapolis, Maryland, November 26, 1783, to November 30, 1784; Trenton, New Jersey, from November, 1784, to January, 1785; New York, January 11, 1785, to 1790. Then the seat of government was removed to Philadelphia, where it remained until 1800, since which time it has been in Washington.

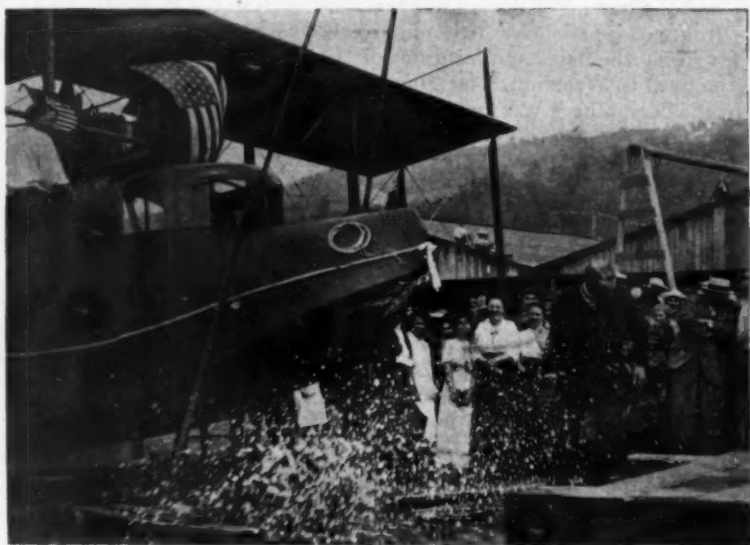
WHEN the hydro-aeroplane went sweeping along the shores of Lake Ontario at Toronto, it suggested the achievement of the transatlantic aeroplane craft, built for Mr. Rodman Wanamaker at Hammondsport, New York. The Toronto aeroplane supported in the air a boat-shaped car that made the craft look like a great flying fish, and more than rivalled the fish in continuous transportation in air and over water in the same craft.

The new transatlantic flying boat was built on Lake Keuka and christened "America." In the test flights made by Glenn H. Curtiss and Lieutenant John C. Porte and later by George Hallett, there was a feeling that despite the great size and weight of the boat she was "steady as a rock" and could be handled by her pilots as neatly as any machine that ever flew in the air.

"My, but she did roar, and she flew with her tail somewhere up in the clouds," said Lieutenant Porte, the English naval officer who is to make the flight. Some changes made in the hull enabled her to rise more quickly to the



MISS LUCY BURLESON
Daughter of Postmaster General and Mrs. Burleson. She has decided literary talent and is the youngest writer in the official set

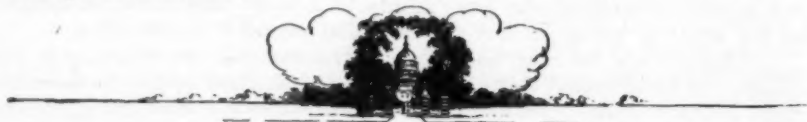


LAUNCHING THE "AMERICA"

Rodman Wanamaker's transatlantic flier has been tried out in many test flights, preparatory to making the venturesome trip across the Atlantic

surface in rough water. Auxiliary planes or fins were attached to the sides of the boat to attain this end, and pontoons have also been tried. Trials will be continued up to the time of the launching of the "America" in mid-air, under every possible test condition.

Can you conceive of a sight more impressive than an air craft that sweeps the ocean and bids defiance to shores below from great heights above? There are celluloid windows, forming an enclosed cabin or pilot house with seats for the two pilots, with dual controls throughout, so that either may operate the machine, or both simultaneously. Within sight of the operators are aviation instruments, showing the altitude of the machine, a wind gauge, measuring lateral and longitudinal flying angles. All this seems like a far cry from the navigating outfit of Christopher Columbus when he embarked in his caravels to discover the new continent. Every detail appears to have been studied out to insure the success of the first aero flight across the Atlantic, which will be even quite as memorable as that of linking the continents with electric cable. With such advances recorded within half a century, what have those who will live for the next half century to expect if the great rate of progress and development continues?



The Resurrection of the Body

&

Martha Plaisted

*The impossible here becomes a reality and
medicine achieves a weird victory over death*

WANTED—For interesting work, a young man of perfect physique and good habits. Apply at room 5, the Granville, E. 22nd St., between 2nd and 3rd Aves.

THREE times over, slowly and carefully, Larry Donnel read this curious legend in the "Help Wanted—Male" column of his morning *Progress*. Then he pushed back his crazy chair from the still crazier yellow varnished table, over which the newspaper lopped, and applied himself energetically to the tasks of his toilet.

From a heap of soiled collars on his bureau, he selected the cleanest, muttering savagely at the indecency of its condition. He dived for his shoes under the tumbled bed, which, slatless, sagged in the middle like an occupied hammock, whisked a tie from the unglobed gas-jet, jerked in his belt a hole or two, and then paused a minute before his mirror. The undulating, fly-specked image that came back to him drove him to another device for self-appraisal. He began to thump his leg chest and test his tensed biceps. A series of such experiments brought a slow smile to his absorbed face.

"Not all seedy yet," he commented. "Of course, I don't want to appear conceited," he continued with freakish apology to his battered audience, "but it seems to me that this is a job I'm especially cut out for." A moment's pause, then, as if in retort to a challenge, "Never mind *what* I said a month ago! Bodies were made

before brains." And seizing his hat, he slammed the door on his preposterous room.

Lawrence Donnel, with wit and charm and other desirable qualities enough to have made him (deservedly so, too) the idol of his whole little Kansas college; with a physical superiority that had won him renown in many a mighty campus battle, was up against it. His was the usual story of the unequipped young man who comes unpiloted to the city, only to find that he isn't wanted. The difference in Larry's case was that he had known beforehand that he shouldn't be wanted. Back in his solicitous college they had warned him that it "took pull" to get on in New York. They had told him starvation tales in plenty, deluged him with such a torrent of pamphlets and magazines containing stories of the evolution of tramps from nice young men that he might have had a unique collection of vagabond literature if he had taken the trouble to sort it out.

And Larry had so far yielded to the importunities of his friends that he had accepted, the first year after his graduation, a post in the college as assistant in the English Department. His duties were to write stimulating comments on all the themes that fifty-odd callow freshmen could compose, to coach backward students, and "do some of the less important

class-room work. He had made good because he was conscientious and because the boys liked him and would work for him, as, when he was an undergraduate, they had worked for him on the football team and in the debating society.

But Larry's heart had not been in teaching English. The routine of the work, in spite of his volunteer duties as football coach, was beginning not only to soften his muscles but to irk his mind. Even his long prowls under midnight stars had not been sufficient to ease the restlessness of his body or brain. He craved stimulation; he invoked battle; he wanted to work where success is competitive. The gentle white ascent of the path to a professorship, in which his feet were already set, sickened him. He wanted a chance to give blow for blow, to use his strength and his wits. The single ambition of his soul was and always had been the career of a newspaper man in a big city, where resourcefulness and daring were necessary for achievement. "Oh, I'm not prophesying anything, sir," Larry had remarked in answer to a kindly rebuke from the chief of his department on the subject of the self-confidence of youth. "I don't say I shouldn't be whining at your door at the end of three months or so. All I want is a chance to try. I am afraid," he added, with the slow smile that had never failed to win him an unfair advantage, "that I shan't be much good until I've been licked."

"If I only thought you had the common sense to *know* when you are licked," the professor had blustered with affectionate ferocity, "I'd say, 'Get out and the sooner the better,' but you haven't. Chaps like you don't admit failure. Rotten, hide-bound pride! The arrogance of a young man in his strength is greater than that of a new millionaire's wife in her gold." And Larry had laughed good-humoredly and turned to his pile of papers, with the remark that he would "bide his time."

This he would probably have been content to do if it had not been for Milly. Until her advent into his ambitions, the only concession he had made them had been to promise himself that "sometime," when he had "laid by a little money," he would "go East." After all it was pleasant

enough to drift along in the current of his friends' well-meant counselings. But the real reason for his dalliance had been his mother on the little home farm, who, having by inconceivable sacrifices contrived his education, was deriving her first rewards in her satisfaction at his profession. To her, in her toil-scarred old age, the ten or twelve hours a day of brain-drudgery that the boy put in seemed the pinnacle of dignified leisure, and she was so happy in her illusion that he might never have found the heart to spoil it, had not the alternative arisen of subjecting her to a still more torturing ordeal. Larry knew his mother well enough to be able to decide for her that the defection of her son from the profession she had chosen for him would be less of a sorrow than the necessity of sharing this hard-won gentility with a girl from whom the respectable ladies of the village drew aside their skirts. He couldn't blame her, of course—nor the other ladies either, for that matter. They had their standards. But it was rough on poor Milly. As if *she* were responsible for her mother's actions! And besides, nothing disgraceful had ever really been proved against Mrs. Wayne. Women who were forced to earn their own living couldn't always choose their occupations, and if it was a question between keeping house for a rich old reprobate and starving, who wouldn't have chosen as Mrs. Wayne had done? You couldn't expect other women to see that. But it did seem a pity that pulchritude, in order to maintain itself, must resort to the cruelty of embittering a girl's whole youth. He could only guess, for Milly never complained, how much her isolation as a child at school had hurt.

AND now she was grown up—the tallest and the strongest and the loveliest girl in the village. And no one but Larry knew that the recklessness of her ways was but the bravado of a sensitive nature, donned as armor; and no one but Larry knew that the sullenness of her expression was but the shadow of her unruly black hair across her eyes. No one in the village would ever understand these things, and Larry had resolved that, come what might, the girl should have her chance among people of unprejudiced mind. And if she

was to have her chance, he must lose no time in giving it to her.

After all, he had argued to his controversial conscience, he wasn't really hurting anyone by leaving Kentville. By carefully hoarding his eight hundred dollars' salary, he had been able before setting off to place to his mother's credit in the bank four hundred dollars, which, under her careful supervision, would be enough to

"journalism be hanged," he'd take anything he could get to "tide him over."

So it was small wonder that, at this stage of his fortunes, Larry did not stop to analyze the mysterious sound of the summons he was answering. Instead, he gave himself up, quite unreservedly, once he was free of the depressing atmosphere of his squalid lodging house, to the exhilaration of the crisp October air, and to

Three times over, slowly and carefully, Larry Donnel read this curious legend in the "Help Wanted-Male" column of his morning Progress



run the little farm for a year. A few left-over debts from his student days and his running expenses during his year of teaching had come to one hundred and fifty dollars. He had invested in seventy-five dollars' worth of necessary clothes. That left him one hundred and seventy-five dollars with which to set out for the East. His traveling expenses had been pretty heavy, and now, after four months of a fruitless search for work, he was "broke." Weeks ago his spirit had been bent to the point of his admitting to himself that

an unaccountable surging of hopefulness which, owing to the rarity of such emotions in him of late, he chose to interpret as a portent of good.

II

LARRY'S hopeful premonition was not dispelled when he entered room 5 at the Granville. Though it still lacked fifteen minutes of the appointed hour, the dusty little glazed-doored office was crowded with people—most of whom answered the requirements of the advertisement only in the respect that they were or had once

been men. A few were young, a few had wide shoulders, but all showed the deterioration that comes of continued self-neglect—the emaciation produced by chronic hunger, the flabbiness of dissipation, the motley pallor that comes of unspeakable disease. Hardly one among them possessed his full quota of clothing. They were collarless, hatless, stockingless. Bare feet were visible through burst leather; bare elbows projected through torn coat sleeves.

Larry, too anxious to be pitying, cast a contemptuous glance over the assembly. A photograph of them would have made an almost too realistic frontispiece to the potential vagabond volume that he had allowed to perish in Kentville. Surely, if the ad meant what it said, there could be no rival for him here. The other candidates seemed, rather maliciously, to be of the same opinion, if one might judge by the glances of half resentful amusement they shot at him and by their comments, keen with the sarcasm of the streets and obviously intended for his ears. He was glad when, on the stroke of ten, the door of the inner office opened and the entrance of the author, presumably, of the notice, put an end to his unpleasant conspicuousness.

THE newcomer was a refreshing person to look at. Larry envied passionately the immaculacy of his linen, and the still glowing evidence of his morning ablutions. He seemed to be rather young, but there was something powerful and commanding about his personality that usually comes, if it comes at all, only as a result of years and toil. He stood in silence for a moment while he rapidly scanned the faces before him. Larry felt, with a kindling of excitement, that his gaze rested an appreciable time on himself. Then the man spoke.

"Good morning, boys," he began easily. "You have come to see about the job I advertised in this morning's *Progress*? Well, I haven't any time to waste and I don't suppose you have either. So I'll give you straight talk. I only want one of you, and I'll take the man that suits me best. But first I may as well tell you what the job is. There may be some of you to whom it will not appeal." He smiled

barely perceptibly. "And they will thank me for not keeping them waiting. I am Dr. Strange of the Neurasthenic Hospital, and I am looking for a man to be attendant in my dangerously insane ward. You can understand, therefore, why I advertised for strength and integrity. Those of you who do not feel qualified for such work will please leave at once."

Before he had finished speaking, there was a very noticeable motion toward the door. Larry felt very strongly tempted to move along with his fellows. Not that he was afraid. He knew that there is very little bodily risk in ministering to the poor wretches in their barred cells, but a sense of the desolate futility of such work came upon him sickeningly. He remembered, of course, his brave resolve to take the first thing that offered to "tide him over"; but surely such an occupation as this could tide him over to nothing but eternity. The long hours, the small pay, the isolation from the world, the drain on his vitality would cut him off more effectively than any street-laborer's job from the chances he still hoped to meet. In the midst of his hesitation he looked up. To his great surprise the doctor's gaze was fixed upon him. Their eyes met. The doctor raised one eyebrow and ever so slightly lifted his chin. Could this be a signal? Again Larry felt a glow of excitement, a rekindling of his early morning's certainty that the summons was sounded specially for him. All imagination probably and overstrained nerves! But the fancy was enough to determine him. It could do no harm to have an interview.

The doctor was waiting, half smiling, for the room to clear. When the candidates had narrowed themselves down to four, he nodded brusquely to Larry. "I'll begin with you," he said, and led the way into an inner room. The effect of these words on the young man was to make him feel as if his mouth were full of blood, his heart beat in such wild surges. He could not remember ever having been so excited before. His emotion disgusted him thoroughly, especially as he could not account for it. It wasn't as if there could be any danger about the adventure. The doctor, he knew at a glance, could be felled with one blow of the fist, if it came to that.

And the doctor, obviously, wasn't the sort of man with whom anything could "come to that." Perhaps it was simply the inrush of a high tide of hope into channels that had become choked and clogged with the sediment of disappointment, and the constriction hurt. If so, he prayed that the obstructions might be quickly flooded away; he was very uncomfortable. "No need for a man's heart to burst itself just because he's going to get a job at last," he grumbled.

THE inner room turned out to be a replica of the one they had just left. At a table sat a stocky man with a round face and bright red cheeks. Dr. Strange introduced him as Dr. McInnes. He shook hands with Larry. The three men sat down. Dr. Strange, as the inquisitor, asked the candidate's name.

"And may I inquire," was the next question, "how you happened to be with that pack?" He moved his head toward the outer room.

"Out of a job," replied Larry briefly. His voice was still too uncertain to risk much speech.

"Are you as good an animal as you look?"

"So far as I know."

"Examination will show," put in Dr. McInnes.

"Have you a good nerve?"

"As good as the average."

Dr. Strange drummed with his lean, white fingers on the table, while he stared thoughtfully at the young man. "We might as well come down to brass tacks, Mr. Donnel," he said at last. "Of course you knew that insane story was not quite the work I had in mind." He glanced narrowly at Larry.

"I was beginning to suspect it." As the scene came back to him of the startled haste of the job-seekers, he smiled. And with the smile the blood went out of his mouth, his heart became once more a heart instead of a force-pump; he was himself again. Dr. Strange smiled, too. Then he said gravely, "It's this way. A number of medical men—Dr. McInnes and I and several others—have been working for a long time to demonstrate the efficacy of a certain operation in times of great

emergency. Other men have tried it before us, and so far, we have all failed—for lack of subjects. In most cases, the relatives of the patient objected, naturally, to the use of untried methods. In the few cases in which we had liberty to proceed, the patients were so enfeebled from causes other than the one we were investigating, that our experiments were useless. What we want is a healthy specimen, on whom we can perform this operation and then show him to the world again as healthy as before. He must, of course, go into the thing of his own free will. It would be our duty and pleasure to see that he wants for nothing—either before or after."

Larry drew a long breath. "I see," he said. "It amounts to my selling my life to you."

"Oh, come!" exclaimed Dr. McInnes, in his indignation puffing out his cheeks till they looked like red balloons. "Don't be melodramatic. It's a magnificent opportunity. If you'll forget for a minute that there's money connected with it, I can show you. Strange here was determined to be the subject himself. He has given us no peace for a year and probably will continue to torment us unless you silence him. There isn't a man in the crowd that hasn't offered himself, that wouldn't have been glad to face death (if it had meant that) in a cause that will eventually, without the shadow of a doubt, save thousands of lives a year. But we couldn't spare each other. All the brains and skill we've got amongst us are necessary for this demonstration—most of all Strange's," he added, his face aglow with admiration.

"It wouldn't have meant death," Strange interposed, obviously uncomfortable under the praise of his friend. They seemed for a moment to have forgotten Larry.

"Well, at all events," resumed Dr. McInnes, "it isn't a case of selling your life, as you odiously put it. Of course, we don't expect you to have the same vision of this thing that we enthusiastic professionals see. But surely you've enough soul to feel that it's splendid! Money or no money, a man that offers up his life to save others is not a mercenary; he is a hero."

Larry bore the doctor no grudge for the sententiousness of his persuasion.

Instead, he felt instinctively that he could trust these men. Their enthusiasm was genuine; they would not lead him blindfold into a trap. Nevertheless he could detect in himself as yet very few of the stirrings of a hero.

"About the money," resumed Dr. Strange, "we don't wish to recompense you for the possible risk you run. Such a thing is, of course, beyond price. But our plans, as you can easily see, would be quite frustrated unless you were properly nourished and housed. If you don't mind, Mr. Donnel, I think it would expedite matters if you would tell us exactly how you are situated, where you come from, what people are dependent on you, and what your conditions are."

Larry complied by relating very briefly his story, omitting, however, with his callow sensitiveness, all mention of Milly. Dr. Strange made no other comment on the recital than to nod his head thoughtfully. "Please excuse me for a moment," he said, when Larry had finished; and with a lift of his brow toward his colleague, he left the room. McInnes followed.

LARRY, left alone, realized that this was probably the most important moment of his life. Now, while he was alone, was his chance to make his decision uncoerced. The doctors would have some money proposition—probably something worth while—when they came back, but he must be ready with an answer for them before they should begin tempting him. Of course, it must be "no," he told himself wearily, but somehow he couldn't marshal his reasons in any sort of order. The look of his bare room, with its inadequate furniture, came back to him, the monotony of his daily perusals of the paper, followed by his daily fruitless quest—above all, the array of soiled linen on his bureau. The vision of Milly, lonely for him in the cruel little prairie town, flashed into his mind. He could see the look of disappointment deepening in her face at the persistent lack of news in his letters. He could see it deepening into doubt, perhaps distrust. No, Milly would never distrust him. He knew her well enough for that, but it was hard on the girl—this waiting. He shook himself. What was the matter with his

brain? It seemed to be asleep. He gave up grappling with his problem and waited the return of the doctors.

They entered after about ten minutes. "Before you come to a decision, Mr. Donnel," began Dr. Strange, in his quiet, reassuring voice, "there are several things we ought to consider. You will undergo a thorough physical examination—which, in this case," he added smiling, "will be, doubtless, a mere formality. You must understand, too, that the operation is not without danger—grave danger. Of course, among ourselves, we are convinced that, other things being equal, it will prove quite the opposite of fatal; but—we may be wrong," he shrugged.

"May I ask what the nature of it is to be?"

"That is a very natural question. Dr. McInnes and I foresaw that you would ask it, and after discussing the point, we were forced to agree that we must refuse to answer. Sometime, perhaps, you will understand why. At present, I am sorry to say that, if you decide to trust us at all, you must trust us for that, too."

Larry looked very serious.

"The operation cannot, at best, take place for three months, because we require the presence of Dr. Singer, who will be detained as long as that in Berlin. Meanwhile we shall request you to live somewhere where you will be assured of comfortable surroundings and three well-cooked meals a day. For this and for your current expenses, we put at your disposal the sum of fifty dollars a week. Please don't protest, Mr. Donnel," as Larry opened his lips. "This is an investment that we are very well justified in making. The money was donated to us for that purpose. As you have doubtless found out for yourself, a man's physical and mental selves are pretty closely bound up together. The effect of your three square meals a day will be very much augmented by an easy mind. You can't have an easy mind if you are irked every hour by a thousand and one petty privations. And for this reason—ah, by the way, you aren't at all morbid by temperament, are you?"

Larry gave a protesting laugh.

"Good! I thought not. What I was

about to say was that, being human, you will doubtless be uneasy about the future of your mother in the case of disaster to yourself. We are prepared, therefore, to set aside ten thousand dollars, to be paid to her in the event of your death. You said, did you not, that your mother was the only person dependent on you?"

"Ye-ss," hesitated Larry, thinking of Milly.

"Or better still," with an almost uncanny appropriateness, "we will place the sum to your account in bank and you can dispose of it as you like."

Larry was about to protest again, and again the doctor stopped him.

"Simply the life-insurance game. It is right that you should provide for your heirs. From our point of view, it's a speculation. If we win, we get our money back, with all the success it will have helped to bring. And you may be sure we have counted our chances carefully. We don't expect to lose."

HE stopped and looked expectantly at Larry. But the boy's thoughts had been startled into a more pitiable muddle than before by the mention of these dazzling sums. He was quite incapable of replying.

"One thing more while we are on this subject," put in Dr. McInnes. "We realize that, in consenting to help us, you will be losing several months which you would otherwise employ in gaining a foothold in your career. You said you wanted to do newspaper work, didn't you?"

"Yes," breathed Larry, the old, miserable excitement beginning once more to grip his throat.

"And so far you've had no luck?"

"No."

"The city editor of the *Progress* is an old friend of mine. I think he will be glad to give you a chance." The eagerness of Larry's face stimulated the doctor. "I'll see him about it as soon as you are on your feet again. You might make a scoop first thing," he kindled, "writing the story of your own resurrection."

Dr. Strange shot a warning glance at him, but there was no need. Larry hadn't noticed.

The doctors, in their efforts to be fair and square with him, had placed the most

diabolical temptation in his way. The boy was fully occupied with his struggle. Why, what if he died? He could even then be doing more for his mother and Milly than if he lived as he had been living. With five thousand dollars apiece, they would be well provided for. Milly could leave Kentville and strike out for herself, protected; and his mother would have enough to keep her for the rest of her life. And if he lived—no more soliciting for work, a chance assured him. That was all he needed. He felt surer than he had ever felt before that he had it in him to make good if only he could get the start. But what was Dr. Strange saying?

"Why couldn't you get him the job at once, McInnes? The work would do him good."

"Jove! That's an idea. So it would."

"There would have to be restrictions, of course. No night work or over-time hacking. Could you arrange that with Dudley, do you think?"

"Sure!" And turning to Larry, "Would you like to begin work right away, youngster?"

Would he like to? Larry fought off his speechlessness successfully enough to say humbly, "I called several times at the *Progress* office and they said they had no vacancies."

"Very likely they did. They haven't vacancies for the hundred and seventy-five job-hunters that come there every day; but they're glad enough to get hold of a chap with stuff in him. I'll telephone Dudley at once."

"Not too fast, McInnes. Mr. Donnel hasn't accepted us yet."

"Oh, I do," shouted Larry, his eyes fixed jealously on McInnes' hand, still outstretched toward the telephone.

"Take your time, my boy," advised Strange in a crisp tone. "You can think it over while we examine you. It's getting late, McInnes. We'd better begin."

Larry, stripped and obedient, gave little heed to the poundings and punchings that took place on his body or to the cold of the steel instruments applied to his skin. His mind was rushing into the future. A little flat with Milly, free and unharassed, beside him—work with the lure of fame ahead—money enough to "do things"—

small gaieties—gowns for Milly, worthy of her loveliness—children, perhaps, sometime.

He had finished putting on his clothes and Dr. Strange was shaking his hand. "You are magnificent, Mr. Donnel, better even than I suspected. I hope you have decided in our favor. But whatever your decision is, please let it be final. I don't think I could bear to have you back out, once we are fairly started. You see, we have been disappointed so often in such a variety of ways," he added rather wearily.

"I shan't back out," declared Larry.

Dr. McInnes sprang forward and gripped the hand that Strange had just released. "Bully for you! If you happened to take a notion to, you know, all you would have to do would be to relate this transaction at police headquarters and we should be safe in jail for many years to come. Of course, we trust you not to mention this to anyone—but you understood that already."

As Larry came out through the outer office, he wondered vaguely what had become of the three other applicants who had been willing to stick it out. Probably Dr. Strange had dismissed them when he had gone out to consult with Dr. McInnes. But he couldn't spare time to be very sorry for them. He had in his pocket a roll of bills. "Just to get things started with," Dr. Strange had said as he handed it to him. It contained one hundred dollars. And he was to receive his weekly remittance every Thursday, when he should report at the hospital for inspection.

And in his hand, lest harm befall it, Larry carried a letter of introduction from Dr. McInnes to Mr. Harry Dudley, city editor of the *Progress*.

I don't mind telling you now—a man can afford to be candid about his past when he has begun to live a new life—I've been writing a good deal cheerfuller than I felt this last month, and I guess even that wasn't very cheerful. I was sort of discouraged for me. It makes you feel rather sick of yourself when all the thousand and one offices in New York inform you politely that, though they have no doubt you are the Pearl of the West, they have no place for you. And I'd gotten to the romantic condition of being down to my last cent. And, Milly, I didn't have a clean collar to put on. Can you think of anything so disgusting? And then—well, read any fairy tale you like—by sheer luck I ran up against a man who gave me a letter of introduction to the editor of the *Progress* and we hit it off at once.

Of course, I am a silly ass to be writing like this. I haven't done a whole day's work yet. All I have done so far was to go to see a singer who has just come to town, and ask her if she meant to sue a certain millionaire for breach of promise. She replied that it was none of my business, so I put that down. It all rests with me whether, now that I've got the job, I have the stuff in me to hold it. Of course, that's what I ought to be thinking of all the time. By rights, I oughtn't to let out a single whoop until I've been patted on the head at the office. But you'll be easy on my conceitedness just this once, won't you, Milly dear? I am going to brag as hard as I please; there's no one to stop me. Some way I feel cock-shouting sure I'm going to win—because it means you. You see, I've had no alternative but to call myself a cad for so long. Oh, Milly, if you were only here. I want you so. How we would celebrate!

But at this rate, it won't be more than six months before I come and get you. My salary seems very puny to these fellows here in the city, but to me, with my late income of nothing a week, it looks fine, and Mr. Dudley, the editor, told me that as soon as I showed symptoms of being any good, I should get a raise. But we won't go into sordid details now—only, Milly, it just must come.

Good night, my beloved,

L.

III

MONDAY, OCT. 3, 1912.

Dear Milly:

Do you want a diamond or a sapphire or a ruby for an engagement ring? And shall we go abroad for a wedding trip or make a tour of the Yellowstone and the Great American Desert? But before you go a step farther with this letter, you'd better take out your "Alice in Wonderland" and learn how to believe three impossible things before breakfast. For you've got something harder than that to do. You've got to believe that your poor, old, blundering, no 'count Larry has found a job—the job of all the world. He's a literary man, he's arrived, he's working for the *Progress*!

DEC. 16, 1912.

Oh, Milly, if I don't have someone to spill all this joy upon, I'll bust, sure as fate. I have been patted on the head. It was all on account of that stuff about the Fire Island wreck. You know—I sent you a copy of the paper. It just happened that I was the only fellow to think of going out on an ice-boat. It looked kind of foolhardy, I suppose, because everything was such an awful mess of slush; but somehow I never was much afraid of the water, I guess because I've always lived inland, and "fools rush in—" But the best part is, I have a raise—a big one. And Milly, a most terrific, wild, insane and beautiful idea has come into my head. I

want you to come to New York and spend Christmas with me. During the three or four hours since I had the inspiration, I have been trying over and over and over to compose a letter so eloquent it would *make* you come. But I had to give it up. Instead of fine phrases came the tiresome wail, "She must come, I want her so. She must, she must." Dear, don't make me beg. Whether you think so or not, I have a right to this one bit of indulgence. You won't regret it, whatever happens. Don't refuse the check, Milly. Don't say it was extravagant. I have saved consistently ever since I began to have a salary. And it won't make any difference about April. I have figured it all up that with the extra money there will be plenty. Darling, just this once forget your special kind of pride. Come to your Larry, who wants this more than he ever wanted anything in his life.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.
DEC. 20, 1912.

TO MISS MILDRED WAYNE,
Bolton Place, Kentville, Ia.
Hooray! Will meet Limited in Penn.
station at five on Tuesday.

L. D.

IV

THE train was late. As the moments dragged on, Larry, pacing up and down before the gate to track 15, felt rising in him, to his unspeakable disgust, symptoms of the same choking excitement that had tortured him so keenly on the day of his bargain. Poor fellow! He had keyed himself up to five o'clock exactly, and the occurrence of this delay, which he had quite neglected to prepare himself for, was goading his sensibilities to greater and greater lengths of rebellion. He was forced to admit that he hadn't been quite himself since his last session with Dr. Strange, when he had been informed that Dr. Singer would arrive in a fortnight, and the date of the operation had been set for the sixth of January. Larry was to take up his residence at the hospital on the fourth. Up to this time, though he had forced himself to face squarely the prospect of the ordeal before him, he had managed, with his fine, sanguine youth, to shake off all gloom of apprehension. He had thrown himself heart and soul into his work, chafing somewhat at the restrictions of his hours, but achieving—probably because his energy was never overtaxed—far more than he could have done by drudgery. His spare hours he had spent in gymnasiums or in knocking about mildly with

"the boys" in the office, with whom he was immediately popular, in spite of his abstemiousness. The result was that his physical condition was splendid—a source of increasing satisfaction to the doctors, who assured him, with unconcealed exultance, that the sixth of January would be a day of triumph for them all. And then for the first time Larry had felt the waters closing over his head.

He managed, however, to struggle almost immediately to the surface, and once there, he made a vow to keep on swimming strongly to the end. As soon as possible he had sought his chief. "Mr. Dudley," he said, "do you remember that when Dr. McInnes telephoned to you about me, he said he would need me in the course of a few months for a little work I promised to do for him?"

"Why, yes, I have a hazy recollection of something of the sort," replied the editor somewhat abstractedly, as he ran his eye down a sheet of proof.

"Well, he wants me the fourth of January."

"What in hell does McInnes want of you, Donnel?" he asked, wondering; then, struck, apparently by the gravity of the young man's behavior, he threw down his proof sheet and demanded excitedly, "I say, there's nothing the matter with you, is there? McInnes isn't going to—?"

Larry managed a laugh. "Oh, no. It isn't that. My health is a thing that even Dr. McInnes couldn't improve. This is just some private work I promised to do for him whenever he should want it done. And although I'm pretty sick at the prospect of giving up this job here, I promised, you see. I am only wondering if I might hope to be taken on again when he's finished with me."

"Of course, you'll be taken on again. But, see here, can't you chuck this affair with McInnes? He's a bully fellow and a friend of mine and all that, but somehow I don't always trust these medical chaps. They don't seem quite human in some ways. I'll call him up now." He reached for his telephone.

Larry felt paralyzed, struck deaf, dumb and blind with the electric thrill of hope that shot through him. If he could "chuck the affair with McInnes"! After all there

was nothing to hold him. True, he had spent the doctor's money; but, with his present prospects, he could pay it back in time. Their bargain with him was preposterous—and more than that—it was wicked, criminal. It defied all known codes of law, religion and humanity. He had agreed to it in a moment of weakness. It was the part of honor now to withdraw. He could do so without exposing the doctors, and even if they should be found out, they deserved their punishment, Heaven, they deserved it! Red flecks of fury blurred his vision. He felt that he would gladly see them in jail or in hell either, for that matter—and there wasn't a man the length and breadth of the land who wouldn't say he was justified.

SOMEBODY, far away in the distance, started to remind him that, be the bargain fair or base, he had sworn to it, and he had not paid, though he was profiting by it every day of his life. The voice only fanned his wrath to greater heat, and he tried to drown it out by shouting to it, "I don't care, I don't care, I don't care. It was a bad promise and I'll break it."

During the æons of time Larry had consumed in his passion, Mr. Dudley's right hand had seized the telephone and drawn it toward him. His left hand was on the receiver. In another instant, he would be shouting across the city orders that would cause the repeal of Larry's sentence. Then, suddenly, there flashed into the boy's tortured vision the face of Dr. Strange, weary and downcast, as it had been at the end of their first interview. He heard once more the lips saying, "I don't think I could bear to have you back out." And his own fervent rejoinder had recurred to him, "I shan't back out."

Straightway, as if by magic, the tumult had died in Larry's heart. He felt weak and cold, but he had presence of mind enough to grasp out, "Oh, no, Mr. Dudley, please!—I-I'm afraid I must keep on with the doctor now. I promised, you know. But once I'm free, nothing will ever tempt me away again."

"My God, man! What's the matter with you? Your forehead is covered with sweat," scolded the chief, who, like many other kindly persons, tried to conceal the

quickness of his sympathy by a pretense of rage. But he relinquished the receiver. "I suppose you know what you're about," he continued, grumblingly. "But if you ask me, I'll say I think you are a rare fool. It just happens that you are doing well here—damned well, and you know it, too! So get out!" And Larry "got out," with the nauseating sense of relief that assails a man who has escaped great danger by a hair's breadth.

After that he had had no more temptations to withdraw. But he wanted to see Milly. With the whimpering unreasonableness of a hurt child, he felt that he had a right to see her. He needed her to hold him together. Without her, he couldn't go through the black days ahead. What if he should again be confronted by the disgrace that threatened him in Mr. Dudley's office? He could not answer for himself. But with her he could forget everything, up to the very last moment, while they made holiday with the intervening hours. And so he had persuaded himself that he was right and wise to humor his desire and send for Milly.

As he paced up and down in the station, he knew that the constriction in his throat would loosen as soon as she came, but meanwhile it was making him so weak and ill that he wasn't sure whether he could live as long as that. It seemed to him that the increase by one jot of his suffocation would cut off his breath entirely. But there was worse to come; for when he actually heard the whistle of her train, he could feel his heart turn completely over, plunge and then drop. Yet he was still alive. Involuntarily he put his hand to his face to determine whether the blood was not spurting from his nostrils. Then he caught sight of her hurrying through the crowd.

"Oh, Larry," she said, when she had fought her way happily out of his big embrace. "You've been writing such queer letters lately. If I'd been at all fond of you, you know, I might have been scared. That's why I came," she added inconsequently. "I expected to see you thin and overworked and distracted and a genius, and I find you nothing but an impostor."

"Thanks. Let's see now what I think of

you." Deliberately he set her bag down, leaned his back against a post and held her off at arm's length. Simple-hearted and absorbed, they were quite unconscious of the interested smiles of passers-by. It was to them as if no one but themselves existed in the world. Larry's gaze devoured her greedily. At the sight of her lithe, boyish figure in the plain, serge suit, her white throat rising from the low-cut

time glancing about her in embarrassment.

"It's just that I've wanted you so," he explained rather unsteadily. "And now that you're here, I'm so happy that my laugh came out the wrong place."

He found a taxicab, and after some delay about her trunk, they were speeding off to the boarding-house just across the street from his own, where, with great scrupulousness, he had engaged a room for her. Larry



collar, her vivid, charming face, his eyes filled with tears. He didn't know why. He had meant to make some fitting retort to her sally about his presumption. Instead, he found himself unable to speak.

A quick alarm flashed into her face. "Why, Larry!" she cried, and flung her arms tight around his neck.

"Great heavens, Milly, think where we are!" he rebuked, glad to take refuge for a moment behind the conventions, in order to conceal his emotion.

Milly drew back hastily, for the first

sat all the way with his finger in the opening of her glove. He felt very happy. "Oh, Milly, we're going to have such fun," he kept saying.

And they did have fun. The easy gayety of the city, the purchasable amusements called to their unsophisticated young desires. Milly occasionally spoke rather scornfully of the large space on the list of pleasures given to eating and drinking. She said it depressed her to think that there were so many people in the world incapable of spontaneous enjoyment. They

could be gay only when they were spending money in places where other people were spending money. She pronounced them unresourceful, superficial. But for all the severity of her judgments, she did not conform her actions to them. She never protested at any suggestion of Larry's for hotel dinners, theaters, cafes. She never rebuked him for the sums he lavished on their entertainment. Probably, being so little experienced in the costliness of "Metropolitan fun," she gave no heed to the bills; or else she had resolved that, having gone so far as to commit herself to the journey, she would not be a wet blanket now. At all events, Larry breathed easier every time he smuggled his money to the waiter without attracting her attention. He was afraid she would be worried or suspicious, and yet he was determined that no privation or frugality should mar their play-time.

BUT even the brightest of their hours were not without their shadows and premonitions. Once, when they were dining in a restaurant, Dr. McInnes came into the room, accompanied by a short, thick-set man, obviously German. When he caught sight of Larry, he bowed slightly and led his companion to the most distant table he could find. Larry could see that he had been covertly pointed out to the German.

"Who is that buxom looking gentleman?" asked Milly, who had not missed the salutation.

"Oh, he's a chap I've run up against a few times. I don't know him well."

"He didn't seem too pleased at seeing you," observed Milly, but Larry did not hear her. "So Singer has arrived!" he was saying to himself, and try as he might, he couldn't be anything but moody and distracted until they left the restaurant—a fact that did not escape his companion's notice.

On the first Thursday of her stay, Larry was at a loss to know what reason to give to cover up his regular visit to the hospital. The appointment was set for seven o'clock, the very hour at which their evening's adventure usually began. Milly would think it very strange, his allowing anything to encroach on their all too limited time together, and he had reason to distrust

his powers of verbal invention. So great was his perplexity, in fact, that he had not decided on his falsehood when the time came to tell it, and he was forced to stammer something about a staff dinner which he was obliged to attend—great honor to be asked—didn't dare refuse, etc., would be through by half past eight o'clock.

Milly looked at him astonished. "You're lying, Larry Donnel," she remarked coolly, "but I don't mind. If you go to all that trouble, you must have a good reason for it. I'll be waiting for you at half past eight."

The next week, he did not attempt an untruth. "I've got to cut it till half past eight again tonight, Milly," he said.

She accepted it seriously. "All right," was her only comment, but after he had left, she sat for a long time, staring before her.

Friday, the 3d of January, the last day of Milly's visit, had been set as the highest festival of all. For this had been reserved the rite of toasting their future with champagne, a liquor known to them so far only through myth and legend. Half afraid, they lifted their sparkling goblets; watched, fascinated, the glints of fire go trooping to the brim; tasted, gazed at each other solemn-eyed, and tasted again. Then their spirits, quelled by the solemnity of their own imposing, came up with a rush. They hesitated just at first to speak much, fearful lest the unfamiliar demon of the glass, who was already teasing their blood, should trick their tongues. Then gradually gaining confidence as they listened critically to their own articulation, they began to give way to the warmth and glow within them; oh, so relieved to be able to emerge, if only temporarily, from the lowering shadow of tomorrow. They drank to their happiness, they drank to each other's health, they drank to the ladies of Kentville, to their respective mothers, and even to poor, intemperate Major Bolton, in whose service Mrs. Wayne had made her sacrifice. At last, Larry, in the bravado of his spirits, proposed a toast to Milly's journey home. Sharply, the girl set down her lifted glass.

"I am not going home," she declared.

Larry glanced up, startled. Could the champagne, for all their caution, have

fuddled her? Her face was flushed, but her eyes were very steady. "Why should I go home, Larry? Nobody cares except mother, and I could soon persuade her that it's all right. You and I aren't conventional—at least, we've always boasted that we weren't. This sounds funny coming from a girl, but why couldn't we—be—married soon—right away?"

"Milly, darling! Do you mean that?" The words of exultant acquiescence had been startled out of him.

"Then it's all right?"

"Of course it's not!" he answered, taking himself firmly in hand. "But you were a brick to suggest it. You see, dear, we've just got to show those old poppies in Kentville, once for all, the stuff we're made of. We are going to get married with our heads up, right before them all. And when we've done that, we can shake the dust of them off our feet forever. But we can't have them saying we ran off to get married. I want a chance to show the bunch of them just how proud I am of the girl I've got."

"All right," she said, looking at him very straight. "I'll go home peaceably if you'll tell me what's the matter with you." Larry stared at her aghast.

"Oh, you thought I was a precious little fool, or else that you were a close second to Edwin Booth," she jeered. "Do you think you would be writing letters fit to break anyone's heart if there weren't something the matter? Do you think you'd be sending for me to come all the way to New York four months before we are to be married? Do you think you would be cutting out two perfectly good evenings, that I know you want as much as I do—and lying about it in the bargain? Do you think you'd be having the nervous jim-jams at the sight of a chap you'd met a couple of times? You must have thought me a pitiful idiot," she added tremulously. "Now will you tell?"

"Let's get out of here, Milly," he said huskily. "It's beastly hot and stuffy." What he needed was time to think. Would he tell her? Mightn't he just as well, now that her suspicions were aroused? Oh, if only he dared! He *must* tell her; it wasn't fair not to. He would. Milly would save him. Milly would blare forth his danger

from the housetops. She would scratch out the eyes of all the doctors in the world, cut out their hearts, if need be, rather than let him be hacked to pieces.

BEFORE he could steel himself, the old temptation that he had so feared and that Milly's presence was to save him from was hot upon him. Only this time it was more insidious than before.

The presence of the girl, her sympathy, the wine he had drunk, the heat of the room, in their effect on him, were merged into one white-hot flame that burned his will. His only hope was to delay speaking until he could reach the street.

As luck would have it, Milly came to his assistance. "All right," she conceded, "let's go out." And in silence she waited for him to pay the bill and get his hat.

"Now," she demanded grimly, after two blocks of the flaring streets.

Then Larry began to scold her. He surprised himself as much as he did her by the masterful harshness of his speech. He had begged her to come to New York, he said, because he could not wait four months to see her. What was there so odd about that? As for the Thursday night episodes, he oughtn't to tell her, but he would since she was so suspicious of him. He was being initiated into the Masonic Order. And about the chap he had gotten grouchy over—he hadn't liked the way the short, fat slob had looked at Milly, and it made him mad not to be able to get up and punch him in the head. Of course, if she was going to take exception to such things and impute motives to all that he did, he would be careful to supply explanations, but he did think—some little trust—a mutual understanding, etc., etc. Feeling her arm tremble beneath his, he paused. She was laughing.

"For goodness' sake, stop," she gasped. And then she added conciliatingly, "It's a mean, suspicious, interfering, designing, nasty little cat she is; but she has been punished by her big, brave, honorable, handsome young man, and she's going to be good now, forever and ever, and not ask any more questions."

They had reached the doorstep now. She held up her face for a kiss and, having received it, stepped inside the house and

closed the door between them. Larry, relieved, but curiously faint and giddy, stumbled across the street.

V

MILLY sat with her fingers in her ears as the train clattered through the tunnel. This was not so much to relieve the pressure on her drums as to shut out the pain of Larry's voice when he had said good-bye. She closed her eyes tight, too. That was to obscure the misery of his face when she had turned for a last look at him. Not two minutes ago she had been talking to him and now she was putting space between them, a large fraction of a mile every minute. Suddenly there was a grinding of brakes, and the great train, as if sullen in its enforced obedience, slowed joltingly and stopped. Milly's eyes fluttered open. "Manhattan Transfer," she read. The fingers came out of her ears. Very deliberately, but without losing any time, she gathered up her bags, tucked Larry's box of candy under one arm and his book under the other and left the car. A question or two of a platform official and she was speeding back toward the city. At the station she dispatched a telegram after her trunk. Two hours from the time she had left her room in the boarding house to return to the West, she was sitting in it again, looking across the street toward Larry's window. She had not exactly foreseen this sudden act of hers, but she was not at all surprised at it. She had known since last night that when it came to the point, she shouldn't be able to leave him. Indeed, she had known it longer than that. She had known it the day Larry met her at the station, and even before that, at home, when she had been startled into her journey by his letter.

She had no plans. She must, of course, conceal her presence from him, but she could easily manage that. All that mattered was that she should be near him, to reassure herself by the sight of his daily comings and goings and to be ready when he needed her. She wore the day through in guesses and conjectures as to when and how she should be made aware of his crisis when it came. That she should be made aware of it she did not doubt.

At six o'clock, she stationed herself behind the curtain. This was the regular

hour of Larry's return from work. He always stood on his doorstep, where the electric light shone full upon him, watching her window until he caught sight of her. Then he would wave his hat in big, enthusiastic sweeps and bound up the steps into the house to change his collar (bless his heart! he seemed to have plenty of fresh linen now), and in ten minutes they would be together in the street. He would stop and look at her window tonight, too—she knew that—but sadly this time. She wondered whether she should be able to refrain from waving to him. What fun it would be to give him the surprise of his life—to see the loneliness of his face change to incredulity and then to joyous excitement. Would he pack her off again the next morning, or would he be betrayed into confidence by the suddenness of her onslaught? She had half a notion to try. She recalled his scolding of the night before and smiled. "I almost had him that time," she reflected.

But why didn't he come? It was half past six. Saturday night, of course. Perhaps the work at the office had kept him. Possibly he had neglected things a little and was making up time. She battled with the dread that tugged at her heart and waited until seven. "Perhaps his initiation at the Masons—" she pleaded. Her lips assumed the ghost of a curve, "Masons! What rot!"—A quarter past seven—half past—she clapped on her hat and went across the street. A butler answered the bell. No, Mr. Donnel was not in. No, he knew nothing about him—certainly she could see Mrs. Houston. Just step in.

Milly did not attempt to give a matter-of-fact air to her inquiries. "Do you know anything about Mr. Donnel?" she demanded breathlessly as the landlady entered the room. Mrs. Houston, evidently a kindly woman, perceived the girl's distress.

"When he left this morning, he said he was obliged to be away for awhile—he didn't know how long."

"Did he take his trunk?"

"No, a man came for his bag early this morning. He paid his room rent for two weeks in advance, and said I should probably hear from him by that time."

"Didn't he leave an address?"

"No, you see, his mail all goes to the office."

"Oh!" Milly collapsed into a chair.

"You are the young lady he got rooms for across the street, I guess?" she inquired, sympathetically.

"Yes."

"Well, I wouldn't be mistrustful, if I were you. A finer young man than Mr. Donnel I never saw. I am too busy to know my boarders very well, personally, but you can't deceive me on faces. He was a different fellow from the time he knew you were coming. Of course, he didn't tell me what he was so pleased about, but I could see the change in him. Trust him. He'll turn up all right."

"Oh, you don't understand, Mrs. Houston," exclaimed Milly, shocked into pulling herself together. "I don't distrust Larry. Why, he would do anything in the world for me. I'm just frightened to death about him, that's all."

At the trouble in the girl's voice, Mrs. Houston's expression changed to one of alarm.

"You don't say! You mean you are afraid he is in danger—a careful man like Mr. Donnel—have you any reasons?"

"Yes, yes, lots of reasons, but I haven't time to explain them now. I must inquire at the office." Milly was on her feet and before her startled hostess had half finished proffering her willingness to help, "in case there should be anything she could do," she had slipped through the door. A moment more and she had shut herself into the evil-smelling telephone closet of her own house.

"800 Rector. The editorial rooms of the *Progress*?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Lawrence Donnel there?"

"No."

"How long has it been since he left the office?" The speaker did not know, but he would make inquiries. He returned at length with the information that no one seemed to know much about Mr. Donnel. He belonged to the day force, and at present there were only night men in the office, but the general impression was that he had not been at his desk all day.

"Is there anyone you can suggest to whom I might apply for information?"

"Perhaps Mr. Dudley, the city editor."

"Do you know his number?"

"No, but it is in the telephone book."

Milly found it.

"8432 Morningside?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Dudley there?" No, he was out of town for the week end.

"Is his wife there?" These happened to be bachelor apartments.

"Did he leave his address?" No, the speaker was sorry. Perhaps he had left it at the office.

"When is he likely to be back?" Monday. Doubtless he would be in his office by ten o'clock.

Milly stumbled upstairs to her room. She must think. There must be someone, somewhere in this city, who knew where Larry was—but how to find that person? There were, of course, his friends, fellow-reporters on the *Progress*—Lanky and Sniff and Dan. She had met them all—what were their last names? Nice boys, but not the sharers of Larry's confidence, she was sure of that. If, as seemed certain, he had taken pains to hide his whereabouts, there was no chance of these young men knowing the secret. The only hope was Mr. Dudley. He, at all events, would know whether or not Larry had given up his job; and if he had not, the chief was surely entitled to an excuse for his absence.

But Mr. Dudley was away! With tense lips and clenched hands she sank down on the chair by the window that looked out on Larry's boarding-house to begin her long wait.

VI

AT 9 o'clock on Monday morning, she was at the office of the *Progress*. Mr. Dudley would probably be in at ten, a boy told her. She said she would go in and wait.

"But—" began the boy.

"There's no use saying 'but,'" interrupted Milly, "I must see Mr. Dudley and that's all there is about it." She was admitted. "And see here," she admonished, "if you don't manage so that I can see him the minute he arrives, there'll be trouble. Tell him—tell him it is about Mr. Donnel."

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy and departed hastily.

It was a sumptuous room in which Milly waited. Brown leather chairs in which two

people might sit without crowding; a couch long enough for an arithmetic class, but far too comfortable; thick, brown carpets and tan draperies; cunningly wrought tapestries and ornaments of rare workmanship. It was a place to give the advantage to the man on whom the call is made. A big clock told off the minutes. Ten—fifteen had gone. A charwoman was busy wiping up the borders of the floor. Milly longed to snatch the brush and cloth, to immerse herself in suds and scrub, scrub, scrub, until the dial's big hand should have made its round. Five, ten more minutes ticked away. She sprang to her feet. By pacing up and down, she thought, she might be able to thin out her slender stock of patience so that it would last until ten. Nine hundred more ticks. Then the door mercifully opened and Mr. Dudley came in. He was an abrupt, awkward man, whose bristling gray mustache and red nose could not deceive anyone into thinking him ferocious or intemperate. Milly stopped midway her eight hundred and forty-sixth turn of the room and scanned him eagerly.

"Are you Mr. Dudley?"

"Yes—you have been waiting to see me?"

"Since Saturday. I thought you could tell me about Larry Donnel. For Heaven's sake, where is he?"

MR. Dudley had had enough experience to be cautious when an excited young woman demanded a young man at his business office. But Donnel hadn't seemed that sort.

"H'm, the boy told me you had come about Mr. Donnel. H'm, may I ask who you are?"

"Oh, don't stop to ask who I am. I am Milly Wayne, the girl he's going to marry; and he's gone and I can't find him, and I'm frightened about him. Please tell me where he is."

Mr. Dudley was apparently reassured by her earnestness. "My dear, young lady," he said kindly, "don't worry. He's all right."

The sudden relief made her limp. She dropped into a chair.

"But where is he?" she persisted, after a moment.

"That I can't exactly tell you. I might

find out, but isn't it assurance enough to know that he promised to be back in this office in a month?"

"A month!" exclaimed Milly, "and he told the landlady two weeks. Are you sure he promised?"

"Let's see—" The gentleman paused to reflect. "Why, he said-er-a-his way of putting it was that if I'd take him on again after a month's absence, he would never leave me again. That's his hot air. Same thing as a promise."

"It isn't!" contradicted the girl, her fears beginning to rise again. "If Larry had promised, I could feel easy about him, but he didn't. And why should he spend a couple of hundred dollars to bring me here from the West, and why should he be jumpy and irritable for the first time in his life, if there's nothing the matter? And why should he have engagements every Thursday night when we wanted every minute of time together that we could get, and why should he disappear from the face of the earth the very day he packs me off for the West? Why did he go away without telling me where he was going?" Milly's fire of questions ceased only because there was no more breath left to expel them.

"There are some things a man can't tell a woman," soothed Mr. Dudley, who was not quite modern enough for the equal partnership idea.

"Not with Larry. Oh, don't you see that the only reason for his not telling me is that he is going into some terrible danger, which he wants to spare me?" Milly was on her feet again, beside herself with apprehension.

"Now, don't cry, Miss Wayne, don't cry," consoled the editor, who was beginning to look uncomfortably agitated himself.

"I'm not going to cry," snapped Milly. "What I want is for you to tell me all you know about Larry, and you don't do anything but ask me silly questions."

"Sit down and I'll tell you." He led her to the couch and sat down beside her. "Did you ever hear of a fellow named McInnes?" Milly shook her head.

"Umph! That's queer," he muttered, as if to himself; "thought from the way Donnel spoke he must be an old friend.

Well, McInnes is the man who recommended Donnel here. He's an old chum of mine, a doctor, and a good sort, an all-right sort."

"Where did Larry meet this doctor?" asked Milly.

"Why, I don't know. McInnes telephoned me before Donnel came—said he was sending me a chap that wanted a newspaper job and seemed to have stuff in him—said the fellow had agreed to help him with some work which would last about a month, in January or thereabouts, and wanted to know if I'd take him under those conditions. I said, 'Sure, and glad to have him if he's the real thing.'"

Light dawned on Milly. "Do you suppose, Mr. Dudley, that Larry can have some illness that he is hiding from us, and that he is going to the doctor for an operation?"

"I taxed him with that and he swore he was all right. He came to my desk and reminded me of the agreement with McInnes. I'd forgotten the confounded thing. I asked him then if there was anything wrong with him, and he laughed and said, no—that he had promised McInnes, but he wanted to come back when he had finished. I tried to get him to let me beg him off with the doctor, but he wouldn't. I told him he was getting on fine here and it was a shame to interrupt his work. But he is a stubborn young ass."

"Mr. Dudley, where can I find this Dr. McInnes? I must go to him at once."

"I know a quicker way than that to settle things. I'll just telephone McInnes now and have it out of him."

An instrument stood near, on the table. The editor pulled it toward him and rapidly fumbled through a directory.

"Grammercy 3825—Neurasthenic Hospital? Hello—hello—Is Dr. McInnes there? I want to speak to him—yes, I'll hold the wire till you find him. Tell him it's Dudley—Dudley of the *Progress*. Important, yes. No—Dudley, D-U-D-L-E-Y." A sickening pause. "Hello, that you, McInnes? H'm—oh, I see.

When'll he be out? Say, look here, couldn't you get him out just long enough to answer the phone?—it'll be worth your while—oh, *all right*." He hung up the receiver testily and turned to the girl, who was staring at him in anguished intensity.

"Can't get hold of McInnes now. He's in the operating room."



*But why didn't he come?
It was half-past six. Per-
haps the work at the office had kept him*

She gave a little scream, "Then we're too late!"

"Oh, come now, Miss Wayne, pull yourself together," soothed her companion, after audibly cursing himself for the unconscious brutality of his speech. "The doctor will be out in an hour or so. I tried to get the attendant to call him now, but she says it's against all rules. Just be patient. The boy's all right."

Milly stood up. "I'll try to be; but I think I'll go down to the hospital now and

wait. Perhaps," she more hopefully added, "the attendant can tell me something about Larry."

"I don't think there's much use starting until we can see McInnes, but if you are going, I am going, too."

HE put his head out the door and roared for a boy to call a taxicab. In fifteen minutes, they were at the hospital. "Just 10:30," said Mr. Dudley, looking at his watch. He told the young nurse who admitted them that they wished to wait for Dr. McInnes.

"Very well, sir, he ought to be free soon now."

"Do you know whom they are operating on?" asked Milly, abruptly, as they were shown into the waiting room.

The nurse looked surprised. "No, I don't."

"Do you happen to know whether there is anyone in this hospital or connected with it named Lawrence Donnel?"

"Would he be a patient or an interne?"

"I don't know."

"I don't remember having heard the name," replied the nurse, trying politely to hide her astonishment.

After the nurse had left the room, Milly began to wander up and down restlessly. "I can't seem to keep my feet still, Mr. Dudley," she apologized. "I think I'll wander about the hospital a little. It seems to be a wonderful place."

"Do," he advised, at his wits' end to know how to treat her. "Shall I come with you?"

"Oh, no, thanks. I'll be back in a minute or two."

Once free of her companion, her whole attitude underwent a change. She pulled her face into an expression of interested observation, and imitated the bustling, little trot of the professional sight-seer. She beckoned to a hurrying nurse and, after making sure it was not the one who had admitted them, began to question her.

"Are visitors allowed to go all over this hospital?"

"Yes, in visiting hours. Everywhere except the contagious and private wards."

"And these are not visiting hours?"

"No, four to six on Wednesdays and Fridays."

"Can they go even to the wards of the dangerously insane?"

"Yes."

"And the operating room?"

"Yes, if no operation is taking place."

"I wish I had known the hours. Where are the dangerous wards?"

"Next building, over the little bridge, but you can't go there now," said the nurse, beginning to chafe at the inquisitiveness of the visitor.

"I wasn't intending to," replied Milly, imperturbably. "I was just wondering. And where is the operating room?"

"This wing, second floor," the nurse flung out and fled.

"Thank you very much," Milly called after her. "I'll try to come back." Then with an air of disappointment she turned toward the door. When she was sure, however, that the nurse had really disappeared, she quickly faced about and made for the stairs. Up she sped in noiseless, agile bounds. At the top she paused and looked down the white corridor. On one side was the regular succession of little white doors; on the other, nothing but one big, double-doored entrance. With a quick, furtive glance about to make sure she was not observed, she dashed up to the white barrier and flung her weight against it. There was no yielding. She plunged again with the same result. Then she began to beat with her hands and kick, infuriated that the panelled surface would yield so little sound. So she tried screaming, "Let me in, let me in, before it is too late." Two orderlies seized her just as the door was flung open.

"For heaven's sake, stop that infernal racket," commanded a voice from within.

"If you please, sir," began one of the frightened orderlies.

Milly fought desperately in their grasp. Through the group of people, she could make out, indistinctly, a stark form stretched on the white table. "It's Larry Donnel I'm after," she shrieked. "And he's lying there dead. I can see him, and it's you have killed him."

They would have stopped her mouth and dragged her away if Dr. Strange had not interfered. He came to the door, his face as white as his surgeon's suit, and he spoke like a man in a dream. "That is

Larry Donnel, little girl. He was dead, but he is alive now. Alive! Do you hear?" he called. "I have raised a man from the dead."

VII

"If the boy is strong enough to talk, gentlemen, I think I can promise you an interesting hour," whispered Dr. McInnes portentously to a number of men whom he had just ushered into the room adjoining the one where Larry lay. The group consisted of the German doctor, three other physicians who had witnessed the operation, and two unprofessional members: an amateur devotee of science, whose liberal donations had made the experiment possible, and Mr. Dudley, who had gained admission by persistence and presumption. Dr. Strange, in hospital attire, was already in the room examining some charts a nurse had given him. He nodded to the newcomers and went on with his occupation. McInnes, waiting for him to finish, began a low-voiced explanation of the case for the benefit of the outsiders. "Everyone who witnessed the operation says it was the deftest, most skillful piece of surgery. Even Dr. Singer here, who has been present at the demonstrations of Dr. Froblich and Dr. Bouchier, gives the palm to Strange. Isn't it true, sir?"

"It iss true," agreed the German, with a ceremonious bow in the direction of his distinguished colleague, who was apparently quite oblivious of the conversation.

"Look here, McInnes," broke in Dudley, impatiently, "stop patting yourself and your beastly profession on the back and tell me the truth about this thing. Do you actually expect me to believe that you *killed* young Donnel and that he is now alive?"

"True as I'm standing here, Dudley. Strange made an incision an inch long into the left ventricle of the heart and death was instantaneous. All heart and lung action ceased immediately."

"It iss true, sir," corroborated the German, somewhat hostilely, "I myself have observed."

"Brutes!" exclaimed the editor, who found now his first opportunity for delivering his pent-up wrath. On the day of the operation he had been so concerned trying to ease things up a bit for poor Milly that

he had allowed the doctors to escape scot free. Since then McInnes had put off his insistent demands for an interview with this promise of a visit to Larry himself, on his first public day. "If you had to experiment on someone, why didn't you get some wreck from the prisons or the poorhouse?"

"For two reasons," explained the doctor. "First, because the state or the prison would not have given us any of its precious inmates; and second, because we didn't want dregs—wasted, diseased, useless apologies for living beings. We wanted a man who stood some chance of recovering. Look here, Dudley"—the editor was fuming audibly—"if you can't control yourself, you'll have to get out of here. We've done the boy no wrong. He knew what he was getting into. He was on his last legs when he came to us. We gave him a chance. He had the pluck to take it and he's won. Good Lord, man! If it hadn't been for us, he'd have jumped in the river. He was down and out, I tell you."

"Don't talk rot, McInnes. A young fellow doesn't throw up the sponge so easily as that when he's head over heels in love with one of the prettiest girls in the world."

Dr. Strange looked up suddenly. His bearing had not the exuberance that one might expect in a man who had wrested a secret from God. "Donnel told us he had no attachments but his mother," he put in. At Dudley's retort, "You saw the girl yourself," he passed his hand across his brow in a strained, puzzled way.

"Well, what's the use of all this palaver?" demanded McInnes, impatiently. "To look at you, Strange, anyone would think you had given a wrong prescription instead of performing a miracle."

The younger doctor winced and returned to his charts, while his colleague warmed up again to his theme. "At any rate, the boy's all right now. This is going to turn out the luckiest thing that ever happened to him. If it weren't for us, Dudley, you must admit you would never have given him a chance, so why all this fuss? Look at what he's got before him! Why, he'll make his everlasting fortune writing this up, with—um—a few reservations."

"If he doesn't, I'll write it up with no reservations at all," growled the editor.

"Then," returned the doctor, "you'll have the satisfaction of seeing us all in jail."

"Where bloody assassins belong. Oh, don't worry," as McInnes made an aggressive gesture, "I'm through. It won't do me any good to peach. Go ahead with your story."

"Well," said the doctor, mollified, "we waited for ten minutes after the patient had drawn his last breath. During that time he was dead, mind you—as dead as he'll be nine years after he has been put in his coffin. No pulse, no breath, spirit, God knows where. Then Strange opened the thorax and in fifty seconds laid bare the heart. There was a pint of blood in the pericardium. He sutured the wound, Singer assisting. The next thing was to fill the cardiac cavities with a special organic liquid. Then, while Singer introduced oxygen by the tracheal tube, and I performed artificial respiration tractions, Strange began an alternate, rhythmic massage of the auricle. At the end of a minute, the heart had resumed its physiological tonicity and continued thereafter to contract by its own action. After half an hour, respiration took place of itself. Another half hour and we closed up the wound. It was then that the little girl tried to knock the door down."

"His condition has been favorable from the first?" asked the patron of science, who, though he had probably heard the narrative before, hung with the absorbed intentness of the slow-witted on the doctor's words.

"Absolutely. I speak on Strange's authority. It seemed best to both of us that no one but himself and the nurse should enter the room. So this is as unique an adventure to me, gentlemen, as it is to you, though I must admit that I have stood several times on the threshold and exchanged vivacious greetings with the patient. And because, during this one week since the operation, the boy has made such marvellous progress and seems so very much himself, Dr. Strange has decided that it can do him no harm to be visited by men so peculiarly interested as ourselves. We are assembled here, gentle-

men, to witness with our own eyes an incontrovertible proof that the dead may live. . . . Aren't you nearly ready, Strange?"

"Quite, but it seemed a pity to interrupt your speech." He opened the door, exchanged a few words with the low-voiced young woman who came in response to his gesture, and then turned to his companions, "Come in, gentlemen."

They filed in silently and made an awkward group near Larry, who returned their gaze alertly, from beneath the counterpane. He had not the look of a man but a week removed from death. His cheeks were bright, his eyes clear, and the muscles of the arm that lay outside the coverlet, ridged high and firm.

Dr. McInnes glanced triumphantly at his friends, then he approached Larry, his hand outstretched. "Well, Donnel, this is fine. We'll have you on your feet in another week or two."

"I hope so, sir," said Larry, with his charming smile.

"Not the least doubt in the world. And now, Donnel, these gentlemen here have all come to see how you are. They are much interested in your progress."

Larry swept the circle with eager curiosity. "Much obliged," he said, with a funny little attempt at a bow that made them all laugh. "Why, Mr. Dudley, too!"

"Yes, my boy, I'm here," said the editor, still somewhat uneasily as he stepped up to the bedside and took the lad's hand.

BUT Dr. McInnes was not to be cheated out of his role as master of ceremonies. He motioned his friend away and resuming the place by the bedside, concentrated a radiant glance upon the patient. "My lad, we are all so rejoiced at the happy outcome of things that, if you were stronger, we would have a big celebration right here and now. As it is, of course—"

"Oh, let's have a celebration," pleaded Larry, winningly.

The doctor gave a great roar of laughter. The scene was much to his taste. This exuberance of spirit in the patient was something that even his optimism had not counted on.

"So you'd like to celebrate, would you? Well, how?"

"I'd like some meat," said Larry, with no pretense at modesty. "Some nice red meat, the kind you can chew on. I'm tired of sops."

"How about it, Strange?" asked McInnes, somewhat doubtfully.

"Oh, by all means, let him have it," the surgeon rather abstractedly answered, from his position by the door-post.

The nurse, after a furtive glance at her motionless chief, left the room to prepare the feast.

In the silence that followed her departure, Mr. Dudley, hardly less radiant than his friend, drew McInnes aside, "Well, old fellow, it wouldn't need much coaxing to get me to take back some of the things I said just now. But, see here. If the boy's well enough to hold such an ovation as this, don't you think it would be all right to have the girl—Miss Wayne—up here, just long enough for a glimpse? She has haunted this hospital day and night for news—with such a brave, little pale face. If she could just see with her own eyes, as we are doing, that everything is all right, you know. She's downstairs now, I'm sure. Just let me step down—"

The doctor fell in with the idea delightfully. However, he wished the course of events to be according to his planning and not to Dudley's. So he said, "Yes, yes, we'll have her up—all in due time. It won't do to spring things on him too suddenly. We must lead up to it. I'll make him say he wants to see her, and then we'll produce her. It will make a pretty scene. Just leave it to me."

"Romantic senility!" beamed his friend.

It was an almost hilarious crowd that watched Larry devour his meat. His undisguised avidity fascinated them. They chaffed him unsparingly, and congratulated him and each other, too. It was so good to know that the end had indeed justified the means. As soon as he had finished, Dr. McInnes was ready with his cue. "I suppose you feel strong as a lion now," he remarked, with cumbrous playfulness. "Well, this wonderful day has had a very curious effect on me, sir, I'd have you know. It has changed me into a magician, and I am inclined to grant you one wish. Think carefully, and tell me

what you want most in the world at this moment. I undertake to grant it, even though you demand treasure from the uttermost part of the earth—or of this country, rather," finished the doctor with a suggestively amorous grin.

Perhaps Mr. Dudley might have kicked the doctor for his obviousness if he had not been too excitedly concentrated on awaiting Larry's answer. The others, scenting pleasantly what was in the air, crowded close.

"What I want most in the world?" asked Larry, coolly. "Beware, sir, what you are letting yourself in for. What I want most in the world is what you yourself want, what every person in this room wants—or did until he got it—the foundations of a bank account."

The crestfallen expression of the doctor was ludicrous. A titter ran around the circle of physicians. Dr. Strange shifted his weight. Mr. Dudley cast an amazed glance at the face on the pillow. The same clean-cut, pleasant countenance that had appeared three months before in his office doorway, only now perhaps rounder and more untroubled; the same straight brows, firm lips and humorous eyes. The editor looked again intently, met Larry's guileless glance, and turned, his face suddenly drawn and puzzled, toward the window. The giver of gifts to science, the only person in the room who had not seen through McInnes' little plot, was magnificently equal to the occasion. "You have earned it, Mr. Donnel," he cried, enthusiastically, as he drew out his check-book. "Here. I had intended asking you to accept it, anyway."

"Ten thousand dollars," read Larry. "Whew! That is most generous of you, sir. I don't know how to thank you. Any more fairy godmother stunts, doctor? I'm having the time of my life."

Dr. McInnes was not ready yet to admit that his plot had failed, so he started again—this time more cautiously and more baldly—"Why, certainly, we can do more stunts. Think of someone you'd like to see, someone who lives far away from here." Then becoming somewhat confused under the boy's uncomprehending stare, he stammered, "When a fellow has been as sick as you have, he usually likes to have his—"

Larry laughed, "You mean my mother! Bless her heart, why should I want to see her? I'm not going to die. She's much better on the farm where she belongs, knowing nothing about all this."

"Are you mad, Donnel? He means Milly—Milly Wayne!" Mr. Dudley, unable to contain himself any longer, shouted it out from his corner by the window. His violence aroused Dr. Strange, who lifted his head and fixed his dark eyes on the editor's angry face; but it did not disconcert Larry, who answered sweetly, "Milly? I didn't know you knew about Milly. Why, she's out West, too."

"No, she's not out West. She's here in this hospital. And she has been here all day long every day since you came, and as much of the night as they would let her stay—to be ready in case you should be able to see her; or, at least, so that she could take away the latest news of you to comfort her suffering heart with. And you, convalescing and happy and showered with gifts, haven't a thought for her."

"Why, Mr. Dudley," Larry's tone was injured, "I didn't know Milly was here. Why should I ask for her when, with my own eyes I saw her started for the West. Poor little girl! So she has been here all this time. Of course I want to see her."

The editor was out of the room at a bound. In a moment, he came back, leading the girl by the hand. For a second only she hesitated at the threshold, startled, perhaps, by the sight of so many men. Then, with her lithe, boyish grace, she darted across the room and dropped on her knees by the bedside. "Larry," she cried, and flung her arms around his shoulders, her hair tumbling wild about them both.

Those of the gentlemen who permitted themselves one last look at the pair before being dragged by their tyrannical spirits of chivalry into the adjoining room, observed that the boy's hand lay on her head and that his gaze rested tranquilly on the opposite wall.

"Well," blustered Dr. McInnes to his former chum, as soon as the door was closed, "you've made a mountain out of a mole-hill, Dudley. Admit, now, he wasn't as fond of the girl as you thought."

"I admit that he isn't. I don't admit

that he *wasn't*." Something in his tone caused the doctor to flare up.

"I suppose you'll be charging *us* next with alienating his affection."

"Go to hell," thundered Dudley.

He kept his ear close to the door and when, after a few minutes he heard Milly moving about, he left the room and joined her in the corridor. She was weeping. It was the first time he had seen her cry and the violence of her sobs startled him. He put his arm gently about her shoulders and drew her down the stairs. "I'm going home," she told him brokenly. "Back—out West—tonight."

VIII

IT was a hot evening in September. Dudley, in his shirt sleeves, was hastily running over a pile of copy that his headline man had just turned in to him, for his O. K. before its insertion in the morning issue. The amazing art that this representative of the journalistic profession put into his work never failed to amuse the editor.

"Dolly Dawson Dodges Death. Romance in an Egg-Shell."

"Progeny—cs. New Science of Propagations Discovered by House-fly."

"Little Tails of Big Bugs."

"Seventeen Kisses Cause Chaos."

Then suddenly his smile faded:

"Well-known Doctors Arrested for Human Vivisection. Victim Gives Evidence. Put Up \$5,000 Apiece Bail."

He glanced down the column, his practiced eye taking in the contents at a glance.

"Loring!" he shouted.

In a moment his assistant was beside his desk.

"Who got this story?" he demanded, knocking the sheet impatiently with the back of his hand.

"Skinner. I sent him after it myself."

"Why in the thundering blazes didn't I know about it?"

"The lead came while you were out, sir. It's hot news, almost the only thing we've got that isn't flub-dub. The other papers are using it. I'd no idea it wasn't all right—"

"Who said it wasn't all right? Of course it's all right. Now, see here, Loring. You put these things through for me like a good chap. I've had a hurry call."

He seized his coat and in another minute was in a taxicab, speeding toward 22d Street. Here he found McInnes pacing his office.

"I suppose you have come to write us up as you threatened," the doctor remarked, bitterly, without interrupting his fretful stride.

"Don't be a fool, McInnes. I've come to find out what all this means."

"It means," his old friend flung out savagely, "that that black excrescence of hell has handed us over."

"But I don't understand. How could he? Who would believe him?"

"No one, probably. But he's got Lamfrom behind him—you know—the quack society Jew doctor, nervous prostration and all that? Well, Lamfrom has always been jealous of Strange, and now he's got his chance, that's all."

"Even so, a crook like that can't make a case against a man of Strange's reputation. Where's your spunk, man?"

"That's just it!" exploded the doctor. "Strange won't fight."

"Won't fight? Why?"

"Don't ask *me*. Ask *him*. There is something queer about him. I don't pretend to understand. He hasn't been worth a tin nickle since January."

"I should like to ask him," mused the editor.

"Well, do." He moodily pressed a button and ordered the attendant who answered the bell to go for Dr. Strange.

WHEN the surgeon came in, his changed appearance gave Dudley a shock. It was not so much his pallor and emaciation, though they were startling enough, as the apathy of his movements and the brooding melancholy of his dark eyes. He had not, however, lost his dignified courtesy of manner. He held out his hand to the editor, saying very earnestly, "I have wanted for a long time to see you, Mr. Dudley, to ask about the poor little girl from the West."

It was an unlucky question. The tender-hearted Dudley had not yet learned to hear the girl's name without indignation, and even the broken condition of the man before him was not enough to disarm his wrath. With an impatient gesture, he

drew from his pocket an engraved card. "Read that!" he exclaimed. It contained the announcement of the marriage of Mrs. Yvette de la Motte Blenton and Mr. Lawrence Donnel, on Friday, the first of September.

"McInnes and I each had one," remarked Strange, with an odd little smile.

"Do you know who this woman is?"

"No, and don't care," growled McInnes.

"I should be interested to hear," said his colleague.

"Former chorus girl and cabaret dancer, divorced wife of Blenton, the millionaire lumber man; at present the pride and pet of New York's lightest and least."

"What's that to us?" from McInnes.

The editor looked at him contemptuously, "Oh, just an interesting character contrast. Mrs. Blenton and Miss Wayne! Consider."

"He isn't with *you* now, of course?" asked Strange.

"Rather not! I'd had enough of his bland impudence after three days. I fired him."

"He hasn't suffered since, I fancy. What is he doing, do you know? I've lost track."

"He seems to have developed a diabolical business sagacity. A young fellow in the office who used to be a chum of his told me only a few days ago that Donnel had been speculating with enormous luck—thanks to the donation of your charitable friend, I suppose. And he probably had something laid by."

"To say nothing of the substantial increase to his fortunes he has just had at our expense," put in McInnes grudgingly, as if impelled against his will to take part in the conversation.

"What do you mean?" the editor took him up.

"He got \$10,000 in cash from Lamfrom for putting him wise to the information. We have it on good authority."

"But surely, you can use that against him." McInnes shrugged and jerked his head toward Strange. Dudley's eyes followed the gesture.

"May I ask why?"—he began.

But the surgeon held him off by reverting again to Milly. Dudley fell into the trap. "How should I know about Miss Wayne? She is not the sort to air her

troubles. I had this from her, however, the other day." He produced from an envelope in his pocket a clipping, apparently from some local newspaper, and read it aloud with vindictive enunciation:

"CASE FOR COUNTY INTERVENTION

"The foreclosure of a mortgage revealed the destitute condition of a woman, Mrs. Deborah Donnel, 70 years old, living alone on a little farm near Kentville. Until last February, her creditors said, she had paid her interest regularly. Then, for the first time, she defaulted. Again in August she failed to pay, admitting that she had no money and no prospect of any. So the mortgage was foreclosed and the place sold at auction. Mrs. Donnel would make no statement at all about herself. Her neighbors, however, say that for many years she managed by her own labor to keep the farm going and to educate her son at Kentville College. This son, a young man of brilliant promise, has, it seems, strangely disappeared. More than a year ago he took up his residence in New York City, where, it was at first reported, he did exceedingly well. For ten months, however, nothing has been heard of him. It is worry about her son, the neighbors think, that has broken the old woman's spirit. She had not attempted to work the farm at all this summer. Sympathetic people in Kentville wished to make up a purse for her, but she passionately refused aid and was taken to the county almshouse.

"Miss Wayne adds:

"I had no idea of her condition. I knew, of course, that she must be sad and lonely and I went several times to see her. But she refused to admit me. I don't measure up to the standard in Kentville, you know."

"Look here, Dudley! We've had enough of this!" exclaimed McInnes violently. "What good does it do to trail all these rotten facts before us? Haven't we trou-

bles enough of our own? Why—why—" he blustered, rapidly approaching the stage of speechlessness, "Anyone would think you held *us* responsible for his hellish conduct."

"I do, I do," shouted Dudley. "You send a man's immortal soul to eternity and then dare to disclaim responsibility for his conduct!"

As if by a very great effort, Strange withdrew his gaze from the high window of the office, where it had been fixed since his last remarks, and turned it wearily on Dudley.

"You are right," he said, very low.

"So that's what ails you, is it?" sputtered McInnes. "That's why you won't fight. My God! And I'm to go to jail for the obsession of a madman." Then, wheeling suddenly on his colleague, "What makes you think so?"

"I have known," brooded the surgeon, "from the very first."

There was a moment of startled silence. Then the editor ventured gently, "Won't you tell us *how* you knew?"

The languid lips parted and then closed; the heavy glance traveled slowly until it came once more to the high window of the office, when it stopped as if it would rest there forever.

"Ask his nurse," was all he said.

"Shall I find her in the hospital?" asked Dudley, taking his hat. But his question evoked no response from Strange. He waited a moment. Then McInnes broke the silence with an ugly, jangling laugh. "A safe answer that," he jeered. "She is a patient in the Neurasthenic herself—acute melancholia—brought on by overwork."

Men living under simple and natural conditions are bound to be almost alike in all countries. Sincerity of life takes one form.—*Balsac*, "The Country Doctor."

A man who has fallen from the pinnacle of his hopes needs very little. . . . I am not sure that the unproductive consumer is not robbing the community at large.—*Balsac*, "The Country Doctor."

This craving within us for order and for perfection is one of the signs that point most surely to a future existence.—*Balsac*.

All the merit of a good deed evaporates once if it benefits the doer in the slightest degree.—*Balsac*.

The love of Nature is the only love that does not deceive human hopes.—*Balsac*.

The man who has not got a hobby knows nothing of the profit one can get out of life. A hobby is the exact mean between possession and monomania.—*Balsac*.

The Hundred and Fifty-First Psalm

- UNTO man the heavens unveil their mysteries, and the earth revealeth its secrets;
- 2 He maketh for himself wings, and they bear him up;
 - 3 He findeth the seeds of sickness; he discovereth the farthest pole;
 - 4 The stones of the earth yield him beauty and magnificence;
 - 5 The flaming dragons of the air convey his voice beyond the seas;
 - 6 He weaveth thoughts to words and speech to understanding;
 - 7 He turneth fig-trees to thistles, and thistles to fig-trees;
 - 8 Mountains and rivers cannot stay his feet, nor seas conspire to keep him lonely;
 - 9 He hath humbled distance and hath asked of time a greater service;
 - 10 For him the earth trembleth, and the air giveth forth lightning;
 - 11 He rideth upon the seas in cities of iron;
 - 12 He turneth the torrent to his bidding, and joineth sea with sea;
 - 13 His spear reacheth through the earth, and his staff unto the ends of it;
 - 14 His bow hath a thousand arrows; his harp hath an hundred strings;
 - 15 He hath death and the strength to die; he hath life and the will to give it;
 - 16 Knowing both good and evil, he chooseth the good;
 - 17 He hath a vision, and he followeth after it; he looketh forward, and his heart faileth not;
 - 18 He knoweth love and toil and sorrow; he tasteth joy and peace; he hath all things, and knoweth that they are of the dust;
 - 19 He came from dust, and out of dust he reareth the dream of immortality;
 - 20 In him is kindled a brand whose flame consumeth oblivion.

—Henry Dumont.

The Development of Foreign Trade

George Willoughby

MANY conventions have assembled at Washington during the current year, and among them the National Foreign Trade Convention was one of the most important, since two of the greatest problems confronting the American people of today are the exploitation and development of foreign trade.

The papers and discussions were unusually interesting and prepared by practical manufacturers, students and experts, notable in the development of foreign trade.

The addresses were printed in advance and the discussions that followed were especially illuminating, a veritable encyclopedia of the details of foreign commercial conquests which American trade has made during the past few years.

Among the conspicuous figures at the Convention was Mr. James A. Farrell, President of the United States Steel Corporation, who has had extensive practical experience in developing foreign trade in every quarter of the globe, for there is no extensive market for steel products in the world with which he is not thoroughly and often personally familiar, whether it be in the Far East, at the Antipodes, in Africa, the Latin-American Republics or the daily-contested markets of Europe and North America.

Referring to Mr. Farrell in "The Trade of the World," James Davenport Whelpley says:

I have in mind one man in New York, who, with quick, incisive brain, keeps in close

personal touch with his nearly two hundred selling organizations, which cover a map of the world like stars in the firmament. He knows the business of each one of these agencies, and he personally selected the men to manage them. Like a spider in the center of his web, this man sits at his desk, with these two hundred lines thrown over the world like a net, and each one of them carries to him daily a telegram or a letter that tells not only of goods sold, but stories of wars and threats of wars, the coming downfall of cabinets, changes in the tariff, condition of the crops, and the general state of trade and humanity in the present and the prospects for the near time to come. His desk is never encumbered; he may be approached by anyone who can tell him anything of interest; he has time for all the amenities of life; his clerks do the work that is to be copied or pigeon-holed; but it is his master-mind which plays this big game, involving all the arts of war and peace.

His address had an inspiring, optimistic ring and included a well-deserved and splendid tribute to the United States consular service, and one especially complimentary to the efficient work done by the State Department, under the direction of Mr. Wilbur J. Carr. His conclusions, given below, were true steel of the right temper and met with an enthusiastic response.

The commercial world is watching our consular service and the efforts of our Government to keep this most important branch of our foreign representation on a merit and business basis. They will not forget that this service remains the one organized expression of our country in the stupendous economic contests which are now engaging the nations of the world in competition. The commercial interests of the United States should support

and fortify in every possible manner the splendid work of the Secretary of Commerce, and other departments of the Government, in their efforts to maintain and improve this branch of our Government service. In the struggle for the trade of the world, the United States will occupy the place for which the bountiful resources of nature and the efficiency of the people have equipped her. The intelligence, enterprise and co-operation of the people and Government will be applied to maintain and strengthen her position.

The paper by Mr. Fairfax Harrison, President of the Southern Railway Company, on export trade, thoroughly covered the situation, especially as to South American markets, and called attention to the new departure in railroad administration toward utilizing more effectively the seaport cities and producing new traffic in various localities along the lines.

Wherever the locomotive whistle is heard, around the world, the Baldwin Locomotive Works have products. In every port, wherever railroads run, the Baldwin is a trade mark. The paper on South and Central America, by Mr. Alba B. Johnson, President of the Baldwin Works, was especially interesting, in view of the opening of the Panama Canal for traffic. His conclusions contain a practical summary of the situation:

What American business interests most need to meet the competition of other nations in the world's markets, is rest from further pernicious regulation at home and the same freedom of action in foreign trade that is enjoyed by competitors of other nations. Modern commerce can be conducted most effectively by large concerns. To attack our business interests because by reason of intelligent management they have grown strong, is to cripple them in the struggle for the world's trade. Measures which our Government has been endeavoring to enforce at home are contrary to reason and economic law, and reflect a period of development through which public opinion has been passing. In our domestic business, where all are subject to the same restrictions, it is possible that, owing to the great recuperative power of the country, we may partially escape the penalties resulting from blunders of public policy. Such is not the case in foreign business, where we are opposed by competitors who have the advantage of cheaper labor, who are already strongly entrenched in the world's markets, who have the aid of powerful banks of their own nationality, and who have such advantages as accrue from ownership of the lines of steam transportation. Such competitors are not only unhampered by their governments, but are powerfully

assisted by them. To our law-makers in Congress we must appeal for an even chance with our competitors of other nations in the struggle for the world's trade, and to leave us as free as they are, so that we shall not be hindered by those to whom we should look for protection and support.

Wherever hardware is sold and used, the name of "Simmons" is known, and the address by Mr. E. C. Simmons of St. Louis was keyed on an encouraging note of optimism. Mr. Simmons has long been an earnest advocate of a thoroughly practical and earnest business administration of public affairs and keeps in close touch with the pulse of domestic trade:

Collections in general are slow, because of the absence of cash in the hands of the farmer and the retail dealer. While the banks have plenty of money, they are very chary about

OUR FOREIGN TRADE INTERESTS

The commercial interests of the United States should support and fortify in every possible manner the splendid work of the Secretary of Commerce, and other departments of the Government, in their efforts to maintain and improve this branch of our Government service. In the struggle for the trade of the world, the United States will occupy the place for which the bountiful resources of nature and the efficiency of the people have equipped her.

loaning it out. The lack of cash is particularly marked in certain sections of the Central West, because of the severe and destructive ravages of the hog cholera during the past two years. It must be remembered that hogs are practically so much cash to the farmer, and their loss is the actual loss of just so much money. In the manufacturing sections of the East—especially in the neighborhood of New York—there is a good deal of pessimism and apprehension, because of the number of people out of employment. In many sections of the country, particularly, the farmers and the business men are much concerned over the condition of the railroads, and the number of men that the railroads have discharged—also the number of trains that have been discontinued. This action has excited a great deal of apprehension, though of an entirely indefinable kind, as of the possibility of worse things to happen. The lumber business is exceedingly quiet, because of the general lack of building outside of the large cities, save in the Central South, where it is rather good—especially in Alabama. The coal mining situation is torn asunder by labor troubles and disputes, and by lack of demand, because neither the manufacturers

nor the railroads have been running full time. This is the dark side of the situation. As against this, crop conditions were never more favorable, nor the outlook brighter. There is abundant moisture throughout the country, in all sections, even in the semi-arid grazing regions of the West, and there is good promise of abundant water for irrigation purposes for crops. The oil industry has been the saving grace of the situation in many sections—particularly in Illinois, Oklahoma and California. The acreage of winter

MODERN COMMERCE

Modern commerce can be conducted most effectively by large concerns. To attack our business interests because by reason of intelligent management they have grown strong, is to cripple them in the struggle for the world's trade.

wheat was never so large, the conditions so good, nor the outlook so promising for a very large yield.

Very few corporations have been more talked about during recent years than the Amalgamated Copper Company of New York, and the address by Mr. John D. Ryan on the Sherman law and its "Effects on export trade" brought to a focus many important conclusions:

The solution of the problem is simple; the way is very clear. We ask that, in either of the two ways above suggested, the law of the land shall be so interpreted that no restraint shall be placed upon American producers, manufacturers or merchants to prevent them from entering into agreements or combinations affecting only the sale of their products in the markets of other nations. Given this release from an implied and unreasonable restraint, it will surely follow—as the day follows night—that the exportation of American merchandise will be notably stimulated and that better prices will be obtained in foreign markets for the products of American mines, fields and manufacturing, and the business interests of this country, thus placed upon a footing of equality in foreign markets with the producers of those countries, will assume that due place in the field of commerce to which they are by nature entitled.

A discussion of economic matters and especially about those relating to foreign trade, without an expression from Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks of the New York University, would seem incomplete, and his reference to the influence of our internal affairs upon the foreign market was indeed pertinent:

The building up of a foreign market in the face of the keen competition of the experienced manufacturers of the older countries, where capital is relatively cheap, is so difficult, that every effort should be made to further and not hinder the work of the exporter. Mr. Whelpley, in his interesting book on "The Trade of the World," has called attention to the fact that the announcement of the court decision of a fine of \$29,000,000 against the Standard Oil Company made a profound impression upon the Chinese traders, and that the ability of the company still to continue to conduct business after such a decision, even of a lower court, was one of the best advertisements that the company ever received in the Orient; while, on the other hand, the news some years later that the company had been divided into its component parts, had a distinctly detrimental effect upon its reputation. This is but one of thousands of illustrations that might be given to show how sensitive our foreign trade may be to acts that seem to have little influence upon our business at home. The fact should not be lost sight of by either legislators or the Executive in this country, that the conditions of foreign trade are different from those at home and that, in consequence, the foreign trade needs to be considered independently, and even to be treated differently.

In the discussion of the subject of ocean transportation, the subject could have been handled by no better authority than Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, Vice-President and General Manager of the International

THE MONEY MARKET

Collections in general are slow, because of the absence of cash in the hands of the farmer and the retail dealer. While the banks have plenty of money, they are very chary about loaning it out. The lack of cash is particularly marked in certain sections of the Central West.

Mercantile Marine, New York, and he stated his conclusions in no uncertain words:

If we are to maintain our commanding position as an export country and to develop our trade still further in new and distant countries, methods substantially similar to those now in existence are essential. Should the law-makers of the United States decide that ocean transportation must come under the jurisdiction of some authority, or authorities at Washington, I most strongly urge that this important question should be considered very carefully before any laws are passed, as, barring a certain amount of supervision and

possible publicity to assure reasonableness, I am confident that any regulation on the part of the Government which would make the immediate alteration of rates impossible in a situation where we are competing with the world's markets, would result in a loss of trade and commerce that would be more harmful to the merchants than to the steamship-owners, who can always send their steamers into other trade. That which is produced by the soil or manufacturing interests and sold abroad is consumed there and does not have to be redeemed by us, as do stocks or bonds, therefore our export trade is of vital importance to the development and prosperity of this great country of ours. This trade is only in its infancy, therefore it is our duty to foster and promote it.

There was an attentive audience when the paper of Hon. Wilbur J. Carr was presented. Mr. Carr has long been recognized as one of the most able and efficient men ever associated with the consular service in this or any other country. He has made a life-long study of the situation and the increased efficiency and effectiveness of the consular service has been due to his unswerving loyalty to the interests of trade development. He calls attention to one of the potent points with reference to the diplomatic service, showing how difficult it is for him to secure

GOVERNMENTAL RESPONSIBILITY

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just the material necessary for the development of export trade after providing adequate salaries. He puts the matter up to the business men of the country in a frank way:

Although progressive in many directions, the United States is one of the most backward of nations in the treatment of its diplomatic and consular agents. The official compensation of the ambassador of most of the great powers is from twice to three times that of an ambassador of the United States, and in addition a residence is usually supplied. Yet we expect our diplomatic representatives to maintain themselves upon a

plane of equality with their foreign colleagues and to be a little more efficient than they. Likewise our consuls are expected to discharge promptly and efficiently the duties which I have outlined, and many more, and to maintain themselves in such a manner as to compare favorably with consuls of the principal nations of the world, while a majority of them receive compensation but little greater than that of the chief clerk of a large firm in this country. Then, to provide for assistance in the performance of their work,

ON THE CONSULAR SERVICE

Although progressive in many directions, the United States is one of the most backward of nations in the treatment of its diplomatic and consular agents. The official compensation of the ambassador of most of the great powers is from twice to three times that of an ambassador of the United States, and in addition a residence is usually supplied.

both diplomatic and consular offices are below the standard maintained by most of the great nations. These are, in a general way, some of the weaknesses that need to be remedied before the foreign service can be developed to its full capacity as an agency for the promotion and safeguarding of both the political and commercial interests of the United States. Already most of these subjects are receiving either legislative or administrative attention, and it is hoped that in the near future the way may be open to the development of the entire foreign service organization to a standard of efficiency and usefulness that has hitherto been impracticable.

When former Mayor of Boston, Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, visited foreign countries in the interest of export trade for his home state, a delegation from Boston also visited South America, so he spoke as one with recent and extensive experience, and a single paragraph in his remarks reflects the enthusiasm which has characterized his career:

Furthermore, we must energize the atmosphere with commercial ideas. Colleges should be encouraged to give degrees to boys in commercial lines; our boys in the elementary schools should write essays on foreign trade and how best to achieve it. The higher schools should reward students with travel scholarships to the busy places of commerce, like London, Liverpool, Hamburg, Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hong-Kong, with the idea of developing in these cities that lie on the ocean an atmosphere of commerce and industry. Branch banks should

be established in South America and the merchant marine rehabilitated so as to develop an American atmosphere in the important trading centers of the world.

In the exploitation of Foreign Trade and Foreign Loans, Mr. Willard Straight, President of the American Asiatic Association, furnished some very interesting information. He surveyed the situation in all parts of the world and he comes down

PRESIDENT WILSON'S VIEW

The feeling which I would wish to express, is the feeling of encouragement that is given by the gathering of a body like this for such a purpose. There is nothing in which I am more interested than the fullest development of the trade of this country and its righteous conquest of foreign markets.

to the practical proposition of the close and vital alliance between foreign trade and foreign loans:

We have hitherto stood somewhat aloof, but this is no longer possible. Our enterprise has carried our interests beyond the seas. The present tariff, as President Wilson has stated, will stimulate our commercial and industrial genius by forcing us to meet the keen test of world competition. The Government, therefore, should co-ordinate the foreign trade activities of the nation. American diplomacy should stand sponsor for those whose resources and character guarantee the honorable performance of their obligations. Our export trade has been constantly increasing because the American merchant and manufacturer give "a dollar's worth of service with a dollar's worth of goods."

This should assure to them the assistance of our Government in extending their activities. Such assistance should now be forthcoming in connection with the development of our foreign trade by means of foreign loans.

The President, at the reception of the delegates to the National Foreign Trade Convention, the White House, May 28, 1914:

I had hoped that Secretary Redfield would put into my ear what I should say to you, for I cannot claim to be an expert on the subjects you are discussing. I am sure he expressed the feeling which I would wish to express, which is the feeling of encouragement that is given by the gathering of a body like this for such a purpose. There is nothing in which I am more interested than the fullest development of the trade of this country and its righteous conquest of foreign markets.

I think that you will realize from what Mr. Redfield has said to you that it is one of the things that we hold nearest to our heart that the government and you should co-operate in the most intimate manner in accomplishing our common object. One of your members just now said something in my ear about the merchant marine, and I am sure that I speak the conviction of all of you when I say that one of our chief needs is to have a merchant marine, because, if we have to deliver our goods in other people's delivery wagons, their goods are delivered first and our goods are delivered incidentally on their routes. This is a matter I have had near my own heart for a great many years. It was only by authority of my parents that I was prevented from going to sea, and I only hope that it is not a universal regret that I did not.

I hope this is only the first of a series of conferences of this sort with you gentlemen, and I thank you for this opportunity.

A curse on lying! It brings no relief
Unto the heart, like words we speak in truth,
But ill at ease it settleth us; the lie
Hurteth its secret forger; it returns
Like a shot arrow by a god diverted,
Which, missing aim, flies back to hit the archer.

—Goethe.

The Seacoast of Maine

by Frank W. Fernald

VERY early in the Seventeenth Century, not impossibly in the last decade of the Sixteenth, English, French, and probably Spanish fishermen and fur traders visited the Maine coast, taking codfish on the banks, and trading for peltries with the Indians, probably erecting rude shelters and flakes and storehouses for drying fish, and protecting the shore men while the most of their crews were engaged at sea in boats and vessels. There have been discoveries of relics and ruins, which have never been accounted for on any other hypothesis than the construction of quite elaborate establishments of this kind, and at a date much earlier than any now recorded.

The experiences and successes of stout fishing skippers, who skirted these uncharted coasts, undoubtedly led to the explorations of De Monts and Champlain in 1605, under a charter from Henri of Navarre, granting to De Monts all the territory from the latitude of Philadelphia to a parallel just north of Mount Katahdin. They feared the then powerful tribes of the Massachusetts, who fought them at Cape Cod and surrounded them with hundreds of warriors in Boston Bay, and eventually established their first settlement on St. Croix Island in the boundary river of that name, near the present site of Calais, Maine. The next year this was abandoned, and the settlement of Port Royal, now Annapolis, Nova Scotia, was made permanent and the territory of the French grant—named "Acadie," in the English tongue "Acadia."

Bartholomew Gosnold in 1604 had taken the northern route across the

Atlantic, with a ship load of intending settlers, and landed in York harbor, but did not like the outlook and kept on south to double Cape Cod and found his abortive Elizabeth Island Colony, but in his account he mentions the existence of prior settlements at Monhegan and Pemaquid, which were also noted by De Monts a year later.

The same year, Captain George Weymouth, in his English ship *Archangel*, explored the Sagadahoc and Penobscot regions for some distance from the sea, and named after Rozier, the historian of his voyages, the cape south of Castine, which still bears his name. Fifty years earlier Andre Thevet, another French adventurer, had visited the Penobscot and found that ten years before a small French fort had been erected at its mouth, which Thevet and his companions styled the "Fort of Norumbega," for here if anywhere they believed must have stood that mystical city of Norumbega, whose silver pillars and golden domes were still believed to exist, on the testimony of more than one adventurer, who claimed to have witnessed its glories of beauty and immeasurable treasure.

Finally, in 1606, James I granted by a Charter to the London Company that part of eastern America lying between thirty-four and thirty-eight north latitude and another to the Plymouth Company, covering from the parallel of New York to that of Bangor, Maine. The next year, George Popham and Raleigh Gilbert, a son of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and a nephew of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the "Gift of God" and "Mary and John," brought out 120 colonists so amply pro-

vided, that before the snow fell they had built at Sagadahoc at the mouth of the Kennebec a settlement of fifty houses with a church, and a fortress mounting twelve guns, and were building a thirty-ton vessel called the "Virginia of Sagadahoc," the first of the innumerable shipping built and launched in Maine.

The winter was severe. George Popham died, and Raleigh Gilbert had to take his vessels back to England. The settlers became disheartened and the Colony broke up, some going to England, some to Virginia, and others to the less pretentious settlements of Pemaquid and Monhegan.

From that day to this the coast line of Maine has been the home of a sturdy, industrious, resourceful race of men and women, who held their lands against the fierce Tarratines and French raiders, and gained from the wilderness comfort and a wide prosperity, built up by the wooden ribs of home-built fishing vessels and coasters. Whole neighborhoods co-operated to build, rig, load and sail their own vessels, manned by their own fathers and brothers, and freighted with the combined surplus of forests, sea, orchards, pastures and farms.

Gradually the merchants of New England and other colonies became interested in the new field of exploration. By degrees villages grew up and towns were

organized; great mills ate into the forests, and a splendid state sent out statesmen, scholars, scientists and men of affairs, whose spirit and enterprise have impressed the influence of Maine from the Atlantic seaboard to the Golden Gate, and the Mexican Gulf to the Arctic Seas.

Later on, and principally within the last fifty years, her seacoast rivers, lakes and forests have given to millions all the varied pleasures which scenery, sport, healthful surroundings and the restful agencies of nature can offer to the summer tourist and most eager sportsman. Millions of dollars are the grateful tribute annually and cheerfully paid to Maine by myriads from every state in the Union, including the most noted, wealthy and accomplished American and foreign visitors.

For their comfort and diversion, hundreds of summer hotels and forest bungalows are reached by rail. Swift steamers, dainty launches, and light canoes, or even by trails along which the horseman with his load of supplies and the foot man with his pack presses on through the narrow forest paths, to find at the end comfort, recreation and cheery companionship, and such sport with rod and rifle as only the forest primeval and clear cold lakes of Maine can still offer to the seeker of virile sport, and rest from the city's noise and ceaseless exactions.

A WISH

I'VE often wished that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a year;
A handsome house to lodge a friend;
A river at my garden's end;
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.

—Swift.

Colorado's War— and Its Meaning

by John B. Gorgan

WHEN the Federal troops were sent into Colorado they brought to an end, temporarily, it is feared, but permanently, it is to be hoped, an actual war. Nor was it an ordinary "labor war" in the sense in which that term is often applied to controversies between labor and the employers of labor, when these are attended by violence. The situation in Colorado had gone far beyond this point. It had developed into a state of armed rebellion not only against the authority of the state but against all authority. It had become an attempt to overturn the very foundations of civilized society.

This is the one big outstanding fact in the Colorado situation. It is the one fact that makes the recent events in that state of significance to the people of the whole country. It marks the subordination of labor struggles to the purposes of men whose object is warfare against all government and whose ambition is the overturning of the whole structure of organized society as it exists today. These aims, while ordinarily masked, in part, at least, have been openly and publicly avowed in the heat of the conflict that has raged in Colorado, and the same conditions that have existed there may be precipitated in any part of the Union where large bodies of ignorant men, knowing little or nothing of American institutions, fall under the domination of leaders and agitators whose real ambitions are at best socialistic and at worst anarchical.

This phase is too often overlooked by commentators who see in the disturbances that have torn asunder the social fabric in Colorado, on the one side merely a struggle of labor against unbearable conditions of employment and on the other a ruthless attempt by employers to maintain such conditions. Whatever the merits of the original dispute the conditions of the past few months have nothing to do with the right of labor to organize, nor with the right of employers to maintain the "open shop." It has become a question whether the safeguards that the slow growth of civilization has erected for its own protection are to be maintained or whether in an important section of the country the social organization has hopelessly broken down.

While this is, in plain words, the situation that has developed in Colorado, it is true that the trouble had its inception in a labor dispute along lines that are more or less familiar in many parts of the country, involving a strike among miners in the coal fields of the state. There are four separate coal fields in Colorado. The largest and most productive, and the one in which the worst scenes of violence have been enacted, is located in Huerfano and Las Animas counties, in the extreme southern part of the state. Smaller fields are located in Boulder County, north of Denver; in Fremont County, in the central portion of the state; and in Routt County, in the extreme northern part, along the Wyoming line.

For four years, since 1910, a strike has continued in the Boulder district, in the course of which there has occurred a long list of assaults on non-union miners and much wanton destruction of property, but at no time, up to the autumn of 1913, had this reached such proportions as to demand the intervention of the military forces of the state. In the late summer of 1913, a number of leaders and organizers of the United Mine Workers, a labor organization with headquarters in Indianapolis, came into the southern Colorado coal fields and began the work of organizing a strike among the workers of that district.

Previous to this time there had been no labor disturbance in this district for ten years. Some of the men employed by the various coal-mining companies were members of the union; others were not. It is contended by the mine operators that the meetings at which the vote to strike was passed were packed with followers of the union organizers, a large proportion of them men who had been brought into the district for the purpose of carrying through their prearranged program, and that only

a very small number of miners actually in the employ of the companies attended these meetings. The union officials declare that practically all the miners were in sympathy with the strike call, but that many of them feared to attend the meetings lest they be discriminated against in future by their employers. Whatever the truth of these conflicting charges, it is well established that the single issue of the strike was the unionization of the Colorado coal fields under the direction of this particular union, the United Mine Workers. At the time when the strike was called a list of eight specific grievances was issued. It is acknowledged that of these grievances, practically all, except admission of the right of the union to control the labor situation in the mines, were covered either by the laws of the state or the practices of the mining companies, or by both. The companies, at the beginning of the troubles, and again, later on, when Governor Ammons and Secretary of Labor Wilson endeavored to bring about a settlement of the disputes, agreed to concede the claims of the miners with this exception.



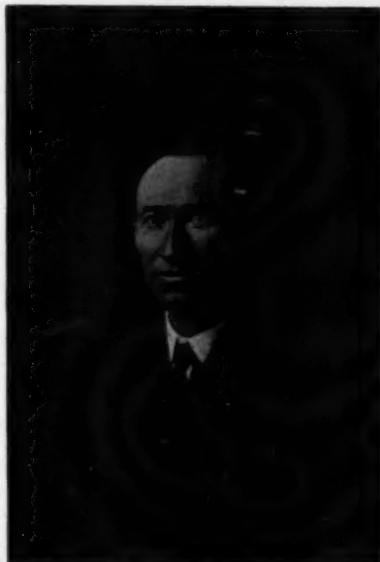
MINERS' RESORT IN COLORADO STRIKE DISTRICT

In each case the strikers refused any basis of settlement that did not include recognition of the union and negotiations with union officials.

"Recognition of the union" is a phrase that figures very frequently both in the official reports and in newspaper articles relating to the Colorado mine troubles. When one seeks to discover just what is involved in it, he finds that it holds different meanings for different persons. Some of those who have discussed the subject apparently think that it relates merely to the right of the miners to belong to a union. This is not in reality an issue of the Colorado struggle and has not been at any time, as is evidenced by the fact that a certain number of the miners employed by the various coal companies, though apparently only about ten per cent, have belonged to the union for a long time past. To the union official and to the mine operator, however, there is no ambiguity in "recognition of the union." To them it means that the mine operators shall enter into contracts with the United Mine Workers, specifying the terms on which the miners shall be employed. It includes the observance by the operators of certain rules insisted upon by the union, including the system of "checking-off," which means that the operators shall deduct from the pay of their employees and forward to the union headquarters the dues which its members are required to pay. It implies the employment of none but union men in the mines, this being, of course, a point upon which the union officials insist most strongly. The position of the operators is that they will not discharge men in their employ nor force them to become members of the union, under threat of discharge, and that they will not treat with officials representing the United Mine Workers. They assert that this particular union has made such a record of violence and lawlessness that they will not enter into any relations with it. As to the question of membership by their employees in this or any other union, they profess to be, and apparently are, indifferent.

When the strike began, the mine employees who followed the lead of the union organizers moved from their homes, most

of the houses being owned by the mine companies, and located in tent colonies, established by the union at various points throughout the mining districts. These camps were pitched at points close to the entrances of the canons in which the mines



HON. ELIAS M. AMMONS
Governor of Colorado

are located, or overlooking the railway stations in such a way that men coming to take the place of the strikers would have to pass close to them. There is a law in Colorado against picketing, but in this way the strike leaders were able to accomplish the same result in such a way that they could not be accused of violating the law. The location of these camps in close proximity to the mines and railway stations offered every incentive to violent acts, and one of them, that at Ludlow, close to the railway station at that place, later on became the scene of a bloody conflict between the strikers and a handful of state militia. This conflict has received more attention than any other single happening in the course of the long struggle, though in reality it was only one of a long series of struggles in which lives were lost on both sides.

No more inflammable set of human beings, none more pliable to the incendiary teachings of the agitators who flocked to the scene of trouble from many directions, could well have been found. Most of the mine workers are drawn from the heterogeneous races of southeastern Europe. Only a small proportion of them can speak English. The number that can read the language is of course even more limited. They have not the slightest conception of American institutions. Their knowledge of the laws of the country and of the acts that are permitted by law are gained chiefly from the statements of self-con-



COLORADO STRIKE LEADERS

John R. Lawson, leader of the strike (left) and Louis Tikas (right), leader of the Greek miners. Tikas was killed at Ludlow

stituted leaders, who are chiefly anxious to use them for the accomplishment of their own particular purposes. Many of these leaders are actively engaged in inculcating anarchistic teachings and many of the resorts where the men congregate are centers for the dissemination of such teachings. One such, a saloon near Aguilar, over which the red flag of anarchy floats at all times, is shown in one of the accompanying illustrations. A sample of the things which these ignorant men are taught to believe is the statement made to members of the Ludlow camp and believed by them, that as soon as the militia was withdrawn they could take possession of the mines and have them for their own.

In the camp maintained by the strikers at Ludlow twenty-two separate languages were spoken. The officers of the union who engineered the strike were able to converse with very few of their followers. Their orders were transmitted to the various nationalities through the leaders of each group, who doubtless placed their own interpretation upon many of these announcements in transmitting them. One of the most active of the racial elements among the strikers were Greeks, some of whom, it is said, had served in the Balkan War and had learned the use of firearms there. Soon after the establishment of the various camps of strikers, rifles began to appear in the hands of their occupants. With large groups of men brought together in such camps and maintained in idleness, with guns placed in their hands and with constant teaching that they had the right to prevent other men from working in the mines and even to take forcible possession of the property of their former employers, serious trouble was inevitable.

The attempt has been made in some quarters to hold the operators of the mines responsible for the bloodshed that has occurred in Colorado, for the reason that they employed this class of labor. Some share of the responsibility for the disturbances that have occurred perhaps attaches to the operators, but criticism on this ground is heedless of the fact that the supply of labor is governed by unvarying economic laws. There was a time when most of the mining in the United States was done by English and Welsh miners. If the coal operators could obtain such labor they doubtless would be glad to employ it, but it is no longer to be had even in the older Pennsylvania fields, where it once predominated. It would be as reasonable to insist that the men employed to dig the Panama Canal or the New York subways should all be able to speak and write the English language, and to understand the Constitution of the United States, as to demand that the mine owners of Colorado should employ a higher grade of workmen. The labor employed in the coal fields of Colorado is the labor that is available for that work, but the action of the managers of the strike, in concentrating men of the sort

there employed in armed camps and teaching them that they had the right to kill others who might venture to take the places they had left, at the bidding of their leaders, was a plain incitement to murder.

Very soon after the establishment of the camps and the distribution of guns among their occupants, these guns began to be used. Cases of assault and intimidation of non-union mine workers became of daily occurrence. A man not connected with either the strikers or the operators was shot dead while passing along the highway in front of the Ludlow colony. The village of Hastings, occupied by the families of non-union miners working at that place, was shot up by an invading mob of strikers. A group of mine guards by a ruse were led into an ambushade, and one of them was shot down in the fight that ensued. In the period just before calling out the state troops, four pitched battles occurred. Nine men are known to have been murdered and a large number were wounded and injured. The sheriffs of these sparsely populated countries were unable to cope with the situation. The extent of territory was far too great to be handled with the few men and the limited means at their disposal. Merchants and other business men in the towns of the district, apprehensive of a general destruction of property, began urging the Governor to call out the state troops, but the Governor was loath to do this. Instead, he endeavored to exact promises from the union leaders to prevent outrages. Such promises were given, but it is doubtful if it would have been possible for the union officials to carry them out, even with the strongest efforts they could have made in that direction.

As disorders increased, the mine operators, who, from the beginning of the strike, had maintained a certain number of armed guards for the protection of the mines and of the lives of the men at work, increased the number of these guards. Thus the situation became ripe for a more aggravated condition of private warfare. On the one side were ranged the armed camps of the strikers, inflamed to a high pitch and determined to prevent the operation of the mines with non-union laborers; on the other side were the armed

mine guards, defiant toward the strikers, many of them reckless of their own lives or of the lives of others, ready to meet trouble more than half way. It is small wonder that killings became a matter of almost



TYPICAL COLORADO MILITIAMAN

daily occurrence and that the whole mine district was plunged into a reign of terror.

There is no doubt that the presence of the mine guards added fuel to the flame of hatred that had been kindled by the calling of the strike. Yet the presence of these guards was the only barrier that

prevented the destruction of the mine buildings and the killing or driving out of the district of the non-union men, who wished to continue at work. The Governor met this situation in what seemed the only reasonable way, by ordering that the guards should confine themselves to the

ington to investigate the strike. A mine guard who went to a nearby town to have some dental work done was captured by the strikers, but managed to send word of his plight to some of his fellows. Three of these came in an automobile with a chauffeur to rescue him. The party, including



MILITIAMEN WITH MACHINE GUN MEETING ATTACK OF STRIKERS

limits of the property which they were employed to protect.

Both the strikers and the mine operators present records of outrages committed, as they assert, by those on the other side. The claim of the operators is that the strikers were the aggressors, while the strikers themselves insist that the mine guards precipitated many of the clashes by open acts or by taunts and insults. The truth of many of these conflicting claims it is impossible to determine. In all probability blame attaches to both parties. It could hardly be otherwise under the circumstances. The one serious and all-compelling fact was that a condition of virtual anarchy prevailed in a large section of Colorado; a state of private war existed, and the functions of the representatives of the state and local governments were abdicated.

An incident illustrating the state of mind that had come to prevail was related by Governor Ammons to the Congressional Committee, which went from Wash-

ington to investigate the strike. A mine guard who went to a nearby town to have some dental work done was captured by the strikers, but managed to send word of his plight to some of his fellows. Three of these came in an automobile with a chauffeur to rescue him. The party, including

the man who had been detained, was allowed to start for home without molestation, but at a point a short distance away a party of armed men, who had preceded the automobile and had hidden themselves above the road, opened fire upon the men in the car and killed all but one of the occupants. The killing was witnessed by a number of strike sympathizers who had been told what was to happen and who were on hand at points of vantage to "see the fun." Following this affair, the Governor reported, one of the most prominent of the labor leaders came to him and urged that the men engaged in the slaughter ought not to be prosecuted, as they were merely engaged in a private warfare.

careful study of events from the beginning of the mine war shows that such criticism is unjust. If there is any ground for censure, it is that his action was not taken more promptly. The attempt has been made to create the impression that the troops were called out to cow the strikers and to force them to return to their former employment. The fact is, however, that the Governor, whose course throughout the earlier period of the troubles showed his sympathetic attitude toward the union miners, laid stress in all his instruction to the military authorities upon the necessity of an impartial attitude on the part of the militia, and reminded them repeatedly that they were to confine themselves to the maintenance of order throughout the disturbed district. These instructions the militiamen apparently followed. When the situation demanded it, they protected the strikers as at other times they protected those whom the strikers sought to attack. One such occasion

the Governor for protection and the plans of the vigilantes were nipped in the bud by the prompt despatch of militiamen to protect the union representatives.

One of the first acts of the troops after their arrival in the field was to disarm the mine guards, many of whom were sent out of the district. The leaders of the strikers had promised that if the mine guards were disarmed first, their men would in turn surrender their weapons. When the time came for the fulfillment of this promise, some twenty or thirty obsolete and broken weapons were handed over, but the hundreds of high-powered rifles in their possession were hidden away. When a large number of the disarmed mine guards, who were being sent out of the region, had been assembled at a hotel in Trinidad, the strikers attempted to storm the hotel with the avowed object of killing its occupants, but in this they were frustrated. In the repudiation of the agreement to give up their arms, as in other



MILITIAMEN DEFENDING RAILROAD BRIDGE AGAINST STRIKERS

arose early in January in the Oak Creek mining district in Routt County. The ranchers and other residents of Oak Creek formed a vigilance party to drive out the union organizers and gave them twenty-four hours to leave the district. It was freely hinted that the rope and bullets would be their portion if they failed to depart, but the strike leaders appealed to

outbreaks of the strikers, the excuse given by Lawson, the union leader, was that he could not control his men.

One significant fact stands out as testimony to the efficiency with which the militia performed its task. From the beginning of the military occupation of the strike districts in October, 1913, the pitched battles, which previously had been

frequent occurrences, practically ceased. Killings, burnings and assaults continued, but they were accomplished by stealth. A non-union miner was beaten to death with stones near Forbes and his body was horribly mutilated. A man who had been a foreman of the mine guards was shot down in the street, in Trinidad, and the murderer afterward swore that he had been employed by two union officials to commit the crime. A Trinidad business man who joined others in a telegram to the Governor, urging that state troops be kept in the mining district, was murderously beaten in his own office. There were hundreds of cases in which mine structures and other buildings were fired and non-union men killed or beaten up, but the open conflicts between armed bands were brought to an end and conditions were vastly improved over what they had been before the coming of the soldiers.

The militia enforced peace, albeit it was a sullen peace. No progress was made toward the settlement of the issue between the mine owners and the union. The

mines were operating with non-union labor and were turning out coal sufficient to meet their current demands. The strikers, restrained by the presence of the troops from interfering with the working miners, naturally grew to hate the soldiers, and this hatred mounted as their own situation became more desperate and hopeless. In spite of this feeling, however, and of the fact that the few companies of militia, numbering about twelve hundred men altogether, were required to guard a district over one hundred miles in length the situation was kept well in hand.

Late in April, after the effective protection that had been afforded by the state militia was brought to an end by the withdrawal of the troops, the rioting and bloodshed began on a more ferocious scale than at any time before. The red passion of hate, repressed during the winter by the presence of the militia, burst forth into unrestrained flame. The strikers who had been told that they could take forcible possession of the mines as soon as the soldiers had departed, were impatient to



Photo by Atlantic News Service, Boston

RUINS OF STRIKERS' TENT COLONY AT LUDLOW

Showing pits in which women and children were suffocated. These pits were originally dug to conceal arms

see this accomplished. It was then that the match was touched to the tinder at Ludlow and produced an explosion that arrested the horrified attention of the whole American public.

Already reams have been written about the fight at Ludlow, most of it with a

burned nor shot as has been charged. One boy was killed by a shot from the strikers' entrenchments, and the body of a militiaman who fell wounded upon the field was found later with the skull crushed in and with his body barbarously mutilated. The strikers lost, according to



RAILROAD STATION AT LUDLOW AND MILITIAMEN WHO WERE ENGAGED IN THE
"BATTLE OF LUDLOW"

very slight basis of truth. Doubtless other reams will be written. The facts, definitely established, are that the battle raged practically all day between a force of militia, consisting in the beginning of thirty-four men, increased by later reinforcements to about one hundred, while the number of armed strikers actually engaged in fighting is placed by various estimates at between three hundred and four hundred. The tent colony was destroyed by fire, started apparently by an explosion of dynamite or ammunition stored within one of the tents. When it was discovered that women and children remained in some of the tents, the militiamen rushed in and rescued those whom they could find while still under fire from the strikers. After the fight was over it was discovered that two women and eleven children had been suffocated in an airtight pit underneath one of the tents, where they had been placed by members of the strikers' forces. They were not

their own statements, eight men. The union men declare that the militia began the fight and have capitalized its results to the utmost in support of their cause. On the other hand, the sworn testimony of the military officers and of others not engaged in the conflict is that the strikers were the aggressors and that the troops did not fire a shot until after they had been fired upon. Indeed, it has been reported by men who were in the strikers' camp, that the outbreak had been carefully planned in advance and had been discussed for several days before it took place. It seems reasonable that, if the soldiers had planned the fight, they would have prepared for it, whereas all the evidence shows that they were taken completely by surprise. The attitude of the American public, however, is not so much that of seeking to place the blame for the Ludlow outbreak as it is a feeling of shame and disgust that such an affair should have occurred on American soil.

And yet, to one who studies the Colorado situation, the Ludlow fight with all its horrible details was but the natural outcome of the conditions that had come to prevail. It was scarcely more sanguinary and no more brutal than other conflicts that succeeded it. Within a few days afterward, an armed company of strikers from this same colony marched seven miles to Forbes, killed nine men, destroyed the mining property at that place, and, returning, marched in triumphal progress through the streets of Trinidad.

In the closing days of April the standard of rebellion was openly raised by leaders of the strikers, in an attempt to bring about a general uprising of union workers. A "call to arms," issued by union leaders and printed in the newspapers, read in part as follows:

Organize the men of your community in companies of volunteers to protect the people of Colorado against the murder and cremation of men, women and children by armed assassins employed by the coal corporations, serving under the guise of state militia.

Gather together for defensive purposes all arms and ammunition legally available. Send name of leader of your company and actual number of men enlisted, at once, by wire, phone or mail to W. T. Hickey, Secretary of State Federation of Labor.

Hold all companies subject to order.

People having arms to spare for these defensive measures are requested to give them to local companies, and where no company exists, send them to the State Federation of Labor.

At the same time, John R. Lawson, leader of the striking members of the United Mine Workers, said in a published interview:

It has now become a war of extermination. We now have the sinews of war, backed by guns and ammunition, and the faith, loyalty and financial backing of every union labor man in the country, and we propose to carry the fight for recognition of the union and have our rights to fair treatment, required in the laws of the land, respected.

This is a much milder statement than many that were made by representatives

of the strikers. On the other hand, many citizens of the state were aroused to a pitch of furious anger by the long series of outrages and were willing to resort to lynch law, if necessary, to rid the state of union leaders, to whom they referred as, "imported agitators and assassins."

Such was the condition of affairs in Colorado when the federal troops were called in. The fire is not yet out, but only smouldering. It is predicted on all sides that the withdrawal of the regulars would be followed by a new reign of terror. The mine guards have been disarmed, but the strikers openly declare that if the federal troops are replaced by the militia, they will fight the latter "to a finish."

The problems presented by the Colorado situation are still apparently as far from solution as they were at the beginning of the strike. There can be no question, of course, as to the duty of the state to suppress armed rebellion, to protect workmen in their right to labor and to prevent the wholesale destruction of property and other acts of violence. If the state is unable or unwilling to preserve the peace, the federal government must do it, as it is now doing in Colorado. Other problems, however, are presented by the massing of large bodies of ignorant and irresponsible workers, untrained in the elements of American civilization, together with the absence of a preponderating element of good citizens such as are to be found in older and more populous sections of the country. For many reasons the National Guard is not a suitable agency for dealing with protracted labor conflicts. It was not designed for such service, though it acquits itself well in case of emergency, as it has done in Colorado. Perhaps the best organization for dealing with such conditions as exist in Colorado is a state constabulary, such as has proved itself very useful and successful in Pennsylvania during the past few years.



The Sentinels of Sea & and Surf

Mrs. George F. Richards

WHO of us has yet forgotten the thrill of horror that struck the hearts of men that dark night some two years ago, when news came that the great Titanic had been crushed by an iceberg and gone down in mid-ocean, with fifteen hundred souls on board? And how the cry rang out through the land, "Something must be done to prevent such disasters!" The appalling fate of that magnificent ship drew all eyes to the need of better protection for those who sail the seas, and the United States lost no time in bringing about an International Conference for Safety of Life at Sea. A few months later the conference was held in London, delegates from the United States and all the great maritime nations of Europe being present. The membership of the conference consisted of ninety-six delegates and technical advisors, fully half of whom had been trained to seamanship. They aimed to prevent disasters, to overcome impending dangers and to establish international laws of navigation that would promote safety at sea. Before the close of the conference the United States was designated to undertake a system of ice patrol that would make a repetition of the Titanic disaster practically impossible. The expense of such service will be shared proportionately by the fourteen nations, but the actual work and entire responsibility rests upon the United States, and the Revenue Cutter Service was pressed into immediate action for ice patrol,

destruction of derelicts and observations of ice conditions; its protection to extend to all nations. So perfect and complete is the United States Revenue Cutter system that no extraordinary preparations or delay ensued, but the cutter Seneca sailed away on its perilous task almost before the ink on its orders was dry. It sailed gaily away, with colors flying; sailed right into the face of huge icebergs, ready to warn approaching vessels of impending danger; ready to destroy dangerous derelicts; ready to do rescue work of the most hazardous sort! It was the Seneca's duty to avert danger for others and to fearlessly meet danger itself!

Under the ice patrol clause of the Safety at Sea Conference, the United States will watch out for icebergs and ice fields, and by wireless will warn approaching ships of all nations. The Seneca will act as a scout. Running into the very heart of danger it will risk being caught and crushed by the ice monsters, relying entirely on its skill and speed to escape and report conditions.

It cannot sight bergs from afar and then scurry away to a place of safety, for even under the glare of powerful searchlights, it is often impossible to pick out a berg through the fog and mist that shut in with the night, and the first that is known of its presence are its icy sides looming high in the air, at close range.

The bergs are often of wonderful and fantastic form, with no two alike in size or shape. The largest reported is four hundred



BYRON R. NEWTON

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and a strong friend
of the Cutter and Life Saving Service

feet long and three hundred feet wide, rising seventy feet out of the water. Bergs of lesser water line have been seen that rise one hundred and fifty feet out of water, and, as only one-ninth of an iceberg shows above the water line, this gives some idea of the terrific size and force of these sea monsters that swoop noiselessly down on the hapless ships that cross their path. And the Seneca seems but a pigmy as she scuttles swiftly among them! Sometimes a flock of bergs drift along in Indian file, some with round tops, some with pinnaced peaks and some of such great area that they form veritable ice fields, against which the waves dash with tremendous force.

But ice, and cold, and hardship, and danger are no new things for the men of the cutter service to meet. Way back in December, 1897, when a little fleet of eight whaling vessels with two hundred and sixty-five men on board, were ice-bound in the Arctic Ocean, it was the revenue cutter service that was rushed to the rescue, and the cutter Bear sent on a mid-winter cruise to undertake the hazardous

task of carrying food to the starving men. The Bear ploughed her way through icy waters until the passage was completely blocked by impenetrable ice fields. Then the ship was made snug in winter quarters and the officers and crew started on a perilous trip, still farther north. There was no trail to follow—only miles upon miles of untrodden snow and ice!

In the fearful cold of Arctic mid-winter, through blinding blizzard, with the mercury often fifty degrees below zero; toiling over mountains of ice; traversing immense ice fields, by reindeer, by dog-sled and by exhausting march, the men of the Bear fought their way for fifteen hundred miles, enduring hardships and dangers incredible to landsmen. At last the stranded whalers were reached and rescued, and after ten months of hazardous work, the Bear returned, and its officers and crew have gone down to history as heroes.

Captain Ellsworth P. Bertholf, now captain commandant of the Revenue Cutter Service, and one of the members of the Safety at Sea Conference in London, was a lieutenant on that notable cruise of the Bear, and won such a splendid record for bravery and efficiency that Congress afterward presented him with a gold medal for heroic service.



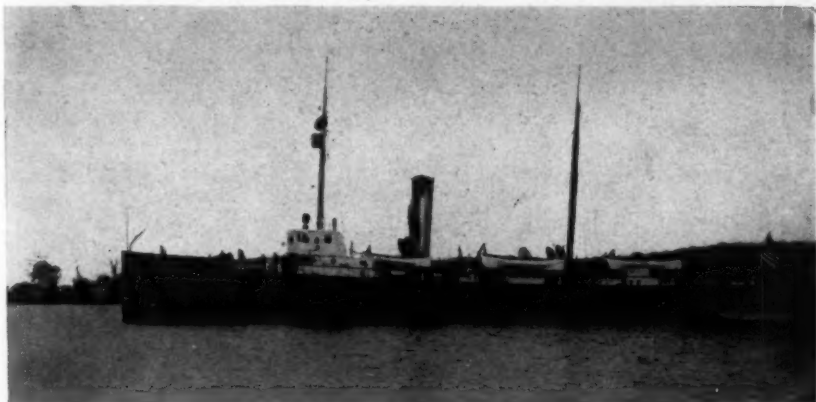
"THERE'S DANGER ON THE DEEP"

A round top iceberg of immense proportions

The men of the cutter service are so busy saving life and property that they give but scant heed to their own brave deeds, and the world at large has but little knowledge of that branch of the

government service that constituted the first—and for seven years the only—armed water force of the United States. For it was in 1790 that Washington approved the organization of the Revenue Cutter Service, and the first commission granted by President Washington to any officer afloat was the one issued to Captain Hopley Yeaton of New Hampshire, who, after having served in the Continental Navy, was the first officer to be appointed in the Revenue Cutter Service. Beginning with a little fleet of ten vessels and a mere

thickest of the fray. It is called upon to do the most arduous and varied service of any branch of the military or naval force of the government. It has authority to suppress mutiny on board merchant vessels; it protects the customs revenue; it inspects life saving stations and drilling of life saving crews; it enforces navigation laws; it aids vessels in distress; searches for wrecked and missing ships and destroys derelicts. The cutter service also acts as mail carrier to frozen Alaska and once each year conveys a United States marshal and



UNITED STATES REVENUE CUTTER "SENECA"

Designated for ice patrol service, as outlined by the International Conference for Safety at Sea, recently held in London

handful of men, the service now has a force of 1,718 officers and men, a fleet of twenty-four armed cruisers, thirteen harbor vessels and one practice ship for the cadets, at the School of Instruction. The Revenue Cutter Service has a scope of wonderful magnitude. Its men are all trained seamen; its sea-going vessels are all armed cruisers; its commissioned officers bear the same rank and title as officers of the army and navy, and receive the same benefits of retirement. In time of peace, the cutter service is a part of the Treasury Department and is always in active service, not only to protect the revenue, which was its original purpose, but to do scout duty and protective work, wherever and however the emergency may require. In time of war it becomes a part of the Navy Department, going into the

other officials to the Alaskan coast, where courts are held on board ship.

Co-operating with the Navy Department in time of war, the cutter service has never failed to win high honors for the work and bravery of its men.

During the various wars in which the United States has been involved since the Revolution, the cutter service has done valiant work in battle. In the war with France, when twenty-two vessels were captured by the United States, it was the revenue cutters that secured sixteen of them. It played an active part in the suppression of slave trade between the United States and foreign nations, and in the war of 1812 the first prize taken was a British trading schooner, captured by the cutter Jefferson.

After Sherman's march to the sea it was

the revenue cutter *Nehama* that conveyed him from Fort McAllister to the naval fleet below. In the war with Spain it was the cutter McCulloch that joined Dewey at Manila, and after splendid service there, brought to the world the first news of victory; and no braver work was ever done than that of the cutter *Hudson* in rescuing the torpedo boat *Winslow* at the Battle of Cardenas, under full fire of the enemies' guns.

During the war with Spain, it was the vigilance of the fleet of cutters that kept

made for a white flag, which, of course, it was necessary to hoist; but as United States cruisers are not in the habit of calling a truce, none could be found. When this was reported to the officers they were at breakfast. There was a moment of intense excitement, then one of them hastily pulled the cloth from the table, and it was hoisted as a flag of truce! Under the protection of this waving white tablecloth, the old *Woodbury* steamed proudly into Havana harbor and effected the exchange of prisoners! Later in the day the



HOW FRAGILE SEEM MAN'S VAUNTED TRIUMPHS!

United States Revenue Cutter "*Seneca*" passing between two huge bergs April, 1914, while on ice patrol duty

every inch of the Cuban coast protected against blockade runners, under fire of Spanish bullets.

The cutter *Woodbury* was the only American vessel to enter Havana harbor during the war with Spain. It went in under a flag of truce to exchange prisoners. And the flag itself wasn't of the ordinary job-lot sort that might be found on board a tramp vessel expecting to plead for terms, if it found itself in close quarters. It was especially designed for the occasion, on the spur of the moment. It seems that when the *Woodbury* was preparing to enter the harbor, a search was diligently

officers cut the tablecloth into small pieces as souvenirs, and thus the *Woodbury's* table linen, as well as the *Woodbury* itself, became famous.

The destruction of derelicts at sea is one of the most hazardous of the cutter duties. A wreck is sighted—or maybe it is only a mass of broken spars and a floating hulk that are a grave menace to navigation. With seas running high and in freezing weather, small boats are put off from the cutter, carrying one hundred pounds of gun-cotton and a crew of men, who, with benumbed fingers, mine the wreck. They know that the slightest error on their part

would cause premature explosion and their instant death. They pull away to a point of safety and the magneto is made to do its work. A dull roar is followed by tons of water rising in the air like a gigantic geyser and the little boat is tossed like a bubble on the crest of the mighty waves, the floating masts and spars are then collected, lashed into a raft and towed to the nearest port.

With international ice patrol comes the need of vessels especially adapted to cope with ice. At the present time Captain

with Spain, when he was with the fleet that maintained the blockade along the Cuban coast, and the cutters often found themselves in the midst of a shower from Spanish cavalry, hidden in the ambush of



ELLSWORTH P. BERTHOLF

Captain-commandant of the United States Revenue Cutter Service. He has won a gold medal for heroic services

Charles A. McAllister, Engineer-in-Chief of the Revenue Cutter Service, is perfecting certain improvements of construction along that line. Although by official duty, Captain McAllister is forced to spend more time on shore than at sea, he has seen much active service, especially during the war



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CAPTAIN CHARLES A. McALLISTER

Engineer-in-chief of the United States Revenue Cutter Service

tropical foliage. But Captain McAllister refers to the dangers and hardships of war as lightly and calmly as to the mathematical construction of warships, for men of the cutter service, like those of Army, Navy and Life Guard, learn early to look death unflinchingly in the face. Captain McAllister is especially devoted to the welfare of the "plain sailor man," who, hour after hour, works in the heat and grime of the engine room, far below the water line. And when Captain McAllister is not working out some mechanical improvement for the cutters, he is writing books that will both interest and instruct



BRINGING SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS ASHORE



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UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING CREW WORKING OVER AN UNCONSCIOUS SURVIVOR

the men below the deck—for he is an author of note and recognized authority.

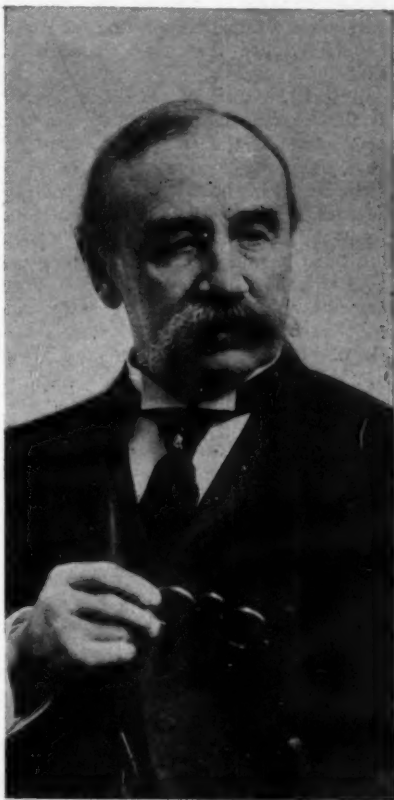
When the heavy storms of winter put coastwise vessels in imminent danger, it is the revenue cutters that respond to their wireless calls for help. Through the bitter cold, the thick snow and sleet, these staunch cruisers rush to the rescue and seldom fail in their mission. In 1912 they saved \$4.26 for every dollar of the appropriation for their support. In the ten years from 1896 to 1906 they aided 1,514 vessels in distress, whose cargoes were valued at \$33,641,665, and carrying 16,000 persons. They saved 559 persons from actual drowning and cared for 2,474 persons on board cutters, after having rescued them. And this is but a part of its service in the Arctic, Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and along the Gulf coast and Great Lakes.

The work of the Life Saving Service is closely interwoven with that of the Revenue Cutter Service, and a bill is now pending before Congress to unite these two great branches under the title of The United States Coast Guard, believing the efficiency of the service would be increased by such a step, which would, in case of war, furnish 4,300 trained officers and men as an auxiliary to the navy.

The nucleus of the now great system of United States Life Saving Service was a little log cabin on the New Jersey coast, used as a shelter by the volunteer crew of a nearby village. It was a rough hut with but crude safety appliances, but it served its purpose and was manned by brave, though untrained men, when emergency called. It was something more than forty years ago that Captain S. I. Kimball, then in the cutter service and now at the head of the Life Saving Service, visited this little hut and at once realized the need of an adequate Life Saving Service, of which the entire nation might well be proud. Captain Kimball worked with untiring zeal against pretty hard odds to bring Congress around to his way of thinking. At last he succeeded, and in 1871 the work was begun. Captain Kimball was placed at the head of the service and under his direction it has reached a degree of perfection and usefulness that cannot be overestimated.

And what does the Life Saving Service

do? It rescues the ship-wrecked; it saves the lives of persons in peril of drowning on beach or in harbor; it gives aid in time of flood to those terror-stricken districts of the Middle West; it saves crews and passengers on vessels in peril; it maintains a patrol on dangerous coasts; it protects



By permission of Chas. A. Harbaugh

SUMNER I. KIMBALL

Superintendent of the United States Life Saving Service

wrecked property and its value in saving human life is beyond computation.

There are 2,350 men in the service, with 224 stations on the shores of the oceans and Great Lakes, where rugged headlands, reefs and rocks make the coastline especially dangerous. These stations are equipped with wonderful life-saving devices; the crews are daily drilled in rescue

work; a coast patrol is kept through storm, cold and darkness, and at night the brave and lonely surfman walks the shore and warns vessels of danger by a flaring torch, which he swings high in air. If a wreck is sighted, if big guns boom out from a ship in distress, the patrolman waves aloft his lighted torch, which serves the double purpose of rousing the men at the station to immediate action, and tells the shipwrecked crew that rescue is at hand.

In the blackness of the night, facing the fury of the waves and buffeted by the terrific force of the gales that sweep the coast, the life-saving crew begin the work of rescue. A life-boat is launched and the breeches buoy shot out to the sinking ship. Then the battle with wind and sea begins. But their training stands them in good stead and they come out victorious over the death that stares them in the face, and reach the shore, bringing with them these men who otherwise would have gone down with the ship. Even then, their work is but half done. Unconscious survivors must be resuscitated and hours spent in bringing back to life the half-drowned men. And then do these brave and exhausted surfmen go home to rest? Far from it, they begin again their round of patrol, as courageous and vigilant as before!

In the year 1909—which chance to be the latest figures at hand at this moment—the United States Life Saving Service rendered effective aid on 1,309 occasions of disaster on sea and coast. The vessels involved and their cargoes were valued at \$13,316,815, and on board were 8,900 persons of whom but thirty were lost.

Which gives some idea of the stupendous work accomplished since its establishment in 1871.

Both the Cutter and Life Saving Service have a strong friend at court in Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Byron R. Newton, who believes firmly in the consolidation of the two branches.

Mr. Newton has just one hobby—and that is life saving. And he is ready to ride that hobby-horse rough shod over all obstacles. So when he was appointed assistant secretary and assigned to the division having charge of the service, he was right in his element. Mr. Newton is not a mere figure head or theoretical humanitarian. He knows what it really means to save life. As war correspondent for a great metropolitan newspaper, he paced the deck of press boat, revenue cutter or battleship all through the war with Spain, and was in the thickest of the fight. He knows what it is both to take life and to save life—and he is working with all his might to save life. The betterment of the service, the needs of the men and aid to those in peril on sea, or in flood, are the life work of this sturdy young assistant secretary, who tackles the great questions before him with force and determination, and doesn't change his hold till the end is accomplished.

It is a magnificent service that these two branches of the government render so ungrudgingly, and each and every one of the one hundred million people of the great United States may well doff their hat and point with pride to the dual Coast Guard, that, with unqualified bravery, protects the lives of those who go down to the Sea in Ships.

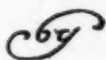
THE NAMELESS HERO

FIREMAN NUMBER EIGHTEEN

Entombed amidst the laughing flames that well
And shriek unto his soul in mocking glee,
He scrawls with fingers dipped in ruddy hell
His bloody name across Eternity!

—Harold Skinner.

Old Home Week at Blakeville



William Henry Bartlett

IT was a hot, sultry afternoon the last of August. The hour for closing had arrived, and the clerks and tellers of the City Bank were balancing the accounts of the day and preparing the checks for the "clearing" on the following morning. At a spacious desk near the front window of the banking rooms sat the president of the institution engaged in an interview with a prospective customer.

In the throng of the busy mart a stranger would not have picked out Frederick Cushman for a bank president, for in some way such a position is associated with a hoary beard, white hair and spectacles, and he had scarcely a gray hair in his head, being still a young man, only thirty-five years of age. Though he had been at the head of the City Bank but two years, he was no novice in the financial world, having entered the institution when a boy, working his way up step by step. With his advent to the presidency, the practice of the banker of the old school, of always accompanying a loan with a growl, passed forever. He was an encyclopedia of financial information and could fathom the prospects of financial and commercial enterprise as readily as he could penetrate the honesty of purpose that actuated his fellow-men. His decisions were instantaneous and tempered with uniform courtesy, so that the applicant of a rejected loan always went away with a smile on his face and a kind feeling in his heart.

The president was not a handsome man,

but with his deep blue eyes and curly brown hair he was as near to it as is good for one of his sex. His commanding presence inspired the confidence and respect of all. While he had become a great financier by application and study, by nature he was a poet, and to be a poet is to dream, to love and to suffer. For fifteen years he had striven to attain, and he had succeeded. He had come to the metropolis as thousands of others come, with only health and a good name, with Hope and her hundred stars, to see them rise one by one from the firmament of his dreams to become realities.

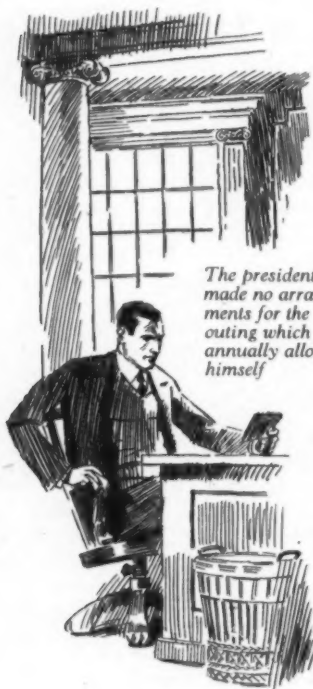
When his visitor had departed, the president turned his attention to some letters which a clerk laid upon his desk. Among them was one post-marked Blakeville, Maine, the dear old town of his boyhood. As he glanced at it, his pulses throbbed a little quicker and he eagerly broke its seal and read:

"Blakeville has aroused from her sleep to such an extent that we are going to attempt the celebration of Old Home Week. We have often heard of you, but you have so grown beyond us, your success seems so overwhelming, that we hardly know how to approach you; yet we shall spare no efforts to make the trip an agreeable one if you honor your native town with your presence on this occasion."

The name signed to the letter as chairman of the committee in charge was that of an old schoolmate at the district school. The president had made no arrangements

for the week's outing which he annually allowed himself, and he immediately decided to accept this invitation. There was but one reason for hesitation—one he had advanced to himself for fifteen years. And thinking of this reason he gradually became absorbed in a reverie of the past.

He closed his eyes and saw as in a vision the comfortable green-clad hills of Blakeville, the roads at the "four corners," the



The president had made no arrangements for the week's outing which he annually allowed himself

general store, the post-office, the little red schoolhouse, and the old homestead with the rose-bush at the door and the lilacs at the gate. Where were the old days passed in sight of the mountain that towered above and the river that flowed below? Where were the church "circles," the surprise parties, the sleighrides, the candy-pulls, the skating parties on the mill pond? Where had youth gone so suddenly?

His thoughts turned to his parents—gentlefolk whose health compelled them

to abandon the city and take up farming life in Blakeville. It had been difficult for the senior Cushman to adapt himself to the new tasks, and as his little family grew up, likewise grew the mortgage on the homestead farm, so that when Frederick was left an orphan at the age of seventeen, there was no equity left in the premises.

There was the old district school where, when a child, he had first met Josephine Blake. Her father was the one person in town who possessed sufficient wealth to enable him to live without daily toil. The Blake fortune had been handed down through several generations, each of which possessed sufficient ability to keep it intact and pass it on to the next. The town, however, recognized no classes and all children met at the district school on a common level.

Josephine was a little girl with very light complexion and flaxen hair which was set off by jet-black eyes. This rare combination attracted the eye of Frederick as a child, and they soon became playmates. When they were a dozen years old, he gallantly carried her books on their way home from school. He had resented the charge that she was a "tow-head," and he had once thrashed the postmaster's boy for some impoliteness to her. Mrs. Blake regarded Frederick as a "good boy," and welcomed this little protector as a playmate for Josephine.

Oh, those delicious days of childhood, gone forever now! Long rambles on the river bank, and through the pastures with Josephine, nutting in the groves or gathering wild flowers in the meadows; now roaming the fields to where the "freshest berries grow," and helping her to hull them under the great maple trees on the lawn; now ascending the mountain where in adventurous mood he would scale some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes and bear them home in childish triumph. Spring blossoms and autumn harvests—morning fragrance and evening sunsets—glorious days of youth, made memorable by love!

How few parents seem to realize that attachments may spring up between children, that time will not efface! They did not realize, poor children, that the

wheel of destiny was perhaps revolving to mar their lives forever; and so these innocent associations continued till they were past sixteen years of age.

The awakening came when it was proposed that Josephine should visit her aunt in the city to be introduced into society. The piece of parental scheming might have been successfully inaugurated had it not been made clear to the girl that she was to be "set up for the highest bidder," but when she fully realized the purpose of the visit, she rebelled.

Then came the crisis. Frederick was told plainly that he was no longer welcome at the Blake mansion; that Josephine was now a young lady, and in the future she would be expected to associate with those of her own relative station.

As the proposed visit to her aunt did not bid fair to prove a success, it was suddenly discovered that a course at Vassar for Miss Blake was indispensable; and so she was hurried off to Poughkeepsie with instructions to matrons about letter-writing.

Those were bitter days for Frederick, during which he awoke to the fact that he was no longer a child, and that a mighty passion hitherto unknown to him had taken possession of his soul.

At the age of seventeen, when he became an orphan, the Cushman homestead was sold, and our hero was forced upon his own resources. He did farm work and clerked in the general store. From his savings he was at length able to take a course at a commercial college in Portland. He wrote letters to Josephine, but received no reply, and when his course was finished he returned to Blakeville with the vain hope of meeting her, but he found that the atmosphere at the Blake mansion had not been changed. It was then that the young man sought his fortune in the great city.

At his cheerless lodging, as the months lengthened into years, he often read from his Blakeville paper some mention of her—now she had shone at some social function at her aunt's; now she was mentioned as receiving guests at home.

In his poverty he realized how far in the social world she was above him, and wondered at his own presumption and audacity. He had no assurance that in

those last delightful days, as boyhood and girlhood were budding into manhood and womanhood he had ever touched one chord that met with a tender response in her heart. His better judgment told him that his love defied all reason, that it burned on without even the fuel of hope, yet he cherished it none the less because of its lack of promise. If he could have seen her once more, he thought, and heard her send him away, it would have been easier to bear; yet he would not return because his hope so faint and yet so sweet might be extinguished forever.

Three years went by—years during which Frederick Cushman was gaining favor at the bank—and then he read in his Blakeville paper of Josephine's marriage to a physician named Wellington. A year later he read of the death of "Mrs. Dr. Wellington, late of the Maine General Hospital."

The clause "of the Maine General Hospital," attracted his notice, and he wondered if she had married poor and against her parents' wishes after all, and was obliged to serve as an attendant; but the shock which the item conveyed was so severe that this clause passed unnoticed at second reading.

The newspaper wrapper, bearing his address, revealed the fact that his subscription was six months past due. "Why have I been subscribing all this time?" he asked himself. "It has never brought me anything but pain," and so he sent a remittance for his overdue subscription and ordered the paper discontinued. Thenceforth he lost all trace of men and affairs in his native town.

SOCIETY of the metropolis had found Frederick Cushman an enigma. He accepted invitations to Vanity Fair when business interests permitted, but no ambitious chaperone had ever flattered herself that he paid more attention to her charge than the forms of polite society demand. Some thought him too self-satisfied to become a worshipper at Cupid's throne, while others believed that his absorbing devotion to financial interests had burned out the deepest wellsprings of his nature, and left his bosom a sterile plain where the beautiful flower of love would not take root; but those who knew him best were

aware that his was a warm and generous nature.

No one knew how he regretted that he was a bachelor. Ah! to see the reproductions of one's own flesh and blood, endowed with immortal souls, move across life's stage in the great terrestrial drama, speaking, acting, thinking! To help them in their helpless ignorance unravel the mysteries of life, with its loves, ambitions and achievements—is there any rapture, any pleasure half so grand?

How vain for the finite eye to attempt to penetrate the human soul for the motive and passions which actuate mankind! By the old countryside, before he attained his majority, Frederick Cushman had his romance, and he had striven to forget it. Ambitious matchmakers would tell us the wound had healed; but if so it had left its scar, and out of that past, pathetic voices now and then called to him and old longings awoke, to throb for a moment and then sleep again, hushed by ambition and the merry jingle of dollars.

ONE day during the first week in September as the Portland express was speeding down the coast, the president of the City Bank was comfortably seated in the parlor car, on his journey to spend Old Home Week in his native town, there to become the especially honored invited guest of that occasion. As he noticed the juniper bushes in the pastures, he was reminded that the train had passed over the line into the Pine Tree State. He made a few notes for the address which he knew would be expected of him, and memory lingered in contemplation of the old days and associations.

"Fool that I was to surrender to that ideal dream of happiness, but oh, it was so sweet," but after due deliberation he decided that it was better to have pined away several of his most golden years, a willing victim to Cupid's magic spell, inspired by the fair hair and eloquent eyes of Josephine, than to have missed so passionate a love-dream.

At length he began recognizing familiar scenes, which he had neither cared nor dared to visit, because their delight was lost forever while their distress remained to mock happier days. And now the train

was stopping and he aroused himself from his dreams.

His old schoolmate, Thomas Potter, greeted him as he descended to the platform. The station was just as it was when he left, though it looked smaller to him. Thomas' father was in the carriage, and he was heartily greeted by the old gentleman. It was strange how Time's ever-busy finger had spared him, and he spoke with the same kindly twang as of yore.

Now the carriage rolled round in front of the old general store where he once clerked and tied up sugar in a piece of paper, before the luxury of paper bags was afforded in Blakeville. The same sign hung over the door, but it was somewhat weatherbeaten, and the visitor noticed the addition "& Son." Over the store was the hall where "Old Foster" came that last winter and taught dancing school, which he attended with Josephine for his partner. Through the door of the blacksmith shop he saw the sparks from the red iron and heard the ring of the anvil.

Now they were nearing the cemetery. He could see the Webber monument, the largest in the grounds. Lest something should be said that he did not wish to hear just then, and to divert his own thoughts, Mr. Cushman motioned toward the monument and asked Thomas if he remembered the joke the boys played on Deacon Webber. The reserve which each had felt at meeting was breaking up, and the light of a sympathetic intelligence shone in Thomas' eyes.

The bank president then recalled how one year, just before the Fourth of July, Deacon Webber had told the postmaster, loud enough so that Young America would be sure to hear, that if they came 'round his house that night disturbing him, he would have them "took up." The warning was like a spark thrown into a powder magazine. That night the boys quietly called and took the Deacon's front gate off the hinges, carried it half a mile, and left it on top of the Webber monument in the cemetery.

Passing on they neared the river. Below the bridge still stood the old willow by the "swimming-hole," and behold, even as they passed, the boys of a new generation were bathing there.

The schoolhouse with its familiar surroundings recalled to his memory the homely lines:

Around it still the sumacs grow;
And blackberry vines are running.

The old elm beneath whose shade he and Josephine used to exchange portions of their lunch at noontime in the days so long ago still stood in the yard; and the poplar, from the branches of which he had made for her wooden whistles in the spring time. How long it had been! How much had intervened! What tender memories each familiar spot awoke!

Now they were at the old church with its white clapboards and long green blinds, and the adjacent weatherbeaten horse-sheds. It was behind one of these sheds he had peeked through a crack to see her emerge from church with a young city chap who had been adjudged a "suitable companion." He felt all the calmness of that peaceful Sunday afternoon, and remembered what a mockery nature had been to him in her quiet repose, while such a fierce tumult was raging in his breast. That was near the end, just before they sent her away to Vassar.

At the Potter homestead the honored guest was royally welcomed by Thomas' wife. After the evidences of travel were removed and tea had been served, they gathered under the old elm on the lawn.

Their conversation drifted not to politics, commerce, bonds, financial projects; no, it was of the days of their boyhood, of the holidays they had celebrated, of the trout they had caught, and the grouse they had bagged, the orchards they had "visited," the joys they had known and the thrashings they had suffered.

After a time Mr. Cushman inquired: "And who lives at the Blake mansion?"

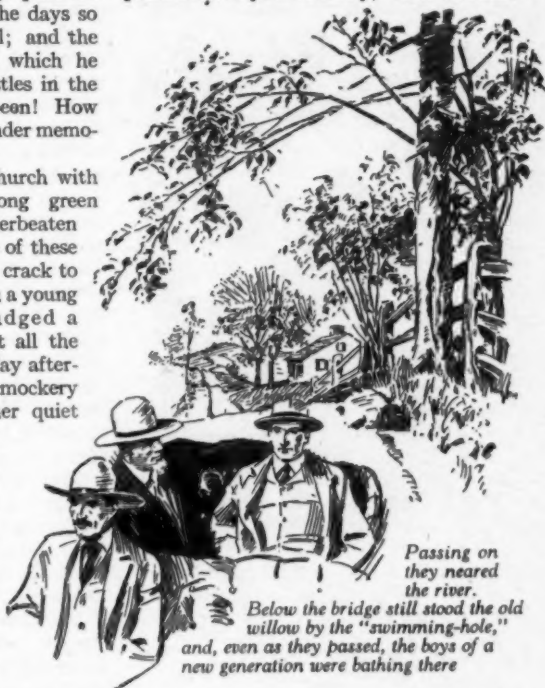
"Mr. Blake is gone, but Mrs. Blake is still living," answered his hostess, "she occupies the old homestead with—" She stopped suddenly and looked at her husband.

"With a certain charming widow whom Fred once knew," added the host.

Mr. Cushman gave him a searching look,

while the latter's eyes twinkled from assumed gravity.

"Come, Fred, we will believe that Time has accomplished any marvelous feat that you may represent, if you will not expect us to think that the flaxen-haired Josie has passed out of your memory," said Thomas.



Passing on they neared the river.

Below the bridge still stood the old willow by the "swimming-hole," and, even as they passed, the boys of a new generation were bathing there

"My dear friend," said Mr. Cushman, "let us not speak lightly of a memory that to me is so sacred. She was the inspiration of my life; the purity of the love I cherished for her has helped me to keep my life clean, and my success has been dominated by her early influence."

"If I was a handsome bachelor and the owner of a bank," said Thomas, "I know what I would do if such sentiments as those were wrangling in my breast; I would storm the fort again tomorrow, and I venture to predict that the madam who once drove you out with the broomstick will now raise a flag of truce before you get within rifle shot of the mansion."

After much confusion it was revealed to the guest that Josephine still lived, and

had he not discontinued his subscription to the Blakeville paper so hastily, the next issue would have conveyed the intelligence that the announcement which he read was a typographical error, and that it was in fact, the doctor himself who had succumbed; as the years rolled by, scores



Here they renewed their old friendship—friendship that each heart was burning to re-establish

of issues had disclosed the identity of a charming young widow who shone in the social life of Blakeville.

The next day was the gala day of the Old Home Week celebration. There was a great gathering at the Town Hall, and greetings between many who had not met before since childhood. A score had felt the irresistible impulse and journeyed back from other states.

Frederick Cushman had nearly completed his address; he had passed his climax

and was gliding through his peroration, when among the late comers he saw "the face of beauty and the form of grace" that had been the lodestone of his existence.

At the close of his remarks the speaker was accorded an informal reception, and among the host who pressed forward to clasp his hand were Josephine and her mother. He saw the former in the line before she reached him. As a girl she was pretty and bewitching; now she was positively beautiful. "You have done us such an honor to come," she said.

"It has been the pleasure of my life," he replied simply as he took her hand.

Mrs. Blake greeted him kindly, too, and then added, "You must not fail to call on us before you return." Though he remembered his last previous instructions about calling, he felt no resentment about it now.

The next day Mr. Potter and his guest fished in the old familiar streams, they climbed the mountain and they bathed under the old willow. Then one day Mr. Cushman said he would run to the Blake mansion for a little while.

Mrs. Wellington received him most cordially. "I am so sorry," she said, "mother has just driven over to the village for the day, and so it falls to my lot to keep the fires of hospitality brightly burning," she added.

They sat on the veranda and under the maples, still haunted with the memory of other days; for a time their conversation was on commonplaces only, but gradually it went wandering back as if it sought the very source of youth and life.

The directors of the City Bank would have laughed had they now seen their president, whom they had known only as a mighty, self-consistent force, a battleship of business energy, oblivious of the presence of women so beautiful that they would attract attention in any audience in the world.

Josephine had a hundred innocent pretexts for detaining him. She prepared him a luncheon with her own hands, and as they sat down together, with her face opposite to him at the table and under the spell of the homely coziness of it all, he realized that this was the culmination of hopes that had ever lived in his soul.

At length she led the way into the orchard to a heavy-laden apple tree near the wall. An ivy vine twined itself among the branches and formed a delightful little arbor which shut one out from the view of those who passed the mansion. Here they renewed their old friendship—friendship that each heart was burning to re-establish.

The breath of autumn brought the most vivid and delightful of all the memories they cherished—bygone pleasures so keen and at the same time so innocent that Cushman sat with half-closed eyes, recalling former scenes and oblivious to every other interest in life.

"Let me show you my pets," said Josephine, as she parted the twigs that hid a nest where a pair of enterprising robins were rearing a second brood. The mother-bird came and fearlessly ate food from Josephine's hand as she and her guest stood side by side watching her. "I love these birds," she said.

"And so I think I envy them," he replied as he parted the limbs to get a better view of the nest.

And then—they never knew how it happened, her hair was caught among the branches, and in this dilemma it required his assistance to release her. When she was disentangled he read a message of love in those wonderful eyes, and he took her

in his arms, breathing soft words of love into her ears, telling her that she was everything to him, and that his success was only a mockery without her.

"O mamma," came a child's voice from behind them.

As they turned he beheld a little girl of about a dozen summers, a perfect image of the little fairy for whom he had chastised the postmaster's son more than twenty years before.

"My daughter Edith," introduced her mother. "Edith and I are almost inseparable," she added.

"Certainly," he assured her. "I did not know of her existence till this minute, when she suddenly appears, a blessing from fairyland. My dreams of having a little girl like Edith can now be realized. She will greatly add to my domestic bliss."

"Grandma and I have just got back," stammered Edith in great embarrassment.

"You may run in and tell grandma that we have been invited to live in the city, and I think we may go," said her mother, and the little nymph disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

The beautiful afternoon sunlight flooded the landscape, turning the tree and vine to a golden bower wherein these two happy hearts rested in sweet content; their childhood and the present now blended into one beautiful dream.

SUBLIME—RIDICULOUS

By DR. R. K. CARTER

THEY sat together beneath the stars,
Tommy Toodles and Sarah Jane,
And while he whistled a few short bars
Of some familiar opera strain,
Sarah, she spake of celestial spheres,
That swung so low in the blooming night,
Whispering, awestruck, of hopes and fears,
Of countless worlds beyond our sight.
With face uplifted, in simple faith,
She told of heavenly truths that come
Right down to earth—but Tommy saith,
"Say, have a chunk of this chewing gum."

*Dedicated to United States Senator Moses E. Clapp
with the love of the author*

The Kid Around the Corner

by Edwin Leibfreed, Ph.D.



HE'S "the kid around the corner,"
And in everybody's way.
And his mother—how they warn her
Of his convict fate some day!
What to her are laws, whose breaking
Brands her child a criminal,
When his little heart is aching
For the joys so natural?

He's the "worst boy," so they call him;
Grown quite hardened to his name,
For the words no longer gall him,
Bring no more the tinge of shame.
He's the city's proudest scorner
Of its laws against his play,
For "the kid around the corner"
Is in everybody's way.

He pre-empt's the streets and alleys
And he laughs with impish glee
As his cohorts make their sallies
On the corner grocery.
What's the difference who's the owner
Of the things cribbed for the "camp"
To "the kid around the corner"
When the pavement's cold and damp?

Steal a box and build a bonfire;
Let the foragings begin;
To the joys of life aspire!
Being playful is no sin.
What though windows do get broken
Playing baseball in the street?
The excitement is the token
That the game was worth the treat.

And "the kid around the corner,"
When the cops come into view,
Is by far the champion runner
If they ever should pursue!
And he doesn't mind the order—
"Hey you! Get away from there!"—
He just moves a little "further"
Up the street or anywhere.

He was playing "peggy," dashing
Through the street—a common tale—
When a heavy truck came crashing
And the lad lay limp and pale.
Some one picked him up all bleeding—
Sorry for him possibly—
There was little he was needing
Now of human sympathy.

Though he knew that he was dying,
Yet his only words were these,
"Tell my mother—she'll be crying—
Not to worry, won't you please?"
Some one said, "The kid's a-goner;"
Some one else was sobbing loud;
For "the kid around the corner"
Has a friend in every crowd.

Oh, ye men who build the city,
And forget the children's need,
We bespeak some human pity,
And for playroom do we plead.
Think of her, the saddest mourner
For the child killed at his play,
And "the kid around the corner"
Always in somebody's way.

Like the days of Bethlehem's manger,
When the selfishness of men
Crowded out a little stranger,
Childhood pleads for room again.
And we pray God, who's no scorner
Of the tears in eyes grown dim,
That "the kid around the corner"
May find room up there with Him!

Two Knights on the Road

by

Allan Updegraff

Author of "Adventure," "Taming the Terror," "Romance's Ghost," etc.

FROM his unconventional position on top of the Limited's first baggage car, Mr. "Put" Maxwell was able to foresee the wreck some seconds before it happened. The cap of a ventilator pipe protruded above the car's roof at his side. He seized it with both hands, clenched his teeth, lips and eyelids, breathed a regrettable monosyllable—and sailed into space.

As the ground slowly floated up to meet him, he saw that it was of a loose, sandy nature, and that it inclined at an easy angle with his line of flight. It occurred to him that these were fortunate circumstances; he would strike a glancing blow and come to a stop slowly, like a landing aeroplane. He even found time to congratulate himself that there was a considerable drop in the embankment on the side toward which he had been thrown. The further he slid and rolled, the better his chance of postponing the Hereafter. The Hereafter! Quite in line with the Best Authorities, regrets for his many sins flashed into his mind. He wished he had been a better man. He wished he had not disturbed the peace of the preceding night by beating up a member of the Wall-town, Indiana, police force; he wished he had noticed his opponent was a policeman before he put over that last terrific right hook that laid blue coat and brass buttons on the sidewalk. Especially he wished he had paid his fare into Chicago, in a decent and lawful manner, instead of trying to rob the railway company of eight dollars

seventy-six cents by "riding the tops." Oh, how he wished he had! The nearer the ground came, the more he wished it.

He did not feel his impact with the embankment at all; like a magical bed, the sandy slope put him to sleep as soon as he touched it.

The first thought of his returning consciousness was that somebody was trying to awaken him by pouring water on his face. He sputtered, and sat up. Close beside him was a little trickle of ditch water, into which his head had fallen. His attention was attracted by a dull confusion of sounds that seemed to be partly in his head, partly in the air around him. He lifted a hand to brush the sounds away from his forehead, and was startled by the unclothed, scratched and bloody condition of the arm attached to the hand.

"Gee!" he muttered dazedly, pulling at the rags that had formerly been the sleeves of his coat, shirt and undershirt. "Something must have—"

A sudden variation in the sounds that seemed to fill the air startled his wits out of the maze in which they were wandering. Someone, a woman or a child, had screamed.

He looked up. About the wreck of the first three cars of the passenger train, thirty feet above him, scores of persons were rushing and clambering like disturbed ants. Jets of steam from the overturned engine spurted white against the blue sky beyond. The caboose of the freight train, into which the passenger had plunged, was scattered, in bits not much

larger than kindling wood, over the engine, and little wisps of darker smoke hinted that the wreckage had already taken fire.

With all his confusion gone, careless of his tattered clothing and bruised body, Put scrambled up the embankment. The trainmen, assisted by several of the cooler men passengers, were pulling women and children from the wrecked cars, and he rushed into the work with all the enthusiasm of a youthful, strenuous, adventure-loving disposition.

Before his unfortunate encounter with the policeman, Put had been a machinist

ble gentleman, with a blow between each word. He worked like mad, until he was out of breath, and then changed places with Put. When the team was cut, the wreckage settled a little apart, as the gentleman had expected, and Put dived into the opening that was made; the gray-moustached man followed. Working like gnomes with axe and crowbar, they freed two passengers, a man and a woman, who had been caught beneath the crushed iron-work of the seats. The smoke from the approaching fire was choking them before the work was finished; and when the rescued passengers finally appeared, the



As the ground slowly floated up to meet him, he saw that it was of a loose, sandy nature, and that it inclined at an easy angle with his line of flight

in the Walltown Car Works; the twisted mass of wreckage before him was not altogether a new experience.

"Lemme take that!" he said, grasping at an axe in the hands of a white-moustached, dapper-looking gentleman who was whacking away at a team.

"Get out!" roared the gentleman. "Take that crowbar from that fat idiot there and hold up while I chop!"

Put, recognizing that he had to do with a capable, authoritative person, obediently jerked the bar from the hands of the perspiring fat man and placed it where it would do the most good.

"That's—the—stuff!" growled the capa-

ble crowd outside greeted them with a wild outburst of cheering. When the capable person and Put crawled out after them, there was more cheering.

"You're all right!" choked the man to Put, when, begrimed and sweaty and gasping with wood smoke, they stood up in the outer air. "If it hadn't been for you—well, it amazes me how helpless the ordinary man is. Come on!"

He led the way back to the next car, where a little knot of passengers were watching the efforts of some trainmen to get to another captive of the wreck. The trainmen stepped aside, at the white-moustached man's command, and went

to work again at his orders. His voice was harsh and incisive, like a commanding general's; and Put was his chief-of-staff. When the captive, a white-faced old woman with one arm dangling pitifully limp, was finally pulled to safety, there were more cheers from the crowd.

"Do you think that's all, conductor?" demanded Put's commander, delicately dusting his grimed and bleeding hands.

"Yes, sir—I've been along the cars, and they're open—except at the two places we've chopped into."

"Good." He glanced at the forward part of the train, where the coaches were burning furiously. "Now I suppose we'll have to stand by and see the whole business go up in smoke."

"We will not!" put in Put tersely; he was a bit huffed at the white-moustached man's calm assumption of authority—and at the ignorance which his last suggestion revealed. "With a few bars to pinch the wheels, and all this crowd to push, we can run back the cars that are still on the track. Come on, everybody!"

He started, shouldering his bar. "Good for you!" said his late commander, as cheerfully as if unrebuked. "I hope you'll allow me to assist you?" he added, taking his place at Put's side.

"Sure," said Put, and added, by way of apology, "You couldn't hardly be expected to think of that; I've worked in a car works, ye see, or I wouldn't a-thought of it myself."

ONE by one the observation car and the three Pullmans that remained on the track were rolled a safe distance from the fire. Put commanded the job, and the white-moustached gentleman and the conductor worked at his orders. As he stepped to the ground, after setting the brakes on the last car, he came face to face with a man whom he seemed to remember. The man seemed to remember him, also. There was a bruised mark on one side of the man's chin.

Put nodded at him briefly, and pushed by into the crowd. He seemed to remember the man's face almost perfectly, and the memory was, in a peculiar way, uncomfortable; but he could not remember who the man was.

The white-moustached gentleman interrupted his cogitations on the subject by taking him by the arm and leading him to the outer edge of the crowd.

"Take my coat," he said abruptly, peeling off his, the well-tailored garment, as he spoke. "It isn't right that the hero of the occasion should be going around as dishabille as you are. You might as well throw away the remains of that coat of yours."

Put protested, but the authoritative person prevailed.

"Fits you fine," said the latter, when Put had put on the coat. "You say you've worked in a car works?" he added abruptly.

"Why, yes," said Put.

"Well—are you open to a new job?"

Put was astonished, but cool. "Yes."

The white-moustached gentleman considered him a moment. "You seem to know something about the wrecking business, and you appear to possess the initiative that's about as good as knowledge," he remarked drily. "How long were you employed in a car works?"

Put was about to answer, when the man with the bruised chin came out of the crowd and edged up toward him. Again the sight of the man's face, familiar and yet not identifiable, filled him with a vague discomfort.

"About a year," he answered absently. The man with the bruised chin sidled closer. Put turned his back on him.

"Well, I think you'll do. I'll just give you my card—" The capable gentleman made a motion evidently directed toward the pocket of his missing coat. At the same instant, yielding to a light pressure on his right arm, Put turned to look squarely in the face of the man with the bruised chin.

"I guess I've got ye, eh?" said the man. "You're under arrest!"

Put immediately identified the uncomfortable face; it was that of the Walltown policeman whom he had left on the Broadway, Walltown, sidewalk. He had not been able to identify the face before, because the body beneath it was now in citizen's clothes.

"What d'ye mean?" demanded Put, determined to face the matter out.

"Oh, I remember your ugly phiz! I

knew ye was on this train somewhere, friend o' mine told me he saw ye hangin' round, just as she was pulling out. I had to hire an autymobile to catch her at the next station, but I'll make ye pay for it. Why, ye—"

"What's all this about?" demanded the white-moustached gentleman, abruptly thrusting himself into the conversation.

"Why—this chap's wanted back in Walltown for assaultin' an officer." The policeman was a bit abashed before the capable person's keen eyes. "Meaning me—I'm a policeman. He feloniously attacked me last night—"

"You're mistaken," interrupted Put.

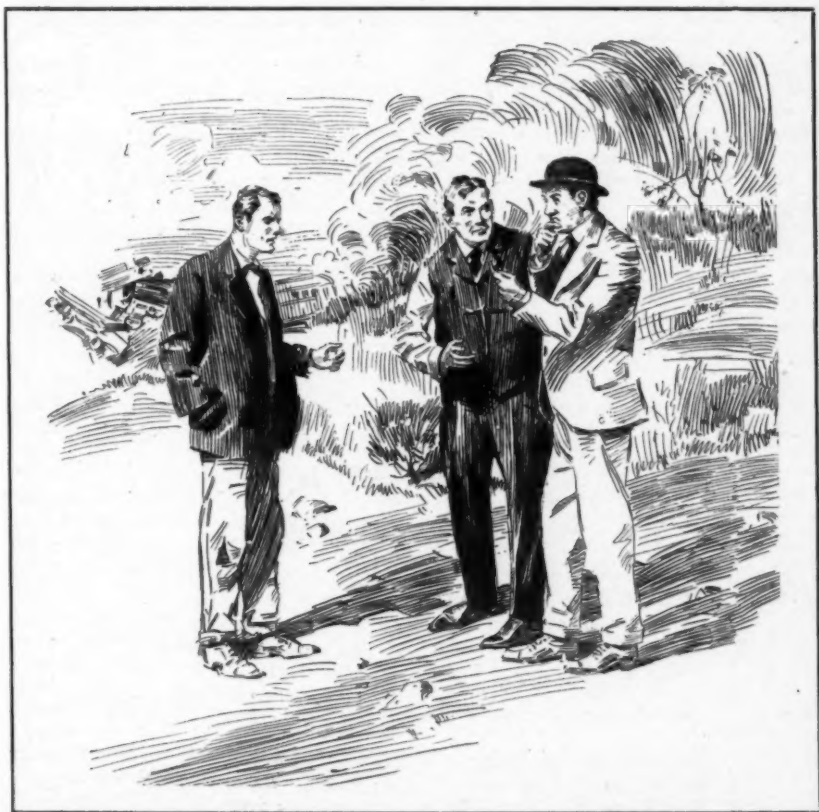
"No, I ain't! I remember him and three others was walkin' along, tight as ticks—"

"We was not!" roared Put; "I mean," he added hastily, "I never was in Walltown, and, of course, never—"

"Of course not," put in the capable gentleman. "Sir, you must be mistaken. I know this man perfectly."

"I remember the ugly face of him," asserted the policeman, shaken but not convinced. "If it wasn't him, it was his double."

"That might very well have been." The white-moustached gentleman seemed to be searching his mind for better evidence than the bit he had just presented. "Why,



The capable person reached quickly into the inner pocket of Put's coat, formerly his own, and took out an alligator-skin card case. "There! I think that will clear matters up." He took a card from the case and handed it to the policeman

officer, you'd be astonished at the number of men who look alike, exactly alike, sir. Now, my friend here—"

He stopped, as if in the grasp of a sudden brilliant idea.

"Why, sir, do you know who this man is?" he demanded.

"No—yes—that is, I don't know his name," said the policeman. "I got a John Doe warrant."

"Why don't you end this nonsense, Jim," demanded the capable person, turning to Put, "by simply showing your card? Just give him one—from your case there in your coat-pocket—"

"Eh?" said Jim dazedly. "I ain't got no—"

"He's dazed, poor chap, by the heroic work he's been doing in the last half hour. Here, old man, just allow me—" The capable person reached quickly into the inner pocket of Put's coat, formerly his own, and took out an alligator-skin card-case. "There! I think that will clear matters up." He took a card from the case, handed it to the policeman, and patted Put concernedly on the back. "There, old man, come along back to your apartment and let your valet mix you a cooling drink. By gad, you've been working like a demon—and in this hot sun, too!"

He drew Put away, leaving the policeman staring at the card—which held the name of a railway official of such widespread reputation that he was known even in Waltham—and escorted him tenderly back to the observation car.

"Make yourself comfortable there," he said, depositing him on the rear seat, "and I'll send back my chef to get your order." He chuckled delightedly. "My Lord, but you must have hit that cop a swat! His chin was black and blue!"

"I didn't know he was a cop," protested Put faintly. "I wouldn't ever have thought of doin' anything unlawful like that. It was dark, and I thought he was just—"

"What I wanted you for," interrupted the railway man, "was foreman of one of our wrecking crews. Suit you?"

"Suit me!" gasped Put, with a vision of fifty dollars a week in his mind. "I should say—"

"Good. You've got my cards—keep one and send the rest back by the chef. Come to see me next Monday, 9 A. M." He waved his hand cheerfully, chuckled, and went into the first compartment of the car.

Put took out the card case, removed a card, gasped as he read the great name, and settled down to await the arrival of the chef.

THE COSSACK

By EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

(In "Poems")

THE Cossack! the Cossack! his steed is his throne;
On the steppe and the desert his glory is known;
For he sweeps like the wind from the camp to the fray,
And woe to the foe and the flying that day!
"False pagan!" he cries, "are you slave—are you Shah—
Now die by this lance, or take oath to the Czar!"

The Cossack! the Cossack! a flame of the south
Is the glance of his eye, is the word of his mouth,
For the steed that he rides, for the saint he implores,
And, fairer and dearer, the girl he adores.
The Maiden's fond lover—the Czar's faithful warder—
Ho! drink to the Cossack, from border to border!

The Dawes Hotel.

by the Side of the Road

*A story of the everyday life in a home for
"the men who are faint with strife"*

by Mitchell Mannering

ONE Saturday afternoon I found myself in a line of men registering at the Rufus Dawes Hotel on South Peoria Street, Chicago. The lobby opened at five-thirty and the guest-line reached down the square and across the street, and in an hour every bed and room was taken. My surroundings greatly interested me. The patrons of the hotel were men who had seen nothing but hard luck for a day or a week, or perhaps longer; still they had that indefinable air about them that shows good grit and self-respect. When we filed in line to the desk, gave in our names and received our tickets, we all felt as much at home as if we had signed the register of the Hotel Waldorf.

After a good wash downstairs and some desultory talk, the groups of men gathered before the cozy fireplace in the office. On the table nearby were magazines, and under the soft light of an electric lamp hung a portrait of Rufus Fearing Dawes, the young man who lost his life in Lake Geneva. This hotel is a monument to his memory—not a towering shaft, but a real expression of what in his young and busy life he had often dreamed of achieving. It was erected by his father, Mr. Charles G. Dawes, who at his bier paid such a tribute to the loving manly life that it has since inspired nobler sentiments in the hearts of myriads of his fellow-countrymen.

One hundred thousand dollars were expended in the building of the hotel and everything was made enduring and at-

tractive. It is thoroughly fireproof, with even better ventilation than many first-class hotels. Its promotion marks a new epoch in real philanthropy—to help men to help themselves by providing good living accommodations at a nominal price, for those who are trying to get back on their feet again, while they are searching for employment. Although it was not expected that the institution would be in any way self-supporting, it has already, in less than one year, stimulated and encouraged thousands of men to take fresh hold of themselves and get out into active life in the world, with a feeling of self-reliance, such as no other institution extending mere charity could furnish. The professional hobo or vagabond gives it a wide berth, for the managers seem to know each one as they come and go, and give to the deserving all the gracious welcome of a popular landlord. During the first four months of operation, ending May 31, 1914, lodging were provided for 74,161 men, of whom 29,431 were also furnished meals.

Chicago has long been recognized as one of the greatest labor markets in the world, and last winter over one hundred thousand men were in the city out of work. They came in hoping to find employment in railroad construction or in the lumber camps. There were many sailors from the boats of the Great Lakes, ice bound in winter. Nearly seventy per cent have a little money left for shelter while they are looking for work.



THE LATE RUFUS FEARING DAWES

Originator of the idea that culminated in the erection of the Rufus F. Dawes Hotel

The hotel is not only a harbor of refuge for a few days for those in search of work, but offers a well-organized scheme for providing employment by means of a free employment agency, which in four months found work for 1,063 of its guests. A list is furnished by the large concerns who need men every day, and the men have slips telling them just where to go and hope for employment. There is no charge for this service and, as one man said, "Here's where we git a guaranteed good job."

The hotel is located in a district adjacent to the employment agencies, where the men

usually assemble in dull times, and what a satisfaction to self-respect it is to realize that they can enjoy food and shelter at Hotel Rufus Dawes without going into saloons or acquiring the habit of vagrancy.

Sleeping in barns or freight cars or in the lake boats for these men is unnecessary, and it is almost a worthless man who cannot eke out five cents for a bed and seven cents for a meal. The idea is to make the place one that will help and inspire men to get work, rather than to encourage habitual loafers.

A large percentage of the men I saw that night were of foreign birth, but if it was desired to recruit a regiment of lusty soldiers for service, none better could be found than those who found shelter at the Rufus Dawes Hotel. They are largely day la-

borers, but there were some among them who were skilled mechanics, temporarily thrown out of employment. Those who go there would rather go hungry than beg or become objects of charity.

As we sat down in this homelike place I tried to escape the vigilant eye of Mr. Hanson, assistant manager, whom I had met before, for I wanted to be a real guest this time and see things as other guests do. How we just enjoyed sitting around, smoking and talking. There were lumbermen who told of experiences in the lumber camps; ranchmen who recounted how

cowboys lived and labored on the western ranges, and weather-beaten seamen, with tattooed arms and eyes strained with watching, who told of voyages to Australia and other far-off ports. A flag on the wall bearing the words, "Don't give up the ship," made by one of the descendants of Commodore Perry, who commanded the American fleet at the naval victory on Lake Erie, received a goodly share of comment. I don't know when I ever met and mingled with a more interesting lot of men, for there seemed to be a comradeship of adversity between them, and everyone seemed to feel that he was right at home in his own hotel, because forsooth were not all bills paid in advance?

There was supper to think of and the jolly face of the chef, in white cap and apron, accentuated the already keen appetite as we trooped down to the cafe. We secured a cup of coffee for two cents and a bowl of excellent soup for two cents. Every time I think of that bowl of soup I get hungry, for the master-cook told me that only the best meats and vegetables could be used in his soups. It was a meal in itself. The menu also offered celery, beans and meat, wiener-wurst and rolls. I indulged in a doughnut for one cent, although there were tempting-look-

ing pies within reach. On that day, over two thousand bowls of soup and cups of splendid coffee were served.

There were one hundred private rooms upstairs for ten cents, clean, wholesome and well-ventilated, but I thought to take one of the four hundred bunks downstairs for that night, and save five cents.

It is a well-ordered household. One



CHARLES G. DAWES

Who has carried to successful completion the beneficent plans of his son, Rufus Fearing Dawes



Photo by H. B. Humphrey, Chicago

WAITING TO ENTER AND REGISTER

The guest-line reached down the square and across the street and in an hour every bed and room was taken



Photo, by Robert H. Monlton, Chicago

"AT HOME" IN THE RUFUS DAWES

The groups of men gather before the cosy fireplace in the office with a happy feeling of comradeship

doesn't have to fight for a "room with a bath," for one of the posted regulations requires a good bath. When the bell rang, we started for the bathroom, and it was a real bathroom, showers and all. Some of the men were having a shave before retiring. In the lockers are slippers and night clothes and all the things that might be furnished at a first-class hotel, if one arrived without luggage, and we rested easy. After I put in my clothes and got

The sun was just coming in the windows when I awoke, and though it was but six-thirty o'clock, I found many of my companions already astir, as they wanted to start early in the search for work. That bed did seem mighty good, but I thought I must get out with the rest, and as I arose, rubbed my eyes and looked over the few late sleepers, I realized that every one of them had had a good bath and were going out in search of work, thoroughly



Photo by Robert H. Moulton, Chicago

IN THE READING ROOM

On the table nearby were magazines, and a flag on the wall, bearing the words "Don't give up the ship" was made by a descendant of Commodore Perry

my slippers and pink and white pajamas, I found a bed in an upper berth. Some might be timid about the cleanliness of the beds, but I did not fear, for I knew that the mattresses are cleaned every day with a hose and fumigated. There was, at first, a general chatter all over the room of conversation rising and falling, and then finally it died down and soon a symphony of snores told that some had gone to sleep. I stretched out on my bunk and soon was lost to my surroundings.

clean and self-respecting—searchers for honest labor with their heads up.

After breakfast at seven o'clock, I joined the men in the lobby and found many who had never met until the night before shaking hands and parting like old friends. One of them suggested to another, "Come along with me today and you'll have better luck." Some of them stopped for a moment to write a letter home to friends, on stationery provided by the hotel. There were others

who went in and indulged in a shoe-polish.

Assistant Manager John Hanson, who was engaged on the Chicago police force for twenty years in the Haymarket district, was telling a few who had been there often that "this is no regular boarding house," and was urging them not to lean on a good thing too long, but to get out and hustle for work. A number of men who had started out early came back, their faces glowing with delight because they had already got a job, and had been sent back for more men.

How I wished that this morning scene with the men fresh and vigorous for their

intendent of the hotel is William B. Taylor, formerly in the Chicago Department of Health, who watches keenly over every sanitary regulation of the hotel.

After leaving the hotel I called on Mr. Dawes, formerly comptroller of the currency and now President of the Central Trust Company, of Chicago. Mr. Dawes was prominent in the McKinley campaign in 1896, when the country had passed through many difficulties, with many factories shut down and men walking the streets looking for work. The experiences of 1893-96 furnished an object-lesson that will never be forgotten by those who lived in industrial centers during those times.

Those who know Mr. Dawes recognize not only his great warm-hearted kindness, but also the practical and logical way in which he does things. His heart and soul seem concentrated in the work inspired by his son. How gratifying it must be to him, that in his brief but brilliant career his only boy should have desired to consecrate his life to so noble a work. Although he has passed beyond, the devoted father has gone on with the idea just as his son had planned it, and the name of Rufus Fearing Dawes will always live in the grateful memory of the men who have enjoyed the hospitality of the hotel on South Peoria Street in Chicago.

No place of this kind had ever been previously established, but in the years to come the good impulses of hundreds of men will lead them to see how much a cup of coffee or a bowl of soup and a good bed mean to the moral as well as to the physical welfare of mankind. If every guest at this hotel kept a diary during the past winter, I know in it would be found a page marked "bright and fair," with a word of grateful tribute to the father and son who have made this splendid work possible. It deals directly with the perplexing problem of practical assistance to the deserving, upon the basis of the broad brotherhood of man, for no race, religion or other distinction is recognized in making up the guest list, and, as Burns says, "a man's a man, for a' that." The good accomplished in the few months that this hotel has been in operation would make many regular charitable organizations realize that charity when labeled as charity will always be

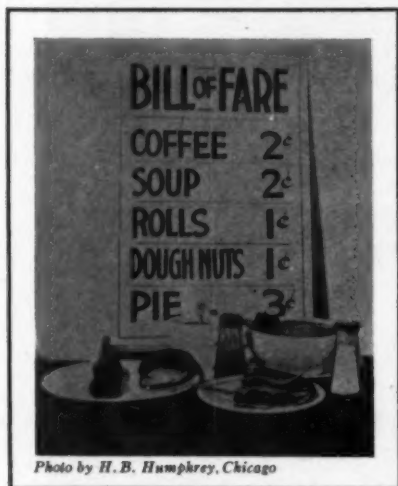


Photo by H. B. Humphrey, Chicago

morning work, could have been seen by young Rufus Fearing Dawes, that he might realize how well his father had carried out his great life project.

The fact that a man has the good judgment and self-respect to stop at the Rufus Fearing Dawes Hotel seems to help him in obtaining a position, because its cleanliness, substantial food and almost palatial quarters furnish an environment that encourages a hopeful view of life. It is indeed a home for workmen out of employment and I shall feel it a privilege to some time again confront William Johnson, room-clerk, and also associated with Mr. Dawes' bank, who gives his services in the hotel after banking hours. The super-

obnoxious to the American, whether native-born or an adopted citizen. If the same basic principles developed by Mr. Dawes in this hotel could be generally applied both to men and women, much of the misery faced by the unemployed in the biting winter months would be eliminated. Here, a man gets his own job, pays his own way and enjoys independence even in the dark days of "no work."

My most significant remembrance of that day in the lobby is a tableau of three working men, scarcely able to speak the

English language, standing reverently, with bared heads, before the portrait of young Rufus Fearing Dawes, as if bidding him good-bye before they started out in their search for work. As they passed out, they again motioned toward the portrait; a silent but eloquent tribute to the young man who, "being dead yet speaketh," and is still a living host and active personality in the consummation of this inspired work, so that in the "house by the side of the road," he remains in death as in life forever and ever "a friend to man."

GOIN' FISHIN'

By H. F. LOCKHART

JES' now, when all the leaves is out, an' trees is blossomin',
When birds is flyin' all about, an' chirrupin' of spring;
When down along the river bank the sun shines warm and bright,
An' in the orchard jes' beyond the apple trees is white;
There's jes' a kind of longin' comes a-stealin' over me,
A kind of bein' hungry, and as lonesome as can be.
I jes' set here a-wishin'
That I could go a-fishin'.

There's somethin' in the springtime air jes' makes you want to fish
Until you're fairly achin' jes' to hear your line go "swish";
My! to feel that little nibble, after you have cast your bait,
Sends a thrill clean up your elbow—makes your old heart palpitate.
An' to see your rod a-bendin', when you try to pull him in,
With the sunlight flashin' silver from each drippin' scale and fin—
I jes' set here a-wishin'
That I could go a-fishin'.

Well, it ain't no use a-wishin', cause I'm tied to this here spot.
Got to earn my bread and butter, whether fishes bite or not.
But I hear the river callin'—I can fairly hear it say,
"Let your plantin' go to thunder—fishin's extry good today."
An' a bee in that there blossom jes' keeps buzzin' on like mad,
Sayin', "Never mind your business when there's pleasure to be had."
I jes' set here a-wishin'—
Oh, say! I'm goin' fishin'!





THE SURF BATHING IS UNEXCELLED



THE WIDE BEACH AFFORDS RECREATION FOR THOUSANDS

The Making of Atlantic City

by Flynn Wayne

GOING to the seashore is getting to be a habit with the American people, and Atlantic City, occupying almost the center of New Jersey's far-famed coast line, is the Mecca toward which the faithful wend their way.

Atlantic City twenty years ago was not the Atlantic City of today. Any number of excellent beaches along the famous Jersey coast had seemingly as great possibilities for becoming the greatest seaside resort of the world. Cape May and Asbury Park had long flourished on the tide of vacation travelers, and their names were known far and wide before Atlantic City was anything but mere shacks. But while these places lay basking in the bright sunshine and cooling ocean beaches with an expression of "our work's all done" spread across their expanse of shore and surf, Atlantic City entered the race, and the result is nothing more or less than an example of what hustle, push, energy, co-operation and wise leadership can do in the building of cities, the same as that of commercial enterprise—for Atlantic City first and last is a commercial enterprise—selling to the millions of American people "week-end bits of sandy beach wrapped in salubrious ocean breezes."

Hardly had Atlantic City reached the position of a competitor of the older beaches along the coast, with the race neck to neck, when the necessity arose for a dash that should forever outdistance its rivals. Just then Walter E. Edge took charge of a campaign to make Atlantic

City known far and wide as a "year around" resort.

"Impossible," they said, but young Edge was of that type that would "let no grass grow under his feet." His evolution from a newsboy to a correspondent for outside papers on the "doings" of the "city by the sea" had given him a wide circle of acquaintances, and his energetic spirit seemed as stirring as the restless tides that ebbed and flowed along the beach. His budding optimism won over any doubting hotel men. A fund for advertising Atlantic City as a winter resort was raised, and Walter Edge took upon his young shoulders the responsibility of making it go. Magazines of wide circulation were used to advertise the beauty of Atlantic City in the winter months. The story of the gulf stream coming in close to the shore was given as the reason for its mild climate when back in the country the thermometer registered freezing blasts. Nobody stopped to question the statement—they accepted it as a fact, and today there is not a man, woman or child in Atlantic City that does not believe it. Outsiders have suggested, however, that the real reason for Atlantic City's admittedly warmer climate in winter is due to its location in a sheltered cove protected by thirty to forty miles of pines in the background.

This revolution of Atlantic City, like the earth, into four seasons, was tremendously successful from the start, and the famous hosteleries became practically filled



THE EASTER PARADE RIVALS THAT OF FIFTH AVENUE



A GLIMPSE OF THE COMMERCIAL CENTER

all the year round. The spring and fall seasons at Atlantic City have been pre-empted by the fashionable society of New York and the East. The Easter parade on the board walk rivals that of Fifth Avenue, and Thanksgiving Day has taken to itself the designation of the "fall Easter" and is another of the high tide seasons of the famous resort.

By the same law the summer season seems to belong to the West, which comes to the seaboard of the north for its change—while the Easterners have gone to the mountains. So ebbs and flows the tide of vacation travel in and out of Atlantic City like the surf on its own beach.

It is easy enough to say that all this, like Topsy, "just grew," but those on the inside give credit to the young engineer of publicity who kept an avalanche of literature, descriptive of the seasonable charms of the resort, pouring down upon the public until they came, saw and were convinced.

Atlantic City has an assessed valuation of more than \$100,000,000; the sands of its beach have been turned into gold. No expense is spared to make the attraction of the city more alluring and charming. Eminent architects have planned the "city beautiful," and the big broom of progress is ever sweeping off the unsightly buildings in a constant work of tearing down and rebuilding for the future.

There are two distinct Atlantic Cities. One is the commercial center which serves the seaside resort; the other is a long board walk lined with hotels and shops that represent every country in the world. Here the Egyptians, Syrians, and Turks invite the vacationist with their displays of real oriental charm and splendor; and "auction rooms" are famous resting places for the throngs that tour the beach. The souvenir man, whose wares glitter in the morning sunlight like tinsel on a Christmas tree, vies with the "salt water taffy artist" in their appeal to the vacation pocketbook, and everybody is happy.

Nowhere in the world can be found so great a contrast as these two Atlantic Cities lying side by side. The resort feature is kept distinct from the regular city life, and the interest of neither is allowed to conflict to the detriment of the other. The

success of this municipality-driven tandem has been due to skillful drivers who have been careful not to cross their lines.

Walter Edge, throughout the great progress of Atlantic City, has been its most steady and persistent promoter. Politically he has occupied a prominent place in the state of New Jersey, having served as an assemblyman in 1910 and later as a



MR. WALTER E. EDGE

Who helped to make Atlantic City a "year around" resort

leader of the Senate in 1911, where he introduced the famous Employees Liability Act of New Jersey, which has been copied by many of the states. A Republican of keenest judgment, he has applied himself assiduously to matters of state progress, and his friends are as numerous as the "sands of the sea." It may be—perhaps it will be—Governor Edge some day; but, no matter, Atlantic City is proud of him, and they feel the whole nation is proud of Atlantic City, so there you are. The story of the making of Atlantic City is a real romance of a boy and a city that he loved.

BOOKS of the MONTH

A VITAL study of emotional American life is the term employed by the publishers of Elizabeth De Jeans' latest book, "The House of Thane."* Thane, the hero, just ruined in fortune and realizing that his wife cares only for his ability to support her extravagance, comforts a little waif whose sordid life has deprived her of comfort, health and beauty, and then goes home to meet, as he expected, only cold disdain and hot reproaches from Mrs. Thane. They separate, and Thane goes back to the Pacific slope and aided by a friend, St. Clair, builds up a big oil business and becomes richer than ever, but to his surprise, is joined a few months after he leaves New York by his wife, who informs him that she is about to become a mother. His own great hope had been to have a son, and for the sake of his child he sends Mrs. Thane to Los Angeles and surrounds her with every comfort and luxury. A boy is born, and although his mother insists on naming him after her own father, Thane builds

her a palace in New York, and buys a country seat where he and the boy can spend his rare holidays together.

In the meantime the little waif, befriended by him, has grown into a handsome and passionate little woman, whose dog-like fidelity and affection at last leads him to make her his mistress. Suddenly he discovers that St. Clair was his wife's lover, and her boy was not his own, but because he loves the boy, he allows her to claim a divorce, intending to marry Mary Kelley, who learns that she must not marry because fatal heart disease may carry her off at any moment. She dies, and "The House of Thane" is only represented by one heart-broken and loveless millionaire. The style is bold and outspoken and leaves little to the imagination.

* * *

A LARGE Boston concern some years ago had as its head a man who was exacting, arrogant and overbearing in his attitude, even to his partners and trusted assistants. No one else was allowed to open a letter; no one could assume the slightest responsibility or initiative, and all his



ELIZABETH DE JEANS

"The House of Thane" is her latest book

*"The House of Thane." By Elizabeth De Jeans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, \$1.25 net.

employees were made to feel his petty autocracy of management. In a few years he made great losses, the firm failed, and suicide ended a life that had gathered no human sympathy in its days of success, and received little or none in adversity.

How to avoid such errors and many others, to preserve and organize a new system and enterprise, co-operation and loyalty, is set forth in "The Progressive Business Man,"* one of the "Marden Efficiency Books."

* * *

PUBLISHED in the clear type, enduring binding and convenient pocket size of the "Leather-bound Pocket Series," the student of American social and political progress will find Theodore Roosevelt's speech on "The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood,"† as delivered in 1911 before the Civic Forum, and the Child's Welfare Society, a very practical, moderate, and convincing arraignment of the action of the higher courts, in declaring unconstitutional—generally by a bare majority of votes—legislation to prevent the employment of little children, the overworking of growing girls and women, and the inspection of tenements occupied by the "sweat-shop" workers, who crowd into unhealthy and ill-lighted rooms all the necessities and activities of social and industrial life. He takes the position that public health, morality, and the liberties of the people are superior to any considerations of the sanctity of the judiciary, and quotes from Abraham Lincoln's first inaugural in which he declared: "If the policy of the government upon vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary legislation between parties, in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is this view any assault upon the court or the judges." In this connection he

quoted several decisions of the Supreme Court in which by a bare majority of the judges, legislation for the amelioration of terrible abuses in the employment of little children and women was declared unconstitutional and of no effect.

* * *

AFTER a trip of about 160 days in length, Mr. E. W. Howe of Atchison, Kansas, accompanied by a niece, Miss



THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The colonel's "Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood" is a strong plea for the helpless

Adelaide, returned home, having spent eight hours in the Sandwich Islands, five hours at Samoa, two days in Sydney, Australia, twenty-one days in New Zealand, eight days more in Australia, and thirty-four in Natal, the Orange Free State, Rhodesia, Somali Land, and German East Africa, besides stopping at Mozambique, Zanzibar, Tanga, Aden and Port Said, giving three days to Naples, and eight hours to Palermo. In "Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa,"* a book of 476 pages, illustrated with some forty good

*"The Progressive Business Man." By Orison Swett Marden. New York: The Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

†"The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood." By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Price, 70 cents.

*"Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa." By E. W. Howe. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co.

photographs, whose effect is nullified by printing them five to a small page. The result of his travels and observations is given to the public.

Mr. Howe's attitude toward "furrin parts" is very like that of the "Disagreeable Englishman," to whose shortcomings he devotes a very large amount of space, being especially antagonistic to certain Britishers who gave considerable effort and money to vary the monotony of a long voyage by sundry "sports" and advertisements, which did not appeal to the genial and scholarly Howe, and were duly and insistently excoriated.

Of course, nearly all the interesting matter in the book consists of guide-book information and the anecdotes and ideas imparted by fellow-voyagers, and Mr. Howe's experiences of steamship, railroad and hotel accommodations and prices,—information which would make the book of value to anyone proposing to follow this route of travel.

Otherwise, the book almost utterly lacks enthusiasm, sympathy with the beauties, grandeur and perils of the scenes visited, and generally styles anything out of the common as related by less commonplace voyagers, as a lie, or at least an exaggeration. Much, too, of the material which might be of value is left incomplete or unexplained, so that only those who have read more interesting raconteurs on the same subject are able to see the point of the relation.

Nevertheless, it is a good text-book for those who wish to know pretty exactly what it will cost them to make a like journey and what annoying inconveniences

are likely to befall a rather ease-loving and fussy old gentleman in his globe-trotting career.

* * *

IN "Aladdin From Broadway,"* an American gentleman, Jack Stanton, bets fifty thousand dollars with Lord Fitzgerald that he will go as Mohammedan pilgrim to Mecca and bring from thence an English prayer-book which a British traveler had buried in the wall of a mosque in the Holy City. He succeeds and has safely returned as far as Damascus, which he enters penniless and hungry. A Turkish lady issuing

*"Aladdin From Broadway." By Frederic S. Isham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.25 net.



EDGAR WATSON HOWE

Author of "Travel Letters from New Zealand, Australia and Africa"

from a confectioner's shop bids the proprietor throw him a cake, but it falls short and is snapped up by a hungry dog. The lady slips in getting into her camel-litter, and the pseudo beggar starts up and saves her from a bad fall and sees that she is very beautiful, but returns to his alms-seeking, hoping to get money or food enough to get out of Turkish territory.

The beautiful woman is divorced by Amad, her aged and angry husband, to whom she has been sold, but refuses to live with him as his wife. Thrice he repeats the words of divorce, and now cannot make her his wife again until she has married a second husband and been by him divorced. The old man's emissaries seek the dervish and argue with him to marry an unknown woman and divorce her later, which he agrees to do. After the marriage, he is separated from the husband's agents by a street jam, and is sent for by his wife who proves to be the beautiful woman of the camel-litter, who offers him valuable jewels to refuse to divorce her under any circumstances. He refuses any reward and takes the oath, refusing to divorce her, when the jealous Amad demands to see her, and after brief delay breaks into the house, but Jack Stanton has changed his clothing and taken to the black and swirling river. He is succored by one of Amad's servants, employed as a helper and learns of a plot to secure possession of his wife by securing affidavits that he is dead. He loses the book which was to gain him a fortune, and Sadi, the dyer, who already suspects Stanton, finds it. Stanton escapes with his wife and finally secures her escape in Lord Fitzgerald's automobile, he having a special pass out of the guarded gates of Damascus.

Stanton remains, enters Sadi's bazaar, and after a hand-to-hand fight, in which he is wounded, recovers the precious book, and escapes on a big white stallion, Amad's noblest steed, running the gauntlet of the careless gate-wardens whose fire fails to stop him.

Arrived safely in the neutral zone, governed by a Christian governor, he finds that his marriage is dissolved because he is a Christian and his wife is the daughter of an Englishman and a Greek mother and

thus Christian also. But she responds willingly to his wooing and the story leaves Jack Stanton the winner of a fortune and a beautiful and loving English bride.

* * *

"A woman dancing or a world
Poised on one crystal foot afar,
In shining gulfs of silence whirled,
Like notes of the strange music are;
Small shape against another curled
Or dancing dust that makes a star.



FREDERIC S. ISHAM

His "Aladdin from Broadway" is a veritable storehouse of adventure

"To him who plays the violin
All one it is who joins the reel
Drops from the dance, or enters in;
So that the never-ending wheel
Cease not its mystic course to spin,
For weal or woe, for woe or weal."

THUS closes the rhyme of "The Lonely Dancer,"* the title-lyric of his latest book of poems, and one which is a fair example of the other collected verse which make up the book. That they are as a whole dainty in conception, correct in metre and exquisitely worded, need hardly be said, nor do the poet's advancing years seem to mark a difference between his latest songs and his earlier poems. Only

*"The Lonely Dancer." By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: John Lane Company. Price, \$1.50 net.

in his own repeated reference to his bygone youth, ancient loves and bygone pleasures; the beauty of nature and art, of child and woman, hastening over-swiftly to decay and death, does the poet admit to a weariness of mind and body, which no one would recognize through the thrill and sweetness of the strains from his sweet-toned lyre.

Neither is this tendency to pessimistic singing peculiar to the older singers of our day, who have almost wholly abandoned the epic muse and devoted (?) themselves to making sonnets, or grinding over and

eral joys of which Solomon said centuries ago, "All is vanity."

* * *

IN "When Fools Rush In,"* the loves of Converse, a young American artist and Eleanor Moore, a charming American singer, both talented, ambitious and capable of great things in the opinion of their wealthy, influential and really devoted friends, who wish to see them both attain the full success of their several aspirations, are interrupted by the machinations of these friends, who feel that marriage, or even an engagement, might prevent both from becoming more than moderately successful in their respective professions.

They are successful in re-waking the confidence and ambition of Converse, who leaves Paris and Eleanor Moore for other scenes amid which he produces paintings, which secure for him both wealth and fame. Eleanor, almost broken-hearted at his ready desertion, determines to become a great singer, succeeds greatly, and returns to Paris to sing in opera and receives a great ovation, and the distinguished favor of a royal reception by a visiting monarch.

Converse is maddened by the consciousness of re-wakened love and deserved punishment for past selfishness and neglect of a dear and helpful friend, and after a terrible interview the lovers separate—Eleanor to sob out to herself her confession that she still loves Converse; the artist seeking to enter once more his old studio before "going away."

The Prince de Saint Sauveur follows him and induces him to go with him, for Converse, overcome with grief and sleeplessness, is exhausted and almost delirious. Mechanically he follows the Prince to the apartments of the prima donna, who, her maid declares, had wept the whole night through, but consents to see the prince, who, when she enters, steps to one side, revealing the man she loves. Both forgot everything else in the joy of meeting, and their marriage, which soon follows, aids both to hold and increase the prestige and prosperity which their friends had plotted to secure by their separation.



WILLIAM R. HEREFORD
Author of "When Fools Rush In"

over again those grains of weird comment, cynical philosophy, passion and pleasure drained to the dregs, with which myriads of sweet singers throughout the ages have helped to question the beneficence of God, and voiced despair of true happiness here or hereafter.

But to those who scan this minor chord of past reflection, and anticipation of surely coming decay and death, interspersed with many gems of nature study and anacreontic rhapsody, "The Lonely Dancer" will be doubly welcome, as now reflecting the fire and force of present passion, and again the futility of those ephem-

*"When Fools Rush In." By William R. Hereford. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Price, \$1.00 net.

Colonel Roy S. Cluke's Kentucky Raid

by *Bennett H. Young*

ON the 14th of February, 1863, a small brigade of Kentucky cavalry assembled at McMinnville, Tennessee. Seven hundred and fifty men constituted the organization. The Eighth Kentucky cavalry, of which Roy S. Cluke was colonel, Major Robert S. Bullock commanding, was to form the basis of the men to be used in an expedition into Central Kentucky. Lieutenant Colonel Cicero Coleman of the regiment had been seriously wounded at Hartsville on the seventh of December, and still suffering, was unable to go. In addition to the Eighth Kentucky cavalry, the Ninth Kentucky cavalry furnished two companies under the command of Colonel Robert G. Stoner, who was one of the bravest and most enterprising of Morgan's men. These constituted the first battalion. Companies C and I of Gano's regiment and Company A of the Second Kentucky, under command of Major Theophilus Steele, constituted the second battalion. Later in Wayne County, Companies D and I of Chenault's (the Eleventh) regiment, were added to Stoner's battalion. Colonel Cluke was allowed a couple of brass cannon, howitzer's, affectionately called by Morgan's men the "bull pups." They never did very great damage, but they made a loud noise. They looked to an enemy much bigger than they were, and if they were not very effective with their shots, they were oftentimes extremely forceful with their "barking."

No seven hundred and fifty men were

ever more ably commanded. Colonel Cluke was not only a brave but a brilliant officer.

General Morgan furnished his two brothers as part of the staff. The best possible material was designated for this service. The men chosen for this raid were thoroughly acquainted with most of the territory through which Colonel Cluke would necessarily have to pass. The companies of the Eleventh would know Madison and the adjoining counties, Companies C and I of the Third Kentucky (Gano's) would know Scott and Franklin Counties. Company A of the Second would be familiar with almost the entire Bluegrass, and Cluke's own regiment would know Kentucky from Maysville to Springfield and Somerset. He started out with the advantage of men who had full and complete knowledge of the country through which he was to operate. This added much to the efficiency of the little brigade. Lieutenant Shuck, of the Eighth Kentucky, was given command of the advance guard. The importance of the advance guard in cavalry campaigns cannot be overestimated. It requires officers of great coolness, of much dash, dauntless courage, and men who never counted the cost and who would follow in the face of any danger wherever they were ordered to go. In such an expedition scouts would also play a most useful and prominent part. To Lieutenant Hopkins, of the Second, and S. P. Cunningham, of the Eighth, were given the choice and control of the scouts. Neither the advance guard nor the scouts made a very large

*From "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," by Bennett H. Young.

force. All told, they did not exceed forty, but these were men upon whom any commander could rely at any hour of day or night and in any place whither they might come.

At McMinnville a hundred rounds of ammunition were counted out and six days' rations were issued to the men upon the morning that they marched away. Nature did not appear to be in harmony with the purposes of this expedition. The weather was extremely inclement, and, for that part of Tennessee, extraordinarily cold. Hardly had the line been formed until sleet and rain and snow came violently down. These, with the tramping of the horses' feet, soon made veritable sloughs of the dirt roads over which the march was progressing. The line pursued ran through Sparta, Obey City, Jamestown, in Tennessee, to the Kentucky border. This country presented a scene of universal desolation. In times of peace it was not fully able to supply the needs of its own inhabitants, and now that armies had traversed it for more than a year, there was not sufficient forage at any one place to feed one company of horsemen. The six days' coarse rations given the men in their haversacks at McMinnville would keep them from want, but the horses, with hardest possible service in the midst of fearfully disagreeable weather, could only hope for scantiest and most insufficient provender. The entire one hundred and ten miles from McMinnville to the Cumberland River had been, before this period, practically eaten out of house and home, and there was little left for the strangers who might pass these mountain ways.

THE Cumberland River was the only real barrier to this small force as it entered Kentucky. Once it was passed, there would be so many roads for the invaders to take that it would be impossible for the defenders to either stop their march or seriously impede their journeyings. The banks of the Cumberland were full. The Federals on the north side had taken all boats across to prevent passage by an enemy. Luckily, a canoe was found hidden away, large enough to convey Colonel Stoner and Lieutenant Hopkins and several men over the stream. These silently and stealthily paddled across. Some country-

man, without the fear of "blue coats" before his eyes, had stored this craft in the bushes along a small tributary. He had probably used it in secret ferrying of goods to the south bank. With plenty of everything on the north side, it was not treason to keep a canoe hidden, with which, when no picket was present, or his eye not open, to run across the boundary calico, sugar, coffee or other necessities, so essential to the war-despoiled women and children on the south side, upon whom starvation and want had laid heavy hand.

Colonel Stoner and his cavalry comrades were fortunate and shrewd enough to surprise and capture the Federal pickets who were posted to guard Stigall's Ferry, a short distance north of Burnside, where Colonel Cluke had proposed and now determined to cross. A couple of flatboats and a coal barge were discovered amongst the Federal possessions, and these were quickly brought over. Now, in the face of vigorous foes, action was the watchword of the hour. With their saddles and guns, the men hastily rushed into the flatboats and poled and paddled over the stream. A more desperate mode of crossing was assigned to the horses. It was still bitter cold, and the poor beasts were forced into the river and compelled to swim its rapid currents. They could not speak, and they hesitated to plunge in; but the shouts and belaborings of their apparently cruel masters were more potent than their fears, and with only their noses above the water, and their bodies beneath the frigid waves, lapped into motion by the piercing winds, they swam diagonally across to the opposite shore. Already weakened by a trying march of more than a hundred miles, so great was the shock to the animals that a number of them were chilled to death and died upon the bank as they emerged from the water.

The severity of the winter rendered very rapid marching impossible. On the nineteenth of February, the little army reached Somerset, the county seat of Pulaski. A strong Federal force was stationed there, but alarmed by reports of an army of Confederates approaching from Knoxville, they hurriedly retreated to Danville, forty-five miles away and left a clear road for Colonel Cluke. Here a full

supply of stores had been collected. Their guardians were in such a great hurry to ride to Danville that they forgot, or neglected, to destroy them. This was a gracious wind-fall for the Confederates. The Government and the sutlers had the very things these benumbed men and horses most needed. After supplying his tired beasts and hungry soldiers with all that was necessary to comfort, warm and feed them, and burning the remainder, Colonel Cluke made a forced march of twenty-eight miles to Mount Vernon. If he accomplished his work it was important to surprise his enemies, and in such work Colonel Cluke was a master hand. Finding nothing here, he pushed on to Richmond, Kentucky. The roads were wet, sloppy, slushy, and still blinding snowstorms and heavy rains with chilling currents, rushing down from the north, attempted to bid defiance to these sturdy riders, to stay their advance and render their march more harassing and tedious.

Lieutenant Cunningham, who was with Lieutenant Hopkins in command of the scouts, was a man of almost superhuman courage and of a genius and resource that entitled him to higher command. A few miles out on the pike from Richmond, advancing with eight men, he found a picket post of the Federals, consisting of four videttes. Challenged, he declared that he and his followers were friends. Dressed in blue coats, such as they were wearing, and which were a part of the Somerset find, he persuaded the Federals that they were a detachment of Woolford's Federal cavalry which was returning from Tennessee to Kentucky to assist in repelling the raid of Morgan's men. He told the questioning videttes that all the Federal forces were now concentrating at Lexington, that General John C. Breckinridge, by way of Cumberland Gap, had already entered the state with ten thousand Confederate infantry. The sergeant quickly became communicative and gave Cunningham a statement of the location and strength of all the Federal commands, and finally invited the Confederates to go to a house a short distance away, where the remainder of the picket detail was stationed. Cunningham cheerfully accepted the proffered hospitality of his

new-made friends, but upon reaching the house he was somewhat embarrassed to find that twenty-four soldiers constituted this outpost. He persuaded the commander to send back one of his men with two of the Confederates to get information about some other of the Federal forces that were coming a short distance behind. The Federal, thus despatched, when out of sight of the post, quickly found himself a prisoner. Hopkins, Cunningham's associate commander of scouts, in a brief while, arrived on the scene with eight new blue-coated riders. The Confederates, now two-thirds in number of the Federal garrison, without parley or argument immediately announced their identity and attacked their hospitable and surprised friends, and killed one, wounded two, and made all the others prisoners. The generosity of the course pursued by Cunningham was open to serious criticism, but warriors do not carry copies of Chesterfield's rules in their pockets and find little use for their precepts and teachings on cavalry raids.

NO outpost was ever captured more cleverly or more completely surprised, and few similar incidents reflect more credit on the actors.

Ten miles away there were two hundred and fifty Federal cavalry. This was just exactly what Cluke wanted. Fresh horses, cavalry saddles and ammunition would be a great comfort to the men who rode with him, but the story of Breckinridge's coming had reached Richmond. Rumors traveled in those days on the winds—and the Federal cavalry hastily decamped. Major Steele, with three companies, pursued these fleeing troops. He overtook them at Comb's Ferry, on the Kentucky River, twelve miles from Lexington, and, fighting and running, drove the Federal column into the city. In attempting to capture some videttes, who had indicated they would surrender, one of the Federals fired his rifle at Steele's breast, but a thick Mexican blanket folded about his body saved his life and protected him from injury except a broken rib. It was a serious misfortune that a man so brave and enterprising, so thoroughly acquainted with the geography of the territory over



Lyle, dressed in full Federal uniform, rode into Mount Sterling at the top of his speed, lashing his horse at every step. He rushed to the headquarters of the commander, Colonel Runkle, and delivered the orders

which the operations of the next thirty-five days would extend, should at this critical moment, become incapacitated for active service.

Colonel Cluke was now far into Kentucky. He was over two hundred miles from where he started. He had been out nine days. He had no easy job. He had worked his way, he had seen much of the enemy and at every point had mystified and alarmed the Federal commands. He and his subordinates had managed to escape from very serious battle. Detachments were sent in every direction to increase the terror of the Federal forces at Lexington, Mount Sterling, Paris. They threatened, attacked and captured several important positions, and his enemies, magnifying his forces, sat down inactive until they should determine whether Breckinridge and the ten thousand infantry behind this dashing cavalry advance were really coming, and until they could count Cluke's followers and figure up just what they would go against if they might force him to battle.

Cluke's men who lived in the immediate vicinity of Lexington, Mount Sterling, Winchester and Richmond were granted temporary furloughs in order to visit their friends, renew their wardrobes, and, if desirable, replace their mounts, and enjoy the association with their loved ones whom they had left four and a half months before.

Only the complete mystification and demoralization of his foes could justify so astute a leader as Cluke in risking such a proceeding. Happy days for these bold riders. The four and a half months of absence had been full of excitement, adventures and war experiences. The march out of Kentucky, the Battle of Hartsville, the Christmas raid, were stories that sounded well in the telling and impressed those who stayed at home with the courage and marvelous achievements of the narrators who, in the partial eyes of home folks, at least, were transformed into real heroes—these boys who had gone away to fight for the South.

CEASELESS activity marked every hour of those who had not been furloughed. Demonstrations on Paris confined the garrison there, while Stoner, moving back to Mount Sterling, found a Federal Kentucky cavalry regiment, which, with a small force, he promptly attacked and drove away. He captured many prisoners and the road by which these Federals retreated was strewn with overcoats, guns, haversacks and wagons, which unmistakably demonstrated that some of those who were hunting Cluke did not just now desire a formal introduction.

On the twenty-fourth of February Colonel Cluke had concentrated his command at Mount Sterling, and the whole day was spent in collecting and distributing horses, equipments and arms. By this time the Federals had become somewhat doubtful and inquisitive about the strength of the invaders. The ten thousand infantry did not show up from Cumberland Gap, and they began to realize that the Confederate detachment, which had given them all this trouble and hard riding and had alarmed them so terribly, was probably not, after all, a very great army. All sorts of dreams and visions came to the Federal pursuers. Colonel Runkle of the Forty-fifth Ohio Regiment, Acting Brigadier General, reported: "I was confident of cutting the enemy to pieces between Richmond and the Kentucky River." Of his march to Winchester he wrote, "The inhabitants reported that they threw their dead into the stream (Slate) and carried off the wounded."

A FEDERAL cavalry brigade made a dash at Mount Sterling, Cluke's headquarters. Only two hundred men of the command were on hand at that particular moment. Furloughs had decimated Cluke's forces and they were glad to get out of the town, but they were gladder still that the Federals did not pursue them. A Federal officer, reporting the occurrence, wrote: "The rebels had a heavy guard out here and made a show of fighting, but when we fired on them they rang the bells in town and we all went out in a huddle. The rebels burned their wagons and threw everything away they had stolen." He also said, "We heard heavy firing yesterday below here in direction of Jeffersonville. Suppose Miner has cut them off, which I ordered him to do." The cutting off was more imaginative than real.

The sound of the Federal guns had not died away before four hundred of Cluke's furloughed men hastened to the relief of their retreating companions. The Federal cavalry established itself at Mount Sterling but left Colonel Cluke in command of the surrounding country.

Oftentimes in partisan war, strategy is as important as men. Lieutenant Cunningham was sent to threaten Lexington. Among the scouts was Clark Lyle. Young, vigorous, brave and enterprising, he now undertook a most perilous mission. Cunningham had sent a spy disguised in Federal uniform to the headquarters of the officer commanding at Mount Sterling, and this shrewd messenger was smart enough to put in his pocket some blank printed forms which lay upon the table of the commandant. One of these was filled up as an order purporting to be from the commander at Lexington, Kentucky, directing the commander at Mount Sterling to march instantly to Paris, twenty miles north of Lexington to repel a raid which was impending by the Confederates against the Kentucky Central Railroad, which connected Cincinnati and Lexington.

Lyle, dressed in full Federal uniform, rode into Mount Sterling at the top of his speed, lashing his horse at every step. The animal was reeking with foam. He rushed to the headquarters of the commander, Colonel Runkle, and delivered

the orders. The bugles were instantly sounded, and the Federal cavalry brigade moved out to Paris. Hardly had the sound of the jingling sabres ceased along the macadam road which led from Mount Sterling to Paris, before Cluke, with his reorganized force, re-entered the town and captured the garrison and the stores. He found Mount Sterling a most delightful place to remain. It was only twenty miles from Winchester and only a few more from Richmond. The predominating element was Confederate, and Colonel Cluke remained for some eight days, enjoying the hospitality of his people and feasting upon the good things with which the Bluegrass was replete. The Federal commander, concerning this, said: "Found order false on twenty-seventh. I received order to pursue Cluke and use him up, which I proceeded to do." A Federal major, not to be outdone in giving an account of his past, said that he had received orders to find Cluke and that he "moved forward like hell." Somehow or other these active and ferocious commanders never got where Cluke was. The Federals, however, became dissatisfied with Cluke's occupation and coming in full force, they drove him across Slate Creek into the Kentucky Mountains. Detachments with Stoner, coming past Middletown and around Mount Sterling, were roughly handled by the Federals, but with small loss they reached the main force, when Cluke, hearing that Humphrey Marshall with three thousand soldiers was advancing into Kentucky, fell back to Hazel Green, Wolfe County, thirty-five miles southeast.

ESTABLISHED for a few days at Hazel Green, an epidemic, a cross between erysipelas and measles, appeared, and half of Cluke's small command were disabled with this dangerous and treacherous malady. Had the Federals pursued him at this time they would have captured a large portion of his command in bed or camp, and certainly they would have made prisoners of the sick, and if hard pressed would surely have either forced him to return to the mountains or be himself made a captive. Though so many of his men were sick, Cluke sent Colonel Stoner back to Montgomery County, in the

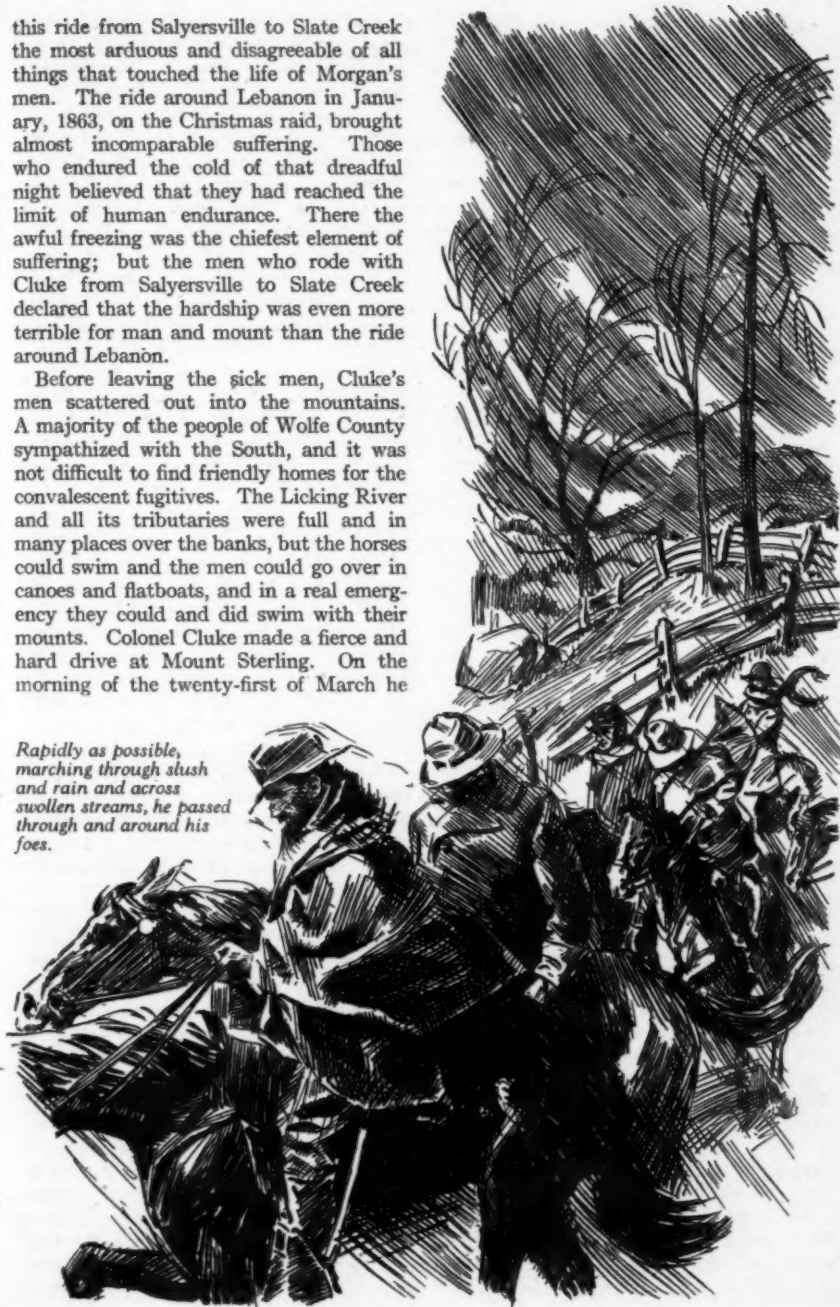
vicinity of Mount Sterling. This was done just to let the Federals know that he and his men were around and if necessary would show fight. No better man than Stoner could have been found for such a mission. The Federals, getting increased courage from the Confederate retreat, began to demonstrate themselves and advanced upon Hazel Green. Cluke, not to be outdone, moved further east, thirty miles to Salyersville in Magoffin County, still deeper into the mountains. The season was unpropitious. The fountains of heaven seemed to open. Rains came down in torrents. There were days when horses and men, with cold, chilling rains, were almost incapacitated from service. On the nineteenth of March, Cluke, through his scouts, discovered that he was apparently entirely surrounded. Fifteen hundred Federals had marched by his front and gained a position in his rear. Eastward, from Louisa, one thousand men were rushing upon him, and westwardly, from Proctor, on the Kentucky River, in Lee County, eight hundred more Federals were moving to crush this bold and defiant Confederate raider. The forces had not fully recovered from the attack of the disease at Hazel Green, and at this time Cluke had not more than five hundred effectives.

It was a bold thought, but with true military instinct, he concluded that the only thing to do was to attack his enemy where he was least expecting it. He was only sixty miles from Mount Sterling. The roads were almost impassable, and these would render the march extremely difficult, trying and laborious. He assumed wisely that the enemy would not suspect that he would reappear at Mount Sterling. Rapidly as possible, marching through slush and rain and across swollen streams, he passed through and around his foes. The combination of rain, cold and the spattering of men and horses by the slush created by the tramp of the column, rendered the conditions surrounding this march almost unbearable. Either of the three elements would have been distressing, but combined they became well-nigh intolerable. The author had many experiences of war's hardships but, in common with his comrades, he considered

this ride from Salyersville to Slate Creek the most arduous and disagreeable of all things that touched the life of Morgan's men. The ride around Lebanon in January, 1863, on the Christmas raid, brought almost incomparable suffering. Those who endured the cold of that dreadful night believed that they had reached the limit of human endurance. There the awful freezing was the chiefest element of suffering; but the men who rode with Cluke from Salyersville to Slate Creek declared that the hardship was even more terrible for man and mount than the ride around Lebanon.

Before leaving the sick men, Cluke's men scattered out into the mountains. A majority of the people of Wolfe County sympathized with the South, and it was not difficult to find friendly homes for the convalescent fugitives. The Licking River and all its tributaries were full and in many places over the banks, but the horses could swim and the men could go over in canoes and flatboats, and in a real emergency they could and did swim with their mounts. Colonel Cluke made a fierce and hard drive at Mount Sterling. On the morning of the twenty-first of March he

Rapidly as possible, marching through slush and rain and across swollen streams, he passed through and around his foes.



appeared before the town and demanded its surrender. This was firmly declined. Heading one of the columns himself, he charged into the very heart of the city. The Federal garrison was driven back into the Court House. The Federals away from the Court House had posted themselves in residences along the streets, but the torch, the axe and the sledge hammer soon made a passway up to a hotel which was occupied by a number of Federals with the lower story used as a hospital. Here a flag of truce was run up. Cunningham and Lieutenant McCormack and six men advanced under the flag. Upon reaching the building, they were jeeringly informed that it was the sick who had surrendered and not the well soldiers, and these threatened to fire upon Cunningham and his comrades from the upper rooms, if they undertook to escape from the building. The outlook was extremely gloomy. Lieutenant Saunders suggested that each Confederate take a sick Federal soldier and hold him up in front while they escaped from the position into which their courage—and some might say rashness—had brought them. Putting this plan into immediate execution the retreat was begun. It was impossible for the Federals to fire without killing their sick comrades, but Cunningham and his friends were inconsiderate enough to set fire to the hospital before they so unceremoniously left, and in a little while, through charging and fighting, the men who had refused to surrender and had threatened to fire on Cunningham, found themselves in a most unfortunate predicament. The lower story was beginning to blaze. The sick were carried out, but the well men who had declined to respect Cunningham's flag of truce, must either burn up, jump out of the windows, or be shot down. No men ever more gladly surrendered, and the captive Federals and the Confederates all united in a common effort to save them from their impending doom. The Federal prisoners and the Confederates together worked to quench the flames which had been started under the hospital.

Time was of the very essence of victory. None could tell at what moment the Federals, left behind at Salyersville, might put in an appearance. Garrisons at

Lexington, Paris and Winchester would soon hear the news of Cluke's coming and might ride to the rescue of their friends. Every man caught the spirit of haste. True it was Sunday morning, but war does not respect any day of rest. To have lost, after the brilliant strategy of the dreadful march from Salyersville would leave regrets that no future success could palliate. Every Confederate was terribly in earnest, and no laggards on that otherwise peaceful day of rest were found in Cluke's following. Captain Virgil Pendleton of Company D, Eighth Kentucky, was mortally wounded and died shortly afterward. No braver soldier or more loyal patriot ever gave his life for the South. Captain Terrill and Lieutenant Maupin of Chenault's regiment were seriously wounded. Both brave officers, they fell at the front.

THE work was short, sharp and decisive.

In six hours the agony was past. Two hundred and twenty wagons, five hundred mules and one thousand stand of arms were the reward the captors had for their heroic services. Three killed and fifteen wounded was the penalty paid by Cluke for his victory. The enemy lost a few more, and three hundred and one were paroled.

The forces which had been sent to catch Cluke were not long in finding that their enemy had evaded them and, rapidly leaving the mountains, had gone down into the Bluegrass and won a victory. They promptly followed on, searching for their agile foe.

Cluke's successful work incited spirited criticism of the conduct of the Federal commanders. Colonel Runkle and General Gilmore appear not to have agreed about the work done in this campaign. Colonel Runkle, with great complacency, reported: "As for my men, they have ridden day after day and night after night, without sleep or rest, and have pursued eagerly and willingly when so exhausted that they fell from their horses." On this report General Gilmore endorsed: "How his men could have been without sleep and his horses without rest during the two days he halted at Paris, I cannot understand." Captain Radcliffe, Company E, Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, who

capitulated at Mount Sterling, was, by the department commander, dishonorably dismissed from the military service, subject to the approval of the President, for his disgraceful surrender of the place.

Later he was honorably acquitted by a Court of Enquiry and cleared of all imputation upon his character as a soldier and restored to his command. Somebody had blundered and a scapegoat must be found.

SO far as written reports are concerned, Colonel Cluke made only one return, which is as follows: "Rockville, Rowan County, Kentucky, March 24th, 1863. I reached the above place last evening, just from Mount Sterling. On the morning of the twenty-first I moved with my command direct to Mount Sterling, where I learned there were between three hundred and four hundred of the enemy guarding a large supply of commissary and quartermaster's stores, together with the good citizens of the place. After crossing Licking River I found the road in such condition that it was almost impossible to move my artillery. I placed three companies to assist and guard it, with directions to move on without delay to Mount Sterling. I then moved with my command to Mount Sterling, which place I reached about daylight the next morning, where I found the enemy quartered in the Court House and adjoining buildings. I immediately demanded a surrender of the place, which request they refused to comply with. I then gave them twenty minutes to get the women and children from the town. That they refused to do also, and fired upon the flag of truce from the Court House and several other buildings immediately around the Court House. My artillery, not coming up in time, I was compelled to fire the town to dislodge the enemy. After several houses had been burned, they surrendered the place; but before surrendering, they kept up a continual firing from the buildings upon my men, who were protected by the fences, stables and outbuildings around the town. I paroled two hundred and eighty-seven privates (Fourteenth Kentucky Cavalry) and fourteen officers. I paroled them to report to you within thirty days, which I herewith send you. The property de-

stroyed, belonging to the enemy, will reach I think five hundred thousand dollars. I occupied the town about six hours when my scouts reported a large force advancing from Winchester. I immediately moved in the direction of Owingsville. I had not proceeded more than five miles when they made their appearance some two miles in my rear, numbering about twenty-five hundred men, with several pieces of artillery. They would not advance upon me and I quietly advanced on to Owingsville, without pursuit, and from thence on to the above place. When I left West Liberty for Mount Sterling, the enemy, numbering thirteen hundred men with four pieces of artillery, were at Hazel Green, in pursuit of my force. They reported and despatched a courier to Mount Sterling stating that they had me completely surrounded, but I surprised them by making my appearance where not expected. General Marshall is within forty miles of this place, moving on with sixteen hundred cavalry. He lost his artillery the other night. The guards placed over it went to sleep and some Home Guards slipped in on him and carried off the gun, leaving the carriage and caisson. . . . I send you three prisoners of which you will take charge until you hear from me again. . . . My command is elegantly mounted and clothed, in fact in better condition than they have ever been. If your command was here, you could clean the state of every Yankee."

Marching over from southwestern Virginia, General Humphrey Marshall had driven the forces which had gone to capture Cluke at Salyersville back into Central Kentucky. This left Cluke an open way for the return to Monticello, Wayne County, Kentucky.

After maneuvering with his enemies for some days, he received orders from General Morgan to march southward by way of Irvine, McKee, Manchester and Somerset, to Stigall's Ferry, where he had crossed the river some weeks before. He had not been away more than seven weeks; he had traveled, all told, eight hundred miles, almost altogether within the line of the enemy. He was always operating with an inferior force, but he was ever ready to fight. The history of war furnished

nothing superior to the skill and strategy of Colonel Cluke in this expedition. He was campaigning over two hundred miles from his supports; he had larger, active forces and many strong garrisons about him, and these were threatening and covering at all times the only way by which he could return to his starting place. His daring and skill had braved his enemies at every turn. He played with them as a cat with a mouse. Leading them far into the mountains, he slipped away before they realized that he was gone, and in the darkness of the night, amid storms, and over roads believed to be impassable, he made a tremendous march and pounced down upon an intrenched garrison more than half as great as the force he carried into the fight, and then escaped in the immediate presence of a Federal force five times as large as that which he was commanding. He destroyed more than a million dollars' worth of property. For weeks he defied and evaded his pursuers and then crossed the Cumberland River at the same point he had passed it, with his command well equipped, and reported to his superior commander the brilliant experiences without a serious mishap or defeat during his long stay amidst his enemies.

POSTSCRIPT

Roy Stuart Cluke was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1824. His mother died when he was only three weeks of age and he was reared by the family of his grandfather, James Stuart. This grandfather had served in the Revolutionary War under Washington. Allotted a large tract of land for his revolutionary services, he settled in Clark County and had for his homestead a thousand acre farm near the junction of Clark, Bourbon and Montgomery Counties, by the side of a great spring, known as "Stuart Spring." In the early days of Kentucky, water was even more valuable than rich land.

James Stuart had four sons, and all were soldiers from Kentucky in the War of 1812.

After such education as the local schools of his period could give, he was sent to a military school at Bardstown, Kentucky. Shortly after attaining his majority he

volunteered for service in the Mexican war, and went with a company of Kentucky cavalry commanded by John Stuart Williams, his cousin, afterwards brigadier general in the Confederate army and United States Senator from Kentucky. The company made a most enviable record in Mexico. Briefly before the commencement of the Civil War, he organized and trained a company of cavalry which was attached to the State Guard. This company was noted for its thorough drill, its magnificent mounts, its splendid equipment and its dashing riders. When General Bragg invaded the state in 1862 he organized a regiment of cavalry composed largely of men from the Bluegrass counties. More than eight hundred men enlisted in this regiment, which was called the Eighth Kentucky. When only a portion of his regiment had been enlisted, he was sent to harass General George W. Morgan, the Federal officer who was making his masterly retreat from Cumberland Gap, through the mountains of Kentucky. The Eighth Kentucky subsequently became a part of General John H. Morgan's command. His regiment was actively engaged in service from August, 1862, until his capture, July 26th, 1863. He was at Hartsville on December 6th, 1862, on the Christmas raid, and led an independent expedition into Kentucky in February and March, 1863. He was captured on the twenty-sixth of July, 1863, with General Morgan, at Salineville, Columbiana County, Ohio, and was conveyed to the Ohio penitentiary with the other officers of the command, and kept there for some months and subsequently removed to Johnson's Island, Sandusky, Ohio. He loved the excitement and din of war. He chafed under his confinement in the penitentiary and at Johnson's Island. It was reported that he had been poisoned in prison. This, however, was denied and later was discredited. He died under distressing circumstances in December, 1863. There was an epidemic of diphtheria among the Confederate officers at Johnson's Island about the time of Colonel Cluke's death. A man of marvelously prepossessing physique, he enjoyed the friendship of the officers of the prison. He had been allowed to visit the office and

read the newspapers. While thus employed one morning, with his strong, silvery voice, with military calmness, he said, "Gentlemen, I will be dead in a few minutes. I have only one request to make of you as soldiers and gentlemen. Leave my arms folded across my bosom like a warrior and tell them to place my Mexican War sash by my side. Telegraph my cousin and foster brother, Samuel G. Stuart, of Winchester, Kentucky; request him to come for my body and bury me next to my mother in the old Stuart graveyard at home." He folded his arms, the paper fell from his now nerveless grasp, his head drooped on his breast. Even his enemies were impressed at his calmness and courage in the presence of the great enemy. They rushed to his side. The prison physician felt his pulse and lifting his head from his chest, where he was listening for the heart beats, he turned his face to those aside and said, "He is dead." The drama was ended and in pathetic gloom the curtain fell on the short but brilliant career of this gallant soldier.

Six feet, four inches tall, splendidly proportioned, with a magnificent suit of brown hair and whiskers, graceful as any man who ever rode to war, as brave as the bravest, calm, cool, fierce in danger,

his presence was always an inspiration to his followers. He was idolized by his men. He had won the confidence and admiration of General Morgan and all who were associated with him in the division. Had he escaped on the Ohio raid, he would have been made a brigadier general. There was universal sorrow that so splendid a life should go out with such darkened surroundings. His remains were brought to his native state and deposited first where he asked, in the old Stuart graveyard, and then later removed to the Lexington cemetery. In this wondrously beautiful "City of the Dead" he rests close to his great leader, Morgan, within a stone's throw of the grave of General John C. Breckinridge, just across the way a little bit from General Roger W. Hanson and Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, and under the shadow of Kentucky's memorial to Henry Clay.

Those who loved and followed him have built a simple granite monument on which is inscribed:

ROY STUART CLUKE
1814—1863
Colonel of the 8th Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A.
Erected by his Comrades

AVE, SALVATOR !

CLEAR-EYED and calm thou see'st how the years
Have wrought the verdict of these days that be,
How we have bought with too much liberty
This boon of altars stained with blood and tears,—
How freedom and the recompense of fears
Are but the weakling's boast—the lordling's fee,
These lordlings of the mart, the land, the sea,
Whose shrine is where the Golden Idol leers!

Come promises of peace, come hope's fair wile
These nor mirages in thy vision clear,
Nor effigies of usurers that beguile
With honied speech alike the slave, the seer:
Thou, like a banner 'midst this western gale,
Canst read God's warning: "So republics fail!"

—Joseph Lewis French.

A Passage at Arms in the Senate

Another Old-fashioned Debate

AT THE height of the Panama Tolls Bill debate, the Senators had a redhot time discussing its own internal affairs—the choice of doorkeepers and political matters in general. The colloquy was acrimonious and hinged upon the promotion and demotion of old soldiers. It was an hour for plain talking and some may have thought should have been done properly in executive session, but the debate was a flashlight on the lines where parties divide.

The debate was precipitated when Senator O'Gorman of New York inquired whether the Tolls Bill was before the Senate. Senator Stone made reply to an inquiry sometime previous from Senator Jones of Washington as to certain demotions of Civil War veterans, and after the subject had fairly been brought before the Senate, the fireworks began.

Senator Smoot opened the ball after an exhaustive report read by Senator Stone from Missouri. The debate continued until Senator Vardaman, arrayed in white, arose and called attention to the fact that there was no quorum. The debate is one that has been a feature of almost every session of Congress since the war, and continued until Senator Williams of Mississippi had concluded his defence of the administration.

MR. SMOOT. Mr. President, I think the Senator from Missouri [MR. STONE] will acquit me of any intention whatever of inflaming the mind of the public or of any particular class of people against the administration. What I have said in relation to the demotion and the discharge of old sol-

diers—and I now wish to say that I have said very little indeed—I have said because I think that a wrong has been done them. I know that I never would treat men who worked for me as long as some of the men discharged have worked for the Government in such a way as they have been treated by the Government, nor would I think, if men had saved my very existence, as the old soldiers did the existence of our Nation, of ever discharging them from my service so long as I had the power to give them employment.

Mr. President, I have read the report made in answer to the resolution of the Senator from Washington [Mr. JONES], and I want to call the attention of the Senate now to the cases reported by the Postmaster-General of dismissals and demotions. I shall call them to your attention in detail, but before doing so, I want to call attention to a law that has been passed by Congress, later than the one that was read by the Senator from Missouri, referring particularly to the employment of old soldiers by our Government.

This is the law:

Provided. That in the event of reductions being made in the force in any of the executive departments no honorably discharged soldier or sailor whose record in said department is rated good shall be discharged or dropped, or reduced in rank or salary.

Any person knowingly violating the provisions of this section shall be summarily removed from office, and may also upon conviction thereof be punished by a fine of not more than \$1,000 or by imprisonment for not more than one year.

Mr. President, let us take the names of the ex-soldiers who have been dismissed from the service, not in the Post-office Department, but in the city post-office, as stated by the Senator from Missouri.

MR. STONE. Mr. President, will the Senator yield to me for a moment before he does that?

MR. SMOOT. Certainly.

MR. STONE. The law the Senator read is contained in a proviso in the legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill, is it not?

MR. SMOOT. Yes; of the date of August 23, 1912.

MR. STONE. It is an appropriation bill. The Senator will observe that it forbids, under penalties, the removal of any soldier serving in one of the executive departments. That is the language of the law. It does not, by any fair construction, relate to the post-office.

MR. SMOOT. Mr. President, the law does not say "executive departments." The law specifically says:

No honorably discharged soldier or sailor whose record in said department is rated good shall be discharged or dropped or reduced in rank or salary.

MR. JONES. Mr. President, will the Senator permit me a word?

MR. SMOOT. Yes; I yield to the Senator.

MR. JONES. The first part of the section of which the proviso the Senator read is a part is as follows:

Sec. 4. The Civil Service Commission shall, subject to the approval of the President, establish a system of efficiency ratings for the classified service in the several executive departments in the District of Columbia based upon records kept in each department and independent establishment—

MR. SMOOT. Yes; "independent establishment."

MR. JONES (reading)—

With such frequency as to make them as nearly as possible records of fact.

Then the proviso appears at the close of that section.

MR. SMOOT. Which, of course, includes the Washington City post-office.

MR. JONES. It includes everything.

MR. SMOOT. Now, I want to call attention to the name, the age, the length of service, the efficiency rating, and the action taken in each of the cases referred to by the Senator from Missouri, and let the Senate decide for itself whether these men should have been dismissed from the service upon the rating that has been given them. I wish also to call attention to the fact that this rating has been given to them since this administration has been in power.

Take William E. Tew. His age is seventy-four. His length of service is thirty-seven years. His rating is 78.4. "Resigned."

Now, I want Senators to understand that these resignations were not given because the old soldiers desired to resign. They were requested.

MR. STONE. I should like to ask why they resigned, if, as the Senator contends, the law making it a crime to dismiss them applied to the city post-office. Of course I insist that the law does not apply to the city post-office, for it says specifically, in words, that they shall not be dismissed from the executive departments.

MR. SMOOT. No, Mr. President.

MR. STONE. I have it right before me, and the language is as I have stated.

MR. SMOOT. Mr. President, if the Senator will allow me to conclude, I am perfectly willing that he shall put in the Record the exact words of the law. They have already been put in the Record by the Senator from

Washington, and I am perfectly willing to have the Senators judge whether that language applies only to the executive departments or whether it applies to all of the departments of the Government, including the independent establishments.

MR. STONE. But the Senator ought not to make such a statement, and insist upon it, when the very language of the law is, "in the event of reductions being made in the force in any of the executive departments."

MR. SMOOT. I will let the law speak for itself, just as it reads.

Now we will take Samuel R. Strattan. His age is seventy-four. The report says he has a length of service of seven months, with an efficiency rating of 85; "resigned." What are the facts? Mr. Strattan has been in the employment of the Government for nearly twenty long years, working in the dead-letter office in this city. Only seven

A PLEA FOR THE VETERAN

If we must have economy, let us not begin with the old soldier. Let us not cut him off.

months ago he was transferred from the dead-letter office into the Washington City post-office, and, of course, the record shows that he served only seven months, whereas every Senator who knows him knows that he has been here nearly twenty years, and knows that he is an efficient man. Why, his very rating of 85 proves that he is efficient, and yet he is classed as one who "resigned."

William A. Hutchins; age seventy-seven; length of service, nineteen years; with a rating of 84.4 per cent.

Joseph Randall; age seventy-seven; length of service, forty-seven years; with a rating of 94.6 per cent.

MR. SMITH of Michigan. In what department?

MR. SMOOT. In the Washington City post-office, with a forced resignation.

MR. GALLINGER. Did I understand you to say that those ratings have been recently made?

MR. SMOOT. They have. All of the ratings have been given since this administration has been in power.

I am not going to go into the record of all, because there is no need of taking the time of the Senate to do so; but I do not believe there is a Senator in this Chamber who will say that a man holding a rating under the civil service of 94.6 per cent is inefficient—

MR. GALLINGER. With a Democratic commission.

MR. SMOOT. Or that he should be dismissed, or virtually dismissed, from the service of our Government.

It is true that one of the old soldiers is deaf; and perhaps it is true that every order

that is given him by his superior must be given to him in writing. I want to say to the Senators that it was fighting for the preservation of the Government and it was the roar of cannon that caused that affection. Now, for efficiency's sake, for economy, this man who offered his life for his country, and through that service brought an affliction of deafness upon himself, must, because, there may be a younger and more capable man, be demoted and driven from the service of this nation.

Mr. President, where a man has worked for this Government, and is a soldier of the Civil War, with a service of forty-seven years, and there is not a charge against his

NOT A QUESTION OF POLITICS

There ought not to be any partisanship about it. There ought not to be any politics in it.

character, and during that whole time his rating has been good, I do not believe there is a community in all the United States that would justify his dismissal from the service of the Government.

Is it only in the city post-office? If it were only these few that I have named, this whole question might have been called a "tempest in a teapot"; but I wish to say to the Senate that it is in nearly all the departments of this Government. Not only that, but it is in the Senate itself.

It is true that there were thirty old soldiers in the service of the Senate when the Democratic party came into power, and it is true that those who have not resigned and those who have not died are still in the service of the Senate; but what is their position? Every one of them, with the exception of four, has been demoted—demoted from the highest salary of \$2,500 to \$1,440; from a salary of \$2,250 to \$1,200; from a salary of \$1,440 to \$720.

Mr. President, we find right at the doors of this chamber, men who have served in the Civil War, who were wounded in that war, with a service in the war of three years and a service in the Government of nearly a quarter of a century, drawing salaries of \$840 a year, while others, doing exactly the same work, guarding the same doors, are drawing salaries of \$1,440. It is not that the old soldier who is drawing the \$840 does not attend to the doors as well as anyone else, for he does, but it is a change made by the powers that be.

Mr. President, the Senator referred to the fact that there is no law for paying a man when he is inefficient, and when he is incapable of performing his duty. How many Senators are there in this body now who do not remember, only three years ago, when there was a committee appointed by this

body to consider the question of patronage. Do you not remember that the report to the Senate showed that there were certain individuals who never served one day in the year, who were continually away from Washington, who were drawing a salary? I remember when the vote was taken upon the continued payment of wage to John Jones. He was not in the city; he was absolutely incapable of doing any work; but because he was the bodyguard of Jeff Davis he was allowed to draw his salary, and is drawing it today.

If we are going to economize, I believe we ought to begin with the legislative appropriation bill, which will be considered by this body in a very few days, and strike from that bill clerks of Senators who spend very little time in the city of Washington. If we must have economy, let us not begin with the old soldier. Let us not cut him off. I believe the Senator from Missouri himself, if he had a man working for him as long as these men have worked for the Government, would be inclined to take care of him, particularly if he had saved the Senator's home or his family.

The Senator asks, "What would you do with an old soldier who has become physically incapable of performing his labors?" Mr. President, the report that is made to the Senate of the United States from the Post-office Department does not show that they are incapable of performing their duties. A man who holds a rating of 94 per cent is capable of performing his duties. I want to say frankly to the Senate and to the country that as far as I am concerned every old soldier would be kept in his position, even if some other person had to supervise his work, as intimated is the case in the report.

Mr. President, I want to say to the Senate that I have told the people of the intermountain country more than once that the expense of running this Government is greater than it ought to be; I have told them that it could be cut in many departments; and when I called their attention to the fact that there is one class of citizens in the Government service who perhaps could be discharged and others more competent employed and make a saving to the Government, but that was a class who saved this nation, men in the departments with one arm, with one leg, with one eye, and in no instance has there been a single one who ever objected to the money paid to the soldiers of the Civil War by our Government.

I wish to say to the Senator that the honorary Senate roll of the Senate, created nearly a quarter of a century ago, is not composed of all Republicans. When I first came into the Senate a third of those on that roll were Democrats, and they have remained on the roll until death came to them, and I believe the Senate as a whole think they should have remained until they resigned or death took them to the great beyond.

Mr. President, I do not think that this question ought to be a partisan one. What

I am saying here today is not a criticism of the party in power. I believe when the attention of the country is called to it this administration will rectify the wrong and see that these old soldiers are taken care of as long as they live. If we do that nobody will complain, no citizen of the United States will object.

Mr. President, there is not an appropriation bill passed at this session of Congress that with only a part of the appropriations for many items would pay the salary of every old soldier in the Government service, and as far as I am concerned I would just as leave see the money go to taking care of them in their last days, and a great deal more so, than to have the hundreds and thousands and millions of dollars appropriated for the eradication of imaginary bugs.

Mr. President, the happiness of an old soldier to me is just as dear as the happiness of a man who might have saved my home or my life, and I want, for one, to protest against any movement on the part of Congress to demote or dismiss them from the service.

I hardly think, Mr. President, that I will say more today. I want it understood that I have not the least feeling in my heart against anyone, and I only speak because I believe an injustice has been done to these few old men. I trust, as I stated before, that when attention is called to it, it may be rectified.

MR. JONES. Mr. President, I introduced this resolution simply for the purpose of getting the facts. I was not consulted by anyone before it was done. I had seen these statements and charges in the papers with reference to the discharge and demotion of soldiers in the Post-office Department and in the city post-office, and I wanted to get the facts. It was not done to further any civil-pension propaganda or anything of the kind.

The Senator from Missouri has suggested that this is a political or partisan matter. I want to say that until he suggested it it never entered my mind, as far as that is concerned. There ought not to be any partisanship about it. There ought not to be any politics in it; and, if there should be any politics developed from it, it will come probably from what the Senator from Missouri has said and suggested and those who try to justify the acts taken and excuse the facts that appear to exist.

The resolution called for the facts. Some have asked why the resolution is confined to the time since the 4th of March of this year. The only reason why it was done was that no suggestion of any improper discharges or demotions or transfers had been made until lately, and that date was supposed to cover all the necessary facts in connection with this controversy. The fixing of that date had no significance whatever. If any suggestions had been made of improper transfers or demotions or discharges before that time—even a year or two years back—I should have been glad to have covered that time, because it would not make any differ-

ence to me what administration is in power with reference to a matter of this kind.

It seems to me that the facts as disclosed by this report show that injustice has been done to some of these soldiers, and that our Democratic friends and the administration should be just as anxious to rectify it as I am, because in nothing that I shall suggest shall I intimate that they are any more unfriendly to the old soldiers than anyone else. I hope they regard him and his services and sacrifices as highly as I do.

Attention has been called to the record by the Senator from Utah [MR. SMOOT]. I want to reiterate it and to call attention to two or three or more of these discharges and as to what the ratings here show, because as to whether or not the soldiers were efficient and whether their discharge is justifiable will appear from the record itself. If we take the facts that have been sent to us by the department, it seems to me that they show clearly that an injustice has been done, whether intentional or not.

Here is George Dean, who was dropped. He has been in the service for forty-one years and his rating is 88. The statute says that if the rating is good the old soldiers shall not be dropped. I assume that that rating of 88 would be considered as good.

Here Senator Lee of Maryland interposed to say that the ratings were not

FORCED RESIGNATIONS

Some time ago these employees were told that unless they resigned to take effect on the 30th of June, they would be dropped from the rolls on the 15th of May, and under those conditions the resignations were sent in.

based on present conditions but on the average of years of service, but this idea was exploded by Senators Jones and Lodge.

MR. LODGE. Does the Senator mean to tell the Senate that the ratings are averaged?

MR. LEE of Maryland. That is what I have just been told by the assistant postmaster.

MR. LODGE. The assistant postmaster is mistaken. They do not take the average for 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, and then average them for 1914. They do not average the rating; at least they never did before. Probably the present man is doing it. I should think he is capable of it.

MR. LEE of Maryland. The service for a number of years is considered in these ratings, I am advised. The question is whether the statement of the Senator from Massachusetts is the fact or the statement of the assistant postmaster to me is the fact.

MR. LODGE. I say I think the assistant postmaster of the city, whoever he may be,

who has just come in, evidently, does not understand the postal business. It is not surprising that he should not.

MR. LEE of Maryland. It is a civil-service process, is it not?

MR. LODGE. What is a civil-service process?

MR. LEE of Maryland. The whole rating business.

MR. LODGE. The rating is civil service.

MR. LEE of Maryland. There is one other question I should like to ask the Senator. Has the place of this particular employee who was demoted or discharged been filled by any other person? My advices are that only three of these places have been filled at all, and those places that have been filled have been filled strictly from the civil-service list, the next person available in order.

MR. JONES. They could not be filled in any other way.

MR. LEE of Maryland. Then, of necessity, there was no political sinister meaning or significance in their removal.

MR. JONES. I have not said anything and I have not suggested anything of the kind. I only said that I thought injustice had been done, and I am trying to suggest that if any injustice has been done when attention is called to it, it will be rectified by the administration. I am not concerning myself about the filling of these places, the dismissals are what is in issue now.

MR. OLIVER. Will the Senator allow me?

MR. JONES. Certainly.

MR. OLIVER. Alluding to the statement of the Senator from Maryland that only three places have been filled, I should like

and yet he is dropped. Others may be put in on a rating of 70. I do not mean in this class, but I mean in general under the law. It seems to me that those are facts which show that injustice has been done.

The Senator from Pennsylvania [MR. OLIVER] has called my attention to one sentence in the report of the Postmaster General that is printed here. It reads as follows:

The ratings here given were made on January 1, 1914, and covered the period from July 1, 1913, to December 31, 1913. They were the only ratings with which the men were credited either on March 4, 1914, or at the time of their demotion or separation from the service.

That apparently shows that they have not gone back over many years and averaged up, but that the rating that he made shows his capacity as of the last year.

O. T. Putnam, seventy-one years of age, has been in the service eleven years. He has a rating of 75.

G. T. Galliher is sixty-eight years of age. A great many men of sixty-eight are very efficient. He has been thirty-two years in the service, and he has a rating of efficiency of 85, fifteen per cent higher than is necessary for admission into the service. He has been reduced.

Then here is Augustus Ridgely, seventy-eight years of age, fifty-one years in the service. His rating is only 69.1. He is a little below what would allow him to enter the service in the regular way. There might be some justification for his reduction or dropping him from the roll, although I do not think so myself; but on the figures and on the facts shown there is some justification for that.

Then here is John J. B. Lerch, eighty-one years of age, fifty-six years in the service, and his rating is 59.2 per cent, still lower.

Then here is Joseph Randall, seventy-seven years of age, forty-seven years in the service, with a rating of 94.6 per cent. It seems to me that shows clearly that Mr. Randall has been unjustly dealt with, and that there is no excuse for his discharge. Ninety per cent is a high rate in any work, and a man who maintains that rating is surely entitled to great consideration, whether a soldier or not, and when a soldier no thought of disturbing him should enter the mind of anyone.

Then here is William A. Hutchins, seventy-seven years of age, nineteen years in the service, 84.1 per cent rating, or 14 above the percentage required for admission into the service of those first taking the examination.

In this report it is stated that several of these employees have resigned, and that is all that is said about it. That gives the impression they left the service voluntarily. I am reliably informed, as the Senator from Utah [MR. SMOOT] also mentioned a while ago, that these resignations were forced and brought about in this way: Some time ago these employees were told that unless they resigned to take effect on the 30th of June, they would be dropped from the rolls on the

NOT A CASE FOR ECONOMY

I think there are many places in the Government service where we can begin to economize without impairing efficiency, but I do not believe we ought to begin, or that the country expects or asks us or hopes that we will begin upon the old soldiers in the public service.

to say there is no doubt whatever that quite a number more than three have been unfilled, and that is what we are talking about.

MR. JONES. There is no question raised here as to the filling of the positions after the vacancies were created or putting somebody else in or anything of that sort. I do not understand that they were dropped in order to put somebody else in their place, but the question is whether these people have been justly and properly dropped from the service.

William W. Mills, mentioned here, is seventy-seven years of age, has been in the service forty-two years, and his rating is 88. That is a pretty high rating. I may be mistaken, but I understand the rating for admission into the service is 70. Here is a man who has a rating of 88 of efficiency of service,

15th of May, and under those conditions the resignations were sent in. I have this from such a source that I consider it as a fact, and as a fact that ought to get into this record and ought to be considered in passing upon the justice of the action taken by the postmaster.

MR. CLARK of Wyoming. Mr. President—THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Washington yield to the Senator from Wyoming?

MR. JONES. Certainly.

MR. CLARK of Wyoming. I understood the Senator from Missouri [MR. STONE] in his statement to give what I supposed to be authority that that was not the fact. It seems that there is a dispute here as to the facts. I understood from the Senator from Missouri that these resignations were absolutely voluntary and the persons seemed to be very ready and quick to separate themselves from the service.

MR. JONES. Of course that does not look to be reasonable. It looks to be very unreasonable. Men holding these positions so long and as efficient as they appear to be would not voluntarily resign.

MR. STONE. I made no such statement that the Senator from Wyoming credits me with. I said nothing about their resignations except that they had resigned. I said in answer to the Senator from West Virginia that no resignations had been asked by the Post-office Department.

MR. CLARK of Wyoming. Of course it was my dull comprehension—I should suppose that under the statement of the Senator from Washington that that was pretty definite asking for the resignations. Of course the Senator from Missouri and myself may misunderstand the import of that sort of language.

MR. JONES. I understand the Senator from Missouri confined his statement, whatever that was, to the executive department. Apparently from his contention in reference to the law that we have read here that does not include the city post-office, and these employees were in the city post-office.

So I do not think now there is any difference with reference to the facts. It must be conceded and is conceded that the resignations of these men were asked for and they were told unless they did resign they would be dropped from the roll on the date stated.

MR. SMOOT. Mr. President, I want to say to the Senator from Missouri I do not know whether it is true or not, but one of the old soldiers of the Post-office Department told me that there was a request from the Post-office Department for the resignation of thirteen old soldiers. The letters were handed to them to sign, and the following day they were told not to sign the letters, that there had been a mistake made, and that their resignations were not called for. I say that is what they tell me. Whether it is true or not, of course I cannot say.

MR. JONES. Mr. President, we have the facts with reference to these discharges and these demotions. The facts show that there

were a number of soldiers discharged or their resignations forced in the city post-office. The record also shows that their record of efficiency in many cases was high; and so far as the record discloses there was no justification for the dismissal or the forced resignation of several of these men.

I am in favor of efficiency in the Government service. I am in favor of economy. I believe that our service should be as efficient as possible, that it should be done as economically as possible. I think there are many places in the Government service where we can begin to economize without impairing efficiency, but I do not believe we ought to begin or that the country expects or asks us or hopes that we will begin

MR. KERN DISAGREES

So far as I know, and I have talked with many of them, the old soldiers who have been kept on the roll here, notwithstanding their partisanship, in the place of Democratic soldiers who want their places, are very well satisfied that they are kept here.

upon the old soldiers in the public service, even though those soldiers may not be as efficient as others who might take their places. I do not believe that even if we find an old soldier in a place where the work he is doing is not really necessary that simply for the purpose of saving a few dollars the people of the country expect or ask us or expect or ask any department of the Government to discharge that man and put him aside into the world without anything and without any way or means of sustenance. He helped to save this country when it needed the best of our men. They responded in the country's need, and they have a right now in their need and old age to expect that they will be taken care of by the people and by the Government, and the people themselves expect it. I am satisfied that the people will not condemn any administration even if it allows men of this character to be on the roll when their services are not efficient or not really necessary. I do not believe they would condemn it. I know I would not. I do not feel that these discharges have been made out of hostility to the soldier. I do not feel that at all, and I hope that is not the case; and I therefore look to see this injustice righted without delay.

I accept the statement of the postmaster here that he wants to reorganize his service and make it efficient and make it economic; but I do say he ought to take into account and consider these men and their services and what they have rendered the Government, and the way in which the people of the country regard them and ought to regard them. If he does that, if that is done by the administration, I am satisfied that some care

and provision will be made for these men for the remaining few years. A man of eighty-eight years will not be long with us. He will not be a burden upon the Government very long, and we can well afford to take care of these men in the positions that they are filling, and which the facts show they are capable of filling with efficiency until the grim reaper takes them to their reward. Let us make their last days happy. Let them not feel embittered against the nation they helped to save because of its apparent ingratitude in their declining years. Now, just a word with reference to the employees of the Senate. I have not given any particular attention to that phase of this matter, and I do not know anything about the details except as to one employee of the Senate. The Senator from

GOOD SERVICE FIRST CONSIDERATION

It would be to the benefit not only of good service, but to the members of the political party in power themselves to say: "We will enforce the law in good faith; we are not going to resort to any circumlocution in order to put one man out and put another one in because they are of different political faiths."

Missouri suggested that several old soldiers had resigned from the Senate roll. I know one of the old soldiers who as soon as the reorganization of the Senate took place, who had been filling a position on the Senate roll, was directed to take another place at a lower salary where he could not possibly do the work. He was directed to go away down into the folding room somewhere and put on overalls and do some heavy work. He could not stand that work. He was too old for it. He could fill efficiently the place he had been holding, but he could not do this work. It looked like it was done for the purpose of forcing him to resign, just as these men were forced to resign. While I have not looked into it, I know it was suggested that in a great many cases old soldiers who were employees of the Senate were placed in positions and placed at work where it was reasonable to suppose they could not stand it, and, whether that was the purpose or not, it was thought that the purpose was to force them to resign. Now, it may be that that is one reason why several of those to whom the Senator from Missouri referred have separated themselves from the Senate roll.

MR. STONE. Only two.

MR. JONES. I understood the Senator suggested that about twenty-six had resigned.

MR. STONE. Oh, no; only two.

MR. JONES. I misunderstood the Senator.

MR. STONE. I said twenty-six are now on the roll; that there were thirty when the Democrats became the majority party in this body; that two had died since and two resigned.

MR. JONES. I misunderstood the Senator, then; but many of them have been reduced, as the Senator from Utah [MR. SMOOT] has just suggested, and put in other positions or continued in their old places at lower salaries, while the increases have been made in other positions.

MR. NORRIS. I should like to inquire if the Senator can give any information as to how many of these twenty-six have been demoted and are getting a less salary than when the Senate changed political control.

MR. JONES. I have not gone into that myself, and I cannot give the Senator that information.

MR. SMOOT. All but four, I will say to the Senator.

MR. NORRIS. They are demoted?

MR. SMOOT. Yes, if the Senator does not—

MR. KERN. Mr. President—

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Washington yield to the Senator from Indiana?

MR. JONES. Yes.

MR. KERN. On the reorganization of the Senate there was a very earnest desire expressed on the part of some people that the example set by the Republicans of this body some years ago be religiously followed—that the soldiers' roll be maintained as heretofore, but that the Republican soldiers should give way to Democratic soldiers of equal merit. That proposition, apparently fair in the game of politics, was regarded as fair by the Republican members of this body. It was regarded as fair throughout the country where Republicans were in control. It was voted down in the Democratic caucus, and there was a declaration made that these old soldiers, notwithstanding their politics, should be kept in office—not in the choice places which they held. We thought we were dealing generously by them in the way of comparison when we permitted them to remain here at all and did not fill their places from among the ranks of thousands of ex-soldiers of equal valor who are Democrats, who fought as they did to maintain the flag and honor of the country. There are thousands of old Democratic soldiers in this country today, of equal merit to any of these, who would be glad to have these places, and who point us to the example set by the Republicans, and want to know of us why there are no places about the Senate for them.

It seems to me in view of this generous treatment on the part of the majority of these men, it comes with poor grace for Senators now to claim that there has been bad treatment of any ex-soldier here on the part of the Democratic majority.

So far as I know, and I have talked with many of them, the old soldiers who have been kept on the roll here, notwithstanding their partisanship, in the place of Democratic soldiers who want their places, are very well satisfied that they are kept here. I have heard no complaint from them. I know there were some from my own State who were personal

friends of mine who were very glad to hold their places at a reduced salary, and regarded the treatment as generous because their places were not taken from them and given to Democratic ex-soldiers of equal merit.

MR. NORRIS. Mr. President—

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Washington yield to the Senator from Nebraska?

MR. JONES. Certainly.

MR. NORRIS. Mr. President, it seems to me that this system, whether practised by a Democratic Senate or by a Republican Senate, is wrong. It is just as bad for the Republican organization to take partisanship into consideration and to remove men from office and to replace them with others of a different political faith as it is for Democrats to do it. In neither case do we get the most efficient service. I recognize, as I think everybody else does, that when the Democrats came into control of the Senate they were confronted with a large number of constituents and friends who had been out in the cold for a great many years, and they did not have nearly enough places to go around; they were in a very difficult position, and they are yet in that position. There is not any doubt that so long as you fill these places as a reward for political service, when a political party takes control of a body of this kind or of a similar body, the same difficulty will arise.

I understand it to be the fact that there is a law applying particularly to the old soldiers who are employees of the Senate. No matter how bad that law might apparently hurt, it ought to be enforced in good faith. If there is a law against the removal of an old soldier who is on the Senate roll, and that old soldier is transferred, as the Senator from Washington suggested had been done in some cases, to some work that he is unable to do, in order to put him in a position where he cannot perform his work and would necessarily either have to resign or be discharged, it seems to me that is not the enforcement of the law in good faith.

I believe these places ought to be under some kind of a civil-service arrangement, not only with the idea of getting more efficient service, but for the protection of the men themselves who have to dole out this patronage. It is a mistake in the Senate, as it is everywhere else, to think that the man who has a lot of political patronage to dole out is therefore in a position of advantage over the man who does not have any, as I presume a great many Democrats who have been out of power for a great number of years have learned since they came into power; at least many of them have said so to me privately. The greater reason why, as I look at it, it is wrong, is because it does not bring about the most efficient service. As I understand from what I have heard Senators say here and from what little information I had before, there is a law making specific provision in regard to the employment of old soldiers in the Senate.

There is a law—and it has been read here today—applying to the appointments of old soldiers in the several departments that has been often violated, I think, from information that has come to me not only in the Senate—I have not got any information in regard to the Senate—but in the departments in a great many instances, for partisan political reasons. When Republicans came into power after the Democrats, they did the same thing; they removed men for partisan political reasons. Democrats have done the same thing when they came into power. That, as a matter of fact, in my judgment, is a violation, in spirit at least, of the civil-service law.

Several old soldiers in the different departments have come to me and told me privately of being demoted and of being asked to resign. Several who were not old soldiers told me they were asked to resign, and were frankly told the reason for it was that the party in power had to have their places for Democrats.

When the Republicans came into power after the Democratic administration went out, some of those men who were still in office, particularly in the Government Printing Office, were removed for the same offense. It is not a thing, in my judgment, that can be charged up alone to one party; but, nevertheless, it is a thing to be regretted. As I view it, it would be to the benefit not only of good service, but to the members of the political party in power themselves to say: "We will enforce the law in good faith; we are not going to resort to any circumlocution in order to put one man out and put another one in because they are of different political faiths."

MR. JONES. Mr. President, I agree fully with what the Senator from Nebraska has said.

PAY SHOULD NOT BE REDUCED

It is an outrage that old soldiers who were occupying such places, and who have always performed their duties acceptably, should be reduced from \$1,440 to \$840 a year, as has been done in this case.

MR. WEEKS. Mr. President—

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Washington yield to the Senator from Massachusetts?

MR. JONES. I yield to the Senator from Massachusetts.

MR. WEEKS. Mr. President, the suggestion has been made by two or three Senators that there may be some difference in the construction of the ratings of the men who have been referred to in this discussion, but certainly there can be no dispute as to the quality of the service of those men who are immediately under the eye of the Senate. I am not surprised that Democratic Senators wish to avoid any possibility of being charged with unfairness to the old soldiers.

The Senator from Indiana [MR. KERN] has said that, in his judgment, the old soldiers on the roll of the Senate were treated generously when the present organization of the Senate was made at that time. In my judgment, if Republican soldiers had been replaced with Democratic soldiers, Democratic Senators could not have been charged with unfairness, but that course was not followed in some cases and it was not done in the case of a few men who are serving right on this floor. Now, there are fourteen-doorkeepers employed on the floor of the Senate. Of those fourteen men, eleven are Democrats and three are Republicans. The eleven Democrats are receiving an average of \$1,520 per

OPPORTUNITY TO ECONOMIZE

If a thousand dollars a year is enough for a Republican, it is certainly enough for a Democrat, and you can save \$6,000 every year here on the floor of the Senate.

year and the three Republicans, all of whom are old soldiers with excellent, if not distinguished records, are receiving an average salary of \$946 a year.

MR. KERN. Will the Senator state to the Senate how many Democrats were employed at those doors during the time of the Republican control of the Senate?

MR. WEEKS. I am not complaining because Democrats have been employed at these doors, but there were two Democrats employed at that door over there [indicating], the Democratic door, under a Republican administration. One of them was paid a salary of \$1,800 a year.

MR. KERN. They are there yet, are they not?

MR. WEEKS. They are there yet, and one of them, a distinguished veteran of the Confederacy, was paid a salary of \$1,800 a year, which he is now receiving, and I do not complain of that, but I do complain that the man occupying a corresponding place at this door [indicating], a Republican with a distinguished record, is paid \$840 a year. This Democratic Congress has demoted him from \$1,440 to \$840. The Democrats of the Senate owe it to themselves to see that these men who are performing the same service on this floor that they were performing before March 4, 1913, the same service that is being performed by Democrats in the same positions, should have their salaries restored to what it was before the change. It is an outrage that old soldiers who were occupying such places, and who have always performed their duties acceptably, should be reduced from \$1,440 to \$840 a year, as has been done in this case.

MR. SMOOT. And in some cases to \$720.

MR. WEEKS. And I hope calling the attention of the Democratic Senators to this case will be sufficient to restore such salaries.

MR. KERN. Mr. President—

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Washington yield to the Senator from Indiana?

MR. JONES. I yield.

MR. KERN. I understand the Senator from Massachusetts—or was it some other Senator—said the Democrats would have been entirely justified if they had taken those places and filled them with deserving and worthy Democratic soldiers.

MR. WEEKS. Mr. President, I said that I did not think the Democrats could have been greatly criticized if they had done it, but I think they can be greatly criticized if they demote these men who are perfectly able to perform the duties which they are performing. If you are looking for an economical administration, here is an opportunity to put it into force. You are saying that Republican doorkeepers should only be paid \$1,000 a year, and that Democratic doorkeepers be paid, on an average, \$1,520 a year. If a thousand dollars a year is enough for a Republican, it is certainly enough for a Democrat, and you can save \$6,000 every year here on the floor of the Senate.

MR. KERN. If the Senator will allow me, the thing I had in mind when I asked the question was this: I know an old soldier in my State, I have known him for many years, indeed since my boyhood, who lost an arm at Shiloh. He served, I think, up to the Battle of Shiloh, and has gone lame through life ever since. When the Democrats came

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAW

It appears also that we have a law, the spirit of which at least says that no soldier who is efficient shall be discharged, removed, or demoted; that this law was passed as late as 1912, and that it expresses the sentiment not only of Congress, but of the country.

into control of the Senate, he came to me and insisted on knowing why he should not have a place on the soldiers' roll of the Senate. He called my attention to the fact that none of these soldiers were maimed as he was, that none of them could be quite as deserving so far as disability was concerned, that none of them had a higher character. Many of them he said had been on the pay roll for years, while he had never received any recognition of any kind at the hands of the Government, and he appealed to me as the caucus chairman—for it was after I was made caucus chairman—to use what little influence I had to take the place of some one of the Republican soldiers who had been on the pay roll here for years, and give it to him. Notwithstanding the loss of limb, he was entirely able to sit at a door. I turned a deaf ear to his request. He wanted to be on the soldiers' roll; it was the roll of honor; and he called

my attention to the fact that when the Republicans came into control of this body every Democratic veteran was fired out. He wanted to know why, in view of those circumstances, he would not be permitted to sit at a door here as a long-deferred reward for the service he had rendered the country.

If the man who sits at the door is complaining that his salary was reduced, that under a Democratic administration he does not receive as much money as he did before, if these gentlemen are not satisfied with their salaries, if there is a disposition here to complain, I will agree to find one-armed and one-legged Democratic soldiers—men who lost a leg or an arm at Shiloh or at Antietam or at Gettysburg, as good soldiers as ever wore the blue—to fill every one of these places with men who will be satisfied.

I thought when we maintained this soldiers' roll of Republicans that we were rendering a favor to those men. If it is not so regarded, then men can be brought here who are every whit as worthy, men who are maimed, men who need the places, men who have never had an office, men who are willing to come here and take these places without any murmuring.

MR. WEEKS. I understand perfectly well, and so does the Senate, that the majority can take that course if it sees fit; and if it sees fit to do so, I am not going to make complaint; but what I say to the Senator is that he had the power to give that maimed soldier a place, because there have been nine

THE DEBT OF THE NATION

This nation cannot pay the debt it owes these men. They gave of their youth in its defense, and it cannot afford to deny them aid, help and a competence in their hour of need.

changes made among the doorkeepers on the floor of the Senate, and many of these places have been filled by men who are not maimed or who did not wear the blue, or the gray either.

MR. KERN. Are they on the soldiers' roll?

MR. WEEKS. Not on the soldiers' roll.

MR. KERN. I am speaking of the soldiers' roll.

MR. WEEKS. That could have been provided at the time. What I am saying is that you are asking Republican soldiers with distinguished records to perform the same service, one at \$840 a year and two others at a thousand dollars a year, for which other men are receiving an average of \$1,520 a year. That is the complaint I make.

MR. KERN. I understood that we were rendering favors to these men when we permitted them to remain here. If it is not to be regarded as a favor, if it is not to be re-

garded as an act of generosity on our part, then we had as well understand it.

MR. WEEKS. I am speaking for myself entirely. I do not consider it a favor or an act of generosity; I consider such a condition an insult to the men who wore the blue.

MR. JONES. Mr. President, just a word, and then I am through. This resolution, as I have said, was introduced to get the facts with reference to certain resignations and removals in the departments and in the Washington post-office. Certain facts have been secured and others that were not in the report have been brought out here in the discussion. They show that certain soldiers were discharged; that, while they are set down

THE PROVISIO IN THE STATUTE

Provided, That in the event of reductions being made in the force in any of the executive departments, no honorably discharged soldier or sailor whose record in said department is rated good shall be discharged or dropped or reduced in rank or salary.

in the record here as having resigned, those resignations were forced; and that many of these soldiers had a very high rating of efficiency at the time of their resignation or discharge. It appears also that we have a law, the spirit of which at least says that no soldier who is efficient shall be discharged, removed, or demoted; that this law was passed as late as 1912, and that it expresses the sentiment not only of Congress, but of the country.

I do not know anything about the politics of the men who have been discharged. I do not think there ought to be any politics in this matter. There was no politics in my mind when I introduced the resolution, and there will be no politics made out of it; so far as I am concerned, unless it is shown that the wrong which has been done them is not rectified, and I hope that the administration will rectify the wrong which, in my judgment has been done these men, without delay.

MR. THOMAS. Mr. President—

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Does the Senator from Washington yield to the Senator from Colorado?

MR. JONES. I yield.

MR. THOMAS. I should like to inquire of the Senator, if he will permit me, whether he does not think that the basis of this whole thing is politics?

MR. JONES. I do not think so. I am speaking for myself, and I want to say to the Senator that I had no idea of politics when I introduced the resolution. I know that when matters of this kind come up statements are sometimes made in the newspapers that are not in accordance with the facts; I know that things are represented that do not exist; I know that there are two sides to these questions; and I introduced this

resolution simply to get the facts with reference to this matter, and, so far as I am concerned—and I speak for myself—at any rate I have not endeavored to make politics out of it. I do not want any politics in it. I simply want justice done to the men who helped save this country, and whom our Democratic friends, I believe and hope, honor just as much as I do, and who would do them an injustice just as unwillingly as I would. That is the spirit that animates me. This nation cannot pay the debt it owes these men. They gave of their youth in its defense, and it cannot afford to deny them aid, help and a competence in their hour of need.

Now, Mr. President, I ask that I may print in the Record, Section 4 of the Act of 1912, and it will speak for itself.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, permission to do so is granted.

The section referred to is as follows:

Sec. 4. The Civil Service Commission shall, subject to the approval of the President, establish a system of efficiency ratings for the classified service in the several executive departments in the District of Columbia based upon records kept in each department and independent establishment with such frequency as to make them as nearly as possible records of fact. Such system

AN OPINION FROM MISSISSIPPI

*The war between the States has ended . . .
It is pitiable that now, five decades afterwards,
men should seek to stir the members
of the old strife for pitiable, miserable,
contemptible partisan advantage.*

shall provide a minimum rating of efficiency which must be attained by an employee before he may be promoted; it shall also provide a rating below which no employee may fall without being demoted; it shall further provide for a rating below which no employee may fall without being dismissed for inefficiency. All promotions, demotions, or dismissals shall be governed by provisions of the civil-service rules. Copies of all records of efficiency shall be furnished by the departments and independent establishments to the Civil Service Commission for record in accordance with the provisions of this section: *Provided*, That in the event of reductions being made in the force in any of the executive departments no honorably discharged soldier or sailor whose record in said department is rated good shall be discharged or dropped or reduced in rank or salary.

Any person knowingly violating the provisions of this section shall be summarily removed from office, and may also, upon conviction thereof, be punished by a fine of not more than \$1,000 or by imprisonment for not more than one year.

MR. STONE. Mr. President, as the Senator from Washington has obtained permission to print the entire section 4 as a part of his remarks, I will not make the same request, as I had intended to do, but I will call attention to the proviso in that section, as follows:

Provided, That in the event of reductions being made in the force in any of the executive departments, no honorably discharged soldier or sailor whose record in said department is rated good shall be discharged or dropped or reduced in rank or salary.

That is the language of the proviso in the statute; so, clearly the impression which the Senator from Utah had and which he gathered from a newspaper from which he read is inaccurate.

I do not care to add more than a word or two to what I have said. The Senator from Washington [MR. JONES] has disavowed any partisan purpose or thought in offering his resolution, and I accept his disclaimer. He has not made a partisan speech today; and that is in accord with what he declares to have been his purpose. The Senator from Utah [MR. SMOOR] has injected a little more of the virus of partisanship into his observations. I agree with the Senator from Colorado [MR. THOMAS] that this whole business was started and has been prosecuted, in the main at least, in the hope of deriving some partisan advantage from it. It has been exploited all through the country with that object in view.

MR. WILLIAMS. Mr. President, it has been nearly five decades since Jefferson Davis was captured, and the war between the States thereby terminated. This administration, a Democratic administration, has made a rule for admission into the public service under which no ex-Confederate soldier "need apply." Every one of them is barred by the age limit. The boy that entered the Confederate Army in 1862 at fourteen years of age—and there were some of them—is barred by the age limit. The statute books bear an expression of preference for ex-Union veterans which must be obeyed.

The war between the States, five decades ago, has ended. At that time the States of these United States were separated into two independent groups. One group retained the old name, "The United States of America"; the other group assumed a new name, "The Confederate States of America." The muse of history will never contemplate a picture equal to that of those two warring factions of the States, of those who stood by their States, because the northern soldier stood by Iowa and Massachusetts just as much as the southerner stood by Mississippi and Texas. There will be no picture of human valor, when the end comes, to equal that which both sides displayed. It is pitiable that now, five decades afterwards, men should seek to stir the embers of the old strife for pitiable, miserable, contemptible partisan advantage; and that, too, when there were more Federal soldiers dismissed and discharged and demoted under McKinley than under either Cleveland or Wilson.

It was a psychological problem. The Democratic party had been accused of disloyalty, and it dared not discharge even inefficient Federal soldiers; whereas a man who had been major in the Federal army, like Mr. McKinley, upon becoming President of the United States, could disport himself freely.

They Laugh That Win



*How Slowfoot Slocum
is outwitted by "brains
an' intellect an' strategy"*

Will Gage Carey

SHORTLY after four o'clock, Harry Klingman, cashier of the Barrington Bank, went to the 'phone and called up his wife.

"Minnie," he said, recognizing her voice over the wire, "don't wait dinner for me tonight. I feel rather fagged, and believe I'll take a little tramp out through the woods and fields before I come home. How's that? Yes—yes, I'll surely be back by eight, good-bye."

He hung up the receiver, and changed his office coat for street apparel; then, after seeing that everything was in proper shape—the other employees had already left—he walked briskly out of the building and on down the street, heading directly for the suburbs, and the open country beyond.

As he had told his wife, the day's work had been trying and particularly wearing; but now he felt a feeling of buoyancy as he looked out upon the green fields, far ahead at the end of the street, with the woods adjoining, and further away still, the purple foothills, blending softly into the distant sky-line. He reached the end of the street at length, and passed the last of the scattering houses; then as he felt the soft spring of the sod beneath his feet, he quickened his steps, and hastened on with head erect, breathing in the pure air from the meadows, sweet with the fragrance of new-mown hay. From the distance he heard the low droon of a mower moving slowly along the edge of the waving sea of green, changing the tossing waves in its path to a tranquil, verdant swath stretch-

ing far behind. A meadow-lark soared down from the blue sky calling to him cheerily as it passed in wild, delirious flight; and from over near the shade of the woodland came the soft tinkle of cow-bells and the lowing of the herd making their way slowly homeward.

The warm sun beat down upon him as he crossed the hay-field, so that by the time he reached the shade of the woods, he was glad to pause, and to drink from a cooling spring that bubbled up from the base of a mossy bank.

His pathway now led beneath the spreading trees.

Hat in hand, he wandered on and on, now over fallen tree-trunks, now scrambling over rocks and boulders, or through cool, shadowy ravines. In one of these sheltered nooks he saw the smoke from a small camp fire, and paused just long enough to discover three tramps stretched out in blissful slumber at one side; then he hurried on again, without giving them further thought or notice, little knowing that he would soon call upon them again, in a moment of most urgent need and necessity.

At length he came to a small stream.

A fallen tree furnished the means of crossing, but as he gazed into the cool, limpid pool beneath this natural bridge, he felt no immediate desire to cross over; instead he decided at once to strip and enjoy a quiet plunge in this secluded sylvan retreat.

The water, coming about to his waist, was of just the right temperature both to

soothe and refresh; the soft sand at the bottom squeezed delightfully between and around his toes, and Cashier Klingman, of the Bank of Barrington, was happy and content. For half an hour, or such a matter, he splashed about in sprightly manner; then, chancing to look toward the high bank where he had left his clothes, he suddenly stood transfixed with amazement and consternation, and with an expression of horror and disgust overspreading his dripping countenance.

THE scene on the bank was enough to disconcert almost anyone, under similar distressing circumstances; a tramp—dirty, ragged and bewhiskered—was calmly and discriminatingly pawing over the clothes, with the evident intention of appropriating them and absconding.

Realizing on the instant the catastrophe and fearful consequences of such a move on the part of the hobo, Klingman called out frantically:

"Hey there! you—you—"

The human scarecrow upon the bank straightened up quickly.

"My friend," he began pleasantly, "were you addressing me?"

"Yes, *you*—you low-down son-of-a-river-pirate; you put those clothes down, hear me!"

The hobo gazed down reproachfully at the speaker.

"Softly—softly, friend," he said gently, "don't speak harshly to an almost comparative stranger; remember, he may be *some-body's* ch-child! Would you wound a sensitive heart—"

"I'll break your head if you don't leave those clothes alone! I'm Klingman, of the Bank of Barrington—"

The hobo bowed, with slightly exaggerated deference.

"Charmed, Klingman, ol' top, I am truly delighted to form your acquaintance."

The cashier's face was red with wrath.

"Are you going to—"

"To introduce myself? In one moment, Klingman—" he picked up the vest and examined it critically, then threw it to one side and began fumbling in the pockets of the trousers, then resumed: "I am Slow-foot Slocum—late of Singapore, likewise late of Sing-Sing! I am a Knight of the

Road—Knight of the Queen's Garter—any ol' Knight—"

"I don't care who you are," broke in the enraged and denuded one below, "I tell you I'm Klingman—"

"An' I don't care a continental whoop who *you* are, get me? I don't care if you are Christopher Columbus, Julius Caesar or Marie Antoinette; but I will say this, Klinger, I've seen clothes I took a greater fancy to than this here scenery of yours!"

He paused and held the coat aloft disparagingly.

"Say, look at it, you; it's a forty, I'll bet a horse—an' my tailor tells me never to wear anythin' more'n a thirty-eight! Oh, well—they're wearin' 'em a trifle loose over in Pa-ree this season, so we won't quarrel over that."

The cashier raged and fumed.

"If you don't put down those clothes—and go on about your business, I'll—I'll have you arrested!"

The hobo doubled up in a paroxysm of mirth.

"Oh, you're so funny—you're *so* funny, little water-sprite! If only I could have a picture of you now—skippin' about in the water—happy, innocent an' carefree as a—"

"I'll give you fifty dollars," broke in Klingman desperately, "if you will go away and leave me and my belongings alone. You can come in the bank tomorrow and get it, and I promise faithfully that you will not be molested."

The hobo paid no attention whatever to this, but went on examining and criticizing the apparel before him.

"On the level, Klinger, ol' top, I don't fahncy this pattern; my word, *such* a pattern! Stripes—stripes, me deah fellah, always takes me back to those sweet by-gone days at ol' Oxford—an' Sing-Sing. But then, as a whole, the clothes do very well indeed"—he stooped and gathered them carefully in his arms, then resumed: "I may say, they do *very* well indeed; an' so, my deah Klingson, not another word of apology—not another word."

It was clearly evident that he was bent upon departing at once; alarmed now beyond measure, the cashier began to implore again, rather than threaten.

"I offer you one hundred dollars, payable

at the bank tomorrow, Slocum, if you give me my clothes, and leave me in peace; and no charges will be brought against you."

The hobo hesitated a moment before replying. "Your proposition interests me, Klingman," he answered at length, "but I don't quite see my way clear to accept."

He began disrobing, preparatory to donning the striped apparel, keeping a watchful eye, meanwhile, upon the one below.

"It's this way, Klinger," he resumed confidently, "I'm now workin' on what you might call a—well, a little matter of sentiment, so to speak. Last night, my pal—Denver George—says to me: 'Slowfoot, I'll bet yuh five thousand dollars I'll climb into a new change of scenery before yuh will'—an' I says to George: 'Pal, I'll jes' take that bet!'—an' so we starts out. We are to report tomorrow at our summer place, over on the island, an' I've got him beat! An' so, Klingman, I must needs make haste an' put on these duds—much as the pattern offends my sensitive nature. Say, won't I be a doll among the wrens—"

He paused, then picked up the rest of the clothes belonging to the cashier, and started to run. Klingman was climbing out upon the slippery bank, and coming straight for him. By the time he had made the steep ascent, the hobo was well out of reach, and ready for a race; but the cashier made no attempt to follow. Slowfoot Slocum retreated a few paces further, then turned and called back:

"Remember this, Klingman, it's brains an' intellect that counts; brains and intellect, an' strategy, *ev'ry* time!"

Being a man of extremely fastidious taste and conceptions, Harry Klingman was now compelled to do something very much against his will; but the plan he already had in mind required it; he accepted the situation—frightful as it was—like a man; and he *put on the clothes* of the late departed Slowfoot Slocum!

Next, he went to the bank of the stream and smeared his hands and face with mud; then, pulling Slocum's old, battered slouch



The scene on the bank was enough to disconcert almost anyone. A tramp, dirty, ragged and bewhiskered, was calmly and discriminatingly pawing over the clothes, with the evident intention of appropriating them and absconding

hat down over his eyes, he hurried as fast as he could off toward the little ravine in which he had noticed the three slumbering hobos. He reached the spot; they were still there, and asleep. He awakened them. They sat up, rubbing their eyes; and looking at him with wonderment and some resentment for having disturbed their slumber. After listening to him for a moment, however, they thought more both of him and the fact of their being awakened.

"Say, boes," began Klingman, whispering hoarsely, "there's a chance to 'stick up' a guy over here—are you on? He's a gink in a striped suit that's been strollin' aroun' out here in the woods all afternoon—an' I know fer certain he's got the kale on him!"

"Say, bo, what kind o' chin-hoos yuh pullin' on us—is this on the lev?" queries one of the tramps, getting to his feet, and stretching his arms above his head; "an' has he got the kale, you're sure?"

"Sure! He's got a red wallet on him; there's fifty dollars in bills in it, an' some loose chink in his pockets; an' the four of us can 'stick' him easy enough!"

The three were all now eager for the job. "Lead us to him," exclaimed the first of the hobos to respond to Klingman's tip, "we'll divvy up equal on this for bein' wised to the pipe!"

Klingman held back.

"Jes' a moment, boes," he began, "let's get this thing understood right now; I don't want any of that dub's dough—yuh can divide the kale between you, see? But what I *do* want is his suit of clothes—an' his ticker; does that go?"

"Sure—that's fair enough," responded the leader of the tramps; and this being decided, the four began making their way carefully off through the woods, cutting across to head off the figure passing jauntily along the banks of the little stream, and evidently intent on getting back to town to spend his newly-acquired wealth.

As he rounded a bend in the pathway they sprang out upon him, bearing him violently down to the ground.

Just as Klingman had assured them, they found the red wallet with the fifty dollars in bills inside; also the loose silver in the pockets. Then they deprived the howling, protesting victim of his suit, and promptly handed it over to Klingman, together with the watch as agreed.

His three accomplices lingered near until Klingman once more arrayed himself in his own clothes, then, suddenly taking affright at the thought of the possible consequences of the hold-up, they scampered off through the woods as fast as their legs could carry them.

Klingman turned to the astonished, disgruntled and unhappy Slowfoot Slocum.

He threw him his bundle of rags, then started off toward the town.

At a little distance he paused, and looked back; the hobo was still huddled up in a wretched heap upon the ground, gazing after him in silent wonderment.

The cashier waved his hand to him in adieu, calling back to him cheerily:

"Remember this," Slowfoot Slocum, "it's brains an' intellect that counts; brains an' intellect—an' strategy, ev'ry time!"

Nay, fear not thou, for fear
Is wont to make a traitorous alliance
With danger; trusty comrades are the two.

—Goethe.

Aunt Mary Goes to Town

*She ventures downtown in search
of a new bonnet and finds Boston
and its ways much changed*

by Jessie I. Belyea

AUNT MARY was born in Boston—not Boston as it is now, she would hasten to inform you, were you asking her to tell you the place of her nativity.

When Aunt Mary was born the reservoir was on Beacon Hill. Escapades of her childhood include the dangerous pastime of running around the edge of the embankment. Why a watery, untimely death was not hers she has not been able to figure out during her long life, except perhaps on the ever-convenient basis of the doctrine of predestination. Boston was once glorious, distinctive and dear. Its distinction now lies entirely in its past as does that of all great cities and countries of the world. If it were not so, how many poets would have starved for very want of a subject on which to wail and lament? What would literature be without Jerusalem, Rome, Greece, Carthage!

When Boston was glorious, parades were witnessed from the balconies of the residences on Tremont Street, facing the Common. Belles of Old Boston, dressed in dimities and swiss, designed and sewed by their own hands, made these points of vantage gay on such occasions. These same belles walked daily on "the neck" which then extended out toward the now despised South End.

Beaux of the time may or may not have had urgent business in the same direction, although the thought is a conjecture of the frivolous.

Cows of the privileged grazed in peace

on the Common. Steps must be ascended if one desired to pass through Temple Place from Tremont to Washington. In those times, which is the equivalent of "once upon a time" in Boston, large private houses adorned this part of town. Mere business had not ruined the locality. Oystermen shouted their wares through the streets—mistresses and daughters of the household bought from the front door steps, and hot delectable stews were served for supper—not dinner—and "no fear of typhoid either." The earth and the firmament thereof had not taken shape in Back Bay. This curious development must have been due to pique because of sneering remarks made by inferior cities to the effect that Boston streets were evidently laid out by the wanderings of cows in aimless search of fodder.irate grandfathers then slowly built up land and laid out streets which rival those of any upstart city. Those parallel with the Gardens begin with letters in proper alphabetical sequence. Such an arrangement is much more subtle and calls for a higher grade of intelligence than if Avenue A, B or C were used.

The Back Bay is a monument which, if erected to show the dominance of land over water, truly fulfills its purpose. As is the case with many monuments, it has little use. From May till October it is almost deserted by humans. "For Sale," oft repeated, tells of the exodus or desired exodus of families to the country where large estates may be enjoyed and exclu-

siveness indulged in, as the descendants of Boston would, by direct law of inheritance, naturally seek. Dover Street in old Boston was the court end. Think of it! The decline of grandeur in whole sections of our cities is due to a curious fact in American history. Pioneers and exiles suddenly ceased coming to our shores. No more do they "moor their



*Admiring
friends and
interested
relatives
stood around*

barks," no more is "freedom sought." Immigrants and "scum of the earth" have taken their hallowed places. The descendants of the hallowed are therefore forced to flee from street to street and from city to country, to avoid contact with the immigrant, a word synonymous with plague, for which there is no known serum.

Children of new Boston eat 'bon-bons and devour sundaes, of which there are many variations and varieties. In old Boston the boys of select families possessed long, smooth whips or sticks, which went by the name of "lickers." When hungry

for sweets, the boys went to the wharves, where puncheons of molasses were being unloaded from the West Indies. Inserting their lickers into the bungholes, they pulled them forth laden with the succulent, dripping sweet which they licked off and again inserted, licked and inserted till satisfaction halted the pastime.

Aunt Mary tells herself of treating some of her little friends by buying ten cents' worth of ice cream and asking for six spoons. The dispensers were most interested and smilingly watched the children conscientiously taking "turns." One can imagine that no one child was made ill by Aunt Mary's treat. Can you imagine the haughty and busy daughters of the syphon attending to such simplicity with a similar interest or even attending to it at all?

Old Boston was quiet and sedate. No hurry, no bustle, no hated subways or tunnels, no hideous elevated railroads, no automobiles sought to kill the innocent, no skyscrapers with terrible elevators took away one's breath and no one went away all summer to the shore. Boston was a seaside resort. Respectable residents sat on the doorsteps of summer evenings just as the hated immigrant does now, only, of course, it was very different.

Aunt Mary did not need to consider expense, but habits of thrift in youth are difficult to turn to prodigality in later life, and she rebelled and fretted against waste which makes woeful want. She lived in a beautiful suburb, which is the one charming feature of modern Boston. The mad rush and noise at the "Hub" was not felt or heard ten miles out. Peace and contentment held undisputed sway.

Twice had Aunt Mary entrusted herself to a street car and once only did she take a ride through the subway, which at the time had its beginning at Church Street and its terminal at North Station. This trip she ventured when coming from a funeral, not because she was forced to, but the sense of "doing what we ought not to do and leaving undone the things we ought to do" is strong in all of Adam's race. We laugh at funerals and cry at the joyous wedding, and do daring things when we feel timid.

For ten long years after this hazardous venture no more did Aunt Mary gambol

afar. A modern surgeon, another thing for which Boston is noted, "wandering up and down seeking whom he might devour," found prey in the gentle lady. He reported a perfect recovery in six weeks and sailed away for Europe on the proceeds accrued therefrom. Years crept slowly by; Aunt Mary was convalescing and far from well in spite of the glowing report in the *Medical Journal*.

WHEN the decade of years was about rounded out, Aunt Mary's daughter coaxed so insistently and begged so beguilingly that her mother finally consented to visit her at her summer home on the Cape. All was in readiness save a bonnet. Upon request, one of the largest and most fashionable millinery establishments "kindly" sent out six in care of one of its colored porters, who waited in the hall while Aunt Mary revelled in the process of the acquisition of finery, "than which what's dearer" to feminine hearts?

Admiring friends and interested relatives stood around. Hats were tried on, tilted, inspected from the back, the side and the front. The materials, "style," suitability were in turn discussed and by the process of elimination a choice made. The price tag on the proud winner read thirty-five dollars. Aunt Mary's objection to the price was overruled by the friends who at such times lure certainly to doom.

The manager of "the parlors" by telephone agreed to make any alterations asked of her and the colored man departed with five large boxes, which gave him the appearance of a futurist going downstairs.

The bonnet was inspected and thought over, admired and speculated upon as to just what alterations would make it appropriate for wear at Cape Cod.

It is not easy to describe hats or make clear just wherein the cost lurks. In general this one was a combination of gold lace and rose-colored plumes, each strand of which was long and broad and fluffy. Apart from the beauty in themselves, their position on the hat was at an inimitable angle, uncopyable by amateurs. At the end of the week the alterations necessary having been decided upon, Margaret, the lady's maid, took the bonnet to Boston and asked the obliging artist to re-

move the gold lace brim and substitute something more subdued. She smilingly agreed.

Experience with the cost of alterations and still smarting from multiple burns from this apparent simple source made Margaret shy of fire and careful to inquire the cost of the suggested change. She of the Emporium replied that it would be a good deal of work and she could not do it for less than ten dollars and she was afraid it would be more. Acting under instructions, Margaret talked with her mistress by telephone. Aunt Mary quickly added thirty-five and the minimum ten and made it total forty-five. Horror-stricken at the amount and annoyed that the firm evinced the desire to "tuck on" in old Boston vernacular, "do her" in new phraseology, "just because it knew she could pay it," she ordered Margaret to return and bring the bonnet untouched. Never, never would she patronize this exorbitant establishment. If such people were catered to and kowtowed to, of course they would soar in their prices and be independent and impertinent. The only way was to boycott such places. Italian women did not wear hats and they had fine hair. If no one wore hats, the high cost of living, more appropriately, the cost of living high, would be reduced.

"Well," said Aunt Mary, when reciting the tragedy, "I wore that thing once and that, of all places, was to church. I felt as though that bonnet was the cynosure of all eyes, that the choir sang of it, the organist played strains of 'Here Comes the Bride,' and even the clergyman preached upon the vanities of life, though I'm sure such was not his original intention." Said the daughter about to be visited, "You go to my little milliner, she will be fair at least and do her work well." The bonnet was forthwith given into her hands with full directions as to the alterations. When asked the cost of the changes specified, she could not exactly tell, but "opined" or "guessed" it would not be much. She would make it *right*, which is *par excellence* an expression coined to trap the unwary.

When the bonnet came home the bill accompanied it and read twenty dollars. Thirty-five and twenty make a conclusive total of fifty-five. Figures may lie, but

not that kind, and the bonnet was no longer "smart." Little anger makes for words and sputtering, but words fail in the face of a great indignation.

In silence and alone, and after many days, Aunt Mary came to the conclusion that she would not wear the bonnet to the seaside. Even in its new garb it was much



One specially joyous gust merrily seized the proud Perkins' hat and whirled it high into the air

too elaborate, and feathers and mist were not compatible. Finally she decided to venture a trip to Boston and there, unknown, select an appropriate and simple bonnet, which would stand mist and fog, and in no way resemble that perfectly ridiculous thing, suitable only for a wedding, which she now possessed. Perkins, the neat, dapper obsequious coachman, was "ordered" to be at the door at two o'clock with the victoria and pair ready to make the trip to Boston. Promptly he drove up. The victoria reflected faces, the horses glistened down to their well-oiled hoofs, and as for Perkins, he could

be compared to nothing he resembled more than a high relief on an Egyptian monument, which is eminently proper in a well-regulated coachman of English birth. Thew hole household was a-quiver with unwonted excitement. Events that happen but once in ten years are important in any family. Aunt Mary richly clothed, with Margaret seated at her side, swung out of the avenue, the horses clattered down the shady street and the beginning was proud and splendid. All went well and as it should with the well-regulated, until the Fenway was reached. It may sound irrelevant, but it really goes with the story to whisper softly that Boston has an east wind. Those born and bred within sight of the State House may mention it in a steady, calm voice. Aliens, if tactful, carefully avoid the topic. It is never acknowledged in the presence by a true Bostonian. Any comparison with Chicago wind would be treated as contempt of court and as surely punished. Nevertheless, the unmentionable, high-class east wind did meet Aunt Mary as she drew near the section of the city set apart to the first families, known the world over as "F. F.'s."

In a frolicsome, playful mood was the wind as the horses trotted gayly into Commonwealth Avenue. One specially joyous gust merrily seized the proud Perkins' hat and whirled it high into the air. Perkins drew rein or whatever is proper to say when well-bred horses are brought to a stop. He was about to dismount, when Aunt Mary implored him not to leave the box. Margaret was dispatched to chase the elusive, wind-tossed hat. Mischievously, it soared high, descended, paused, but when about to be captured, soared, fled, paused and dropped. Margaret puffed and soon grew overheated with exercise and shame at the figure she was cutting.

A kind man joined in the pursuit, which was excruciating joy for the passers and fiendish fun for the sportive wind. The merry dance went on, rivalling any tango for grotesque attitudes, but the wind grew tired of the locality and swept on in its "madcap chase."

Its stovepipe silkiness left to its own modest devices and being eminently

respectable was left dusty and inert, and an easy mark for the nearest pursuer, who chanced to be one of its own sex. Promptly the victim of the "strumpet wind" was led captive and basely betrayed into the hands of a woman who gladly passed it to the man on the box. Perkins crammed his truant hat securely on his head and blushing drove on down Commonwealth Avenue. A few blocks of peace and easy breathing followed, only to be disturbed by Roy, one of the pair, changing his spruce, polite step to that of a badly treated hack horse, wending his sad way to a funeral. Examination proved that he had flippantly thrown his leg over the trace. How to correct the uncomfortable situation and still keep Perkins on the box was a problem finally solved by a kind chauffeur—there are a few—who had once been a coachman. Delay is one thing, but to be conspicuous on the public street is a mighty sin against the canons of old Boston. How are the mighty fallen! As they neared Boylston Street, having swung into Arlington, Aunt Mary forgot her chagrin. Consternation seized her. She sat up in terror. Autos were flying helter skelter everywhere, electric cars rushing up and down and pedestrians running madly, as if for their lives.

"Perkins," said she, in a determined even voice, "stop here! Here, I command you."

Perkins stopped.

INSTANTLY a policeman appeared from the "everywhere into the where," and in a voice raspingly irate demanded Perkins' name and address and curtly informed him that he would be notified when to make his appearance in court. Aunt Mary tremblingly asked why.

"Violation of the traffic laws, madam."

"What is that?" weakly asked Aunt Mary. It sounded like a horrible crime.

"Stopping on the wrong side of the street," curtly answered the man in blue.

"Oh! but I did not know and," proudly, "my man stopped when I told him to do so."

"You knew," said he of the law, wrathfully, addressing the red-faced Perkins.

"Yes, sir," replied he of the stovepipe hat, meekly and respectfully, and as the

civilian in the grasp of the law invariably does.

Margaret hastened to explain that her mistress had been ill and had not been in Boston for ten long years, and was timid, etc. Aunt Mary burst in gently with her explanation that Boston had changed; that if things were as they should be there would be no such thing as traffic laws.

The policeman smiled not at all nor looked interested one whit in Boston "as it should be." Instead, he ordered Perkins to drive on in a voice clearly made to command.

Aunt Mary gladly seconded the order. He might meet her on the other side of the street she told him, or Jordan, if fate decreed, she inwardly thought. She lingered long enough to watch Perkins begin his perilous trip across Boylston street, with the autos and electric cars going "every which way." Aunt Mary then bravely grasped her maid's arm firmly and gazed longingly across the yawning abyss stretching between her, safety and, she hoped, Perkins. She felt like a lone star in vast space with Jupiter, Mars and Venus bearing down upon her with fearful velocity. "Into the valley of death, into the gates of hell," rang in her ears.

"Suddenly," said she, in her recitation of that terrible day, "a policeman on the crossing held up a white-gloved hand and, would you believe it, everything stopped and we went through as on dry land. There are some good policemen," she soliloquized at this point of the narrative. "The first one was very impertinent, but the second, I must say in justice, was very kind to us. But my! Wasn't I glad to put my foot on the sidewalk."

A walk of half a block brought Aunt Mary to her objective point. One of those breath-taking elevators brought her to the fifth floor, where she got off and followed winding corridors past many doors, till the mecca of her trip was reached. Just as she was about to grasp the handle in her joy of having arrived, "Closed till September" dashed her cup of gladness from her hand. What should she do? The outlook was dismal—a hat at home, unsuitable and befeathered, which had cost her fifty-five dollars; Perkins, if

alive, waiting in the street somewhere. She would retrace her steps a block or two and enter the extortionist's shop with intent to buy; but she would go incog, so to speak. She would walk in meekly, buy a simple bonnet for fifteen dollars, pay for it and take it home in her carriage. She would not give her name,



She smiled and gushed, dimpled and hovered, expressed sorrow because of the last transaction and insisted that, at all sacrifices, she must have her patronage

and no one would guess her identity. Her resolution made, Aunt Mary was soon seated before a many-sided mirror. Simple bonnets, not to exceed fifteen dollars, were asked for in a modest tone. After many trials one was found that suited perfectly, except that the price was twenty-five dollars. Aunt Mary shut her lips firmly and refused to exceed fifteen. The saleswoman thought perhaps, considering the lateness of the season, the manager might sell it for the stipulated price and departed to make inquiry. A few minutes elapsed, during which Aunt Mary drew a sigh of relief. She felt sure her scheme was to be

crowned with success. A rustle of skirts heralded the arrival of the saleswoman and manager. The air was charged with importance. She turned just in time to see Margaret recognized by the head woman, who, without more ado, descended upon the luckless Aunt Mary. She smiled and gushed, dimpled and hovered, expressed sorrow because of the last transaction and insisted that, at all sacrifices, she must have her patronage, and as a sop condescendingly agreed to part with the twenty-five dollar hat for fifteen dollars, provided Aunt Mary would allow her to substitute violets for the feather already on the bonnet. The change was soon made and the fifteen dollars given in exchange. Safely in the shining victoria, with the miniature sphinx on the box, Margaret seated at her side and the bonnet at her feet, Aunt Mary gave herself up to a silent counting of the cost.

Bonnet number one had cost thirty-five dollars, which, when altered, had brought the price to fifty-five dollars. She resolved to give it away. It would be painful to be constantly reminded of a folly. Bonnet number two had cost fifteen dollars, which if added to fifty-five clearly made seventy dollars. A scandalous price for a bonnet!

In olden times a woman would come twice a year, cut and fit dresses, which she would leave to be finished by the owner. The same woman often trimmed hats, using old material whenever possible, and departed, leaving the entire household fully equipped for any and all occasions. Things harder to bear than loss of money may be briefly summed up, but only those who have suffered can sympathize. Pride lay groveling in the dust, and dignity lifted not her head. Worry and anger had disturbed her peace. An appearance in court was pending, which would probably cost, in fines, ten or fifteen dollars, and much time would be lost. Worse than all, she had been brought face to face with the awful truth that dear old Boston had gone forever, leaving behind an ordinary commercial city. Boycotting must be for strong-minded new Boston women, she decided; graceful yielding, even to one's milliner, the portion of the last of the old Bostonians, now alas! too small in number and too gentle in spirit to even ripple the surface of "things as they are."

OUR SURFMEN

By JOANNA NICHOLAS KYLE

This rescue actually took place on the Pacific Coast last year. In the words of the General Superintendent, Hon. Sumner I. Kimball, "it was one of the finest pieces of work in the whole history of the service. Gold medals were bestowed upon the men who participated in this rescue."

THE night is dark with a misty shroud,
The lighthouse wrapped in its sullen cloud
Seems only a feeble star;
When a wireless message thrills the air
Like a mocking spirit sent to scare,
"The Rosecrans is on the bar!"

The bar! that dread of the sailor's heart—
(Where many a vessel has wrenched apart)
As he reads the lights afar;
Or sees them pale in the misty gloom.
Had another victim met her doom
On Columbia River bar?

The news is abroad, and with rapid stride
The beach is patrolled upon every side.
Where lies the imperilled ship?
A tug is sent to the treacherous bar;
The lookout strains his sight afar
Where mad winds the ocean whip.

Lo! a single mast upon Peacock Spit,
Where the ghosts of countless vessels flit—
A graveyard beneath the wave.
Here frightful combers rise and ride,
With treacherous quicksands below the tide,
O God, what an awful grave!

In face of the wind and a swelling flood,
Two boats put forth in valiant mood
To save the shipwrecked lost.
Gigantic combers pound each bar,
They are whelmed from sight in the waters dark.
Now high by the wave are tossed!

Five times they circled the wreck anew;
Five times they signalled her clinging crew
To leap and trust their fate
To men of iron nerve and will!
Though the boat capsized, they struggled still.
Thank God, it was not too late!

Here's to our surfmen! We pledge once more
Our "gallant chivalry of the shore,"
Those heroes of wind and wave!
Not in the battle 'gainst human life
But to rescue and bless is their matchless strife.
Oh, honor the noble brave!

The Tragedy of Mexico

from the Founding of
Mexican Independence to the
Close of the American War

by
Charles Winslow Hall

OF one hundred and sixty Spanish viceroys who ruled over New Spain, only four were of American birth, but equally devoted to Spanish rule and the utterly extortionate policy of the Audiencia of the Indies. Even in 1785 Galvez, the Spanish premier, declared it to be a great evil that a few Mexicans had been allowed to hold some minor offices in their own country.

And yet so great was the hopeless subjection of the people to the watchword of their temporal and spiritual oppressors, "God is in heaven and the King is in Spain," that a few thousand Spanish troops were amply sufficient to hold in check the very slight political riots and disorders during over three hundred years of Spanish tyranny and misrule.

It was not until Spain herself lay prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, and Ferdinand VII was a throneless exile, and a Spanish Cortes, itself driven from Madrid to Seville, appealed to the Mexicans to remain loyal to the Bourbon, that a hope of Mexican independence sprung into life. The Mexican council acknowledged their allegiance to Ferdinand VII, but not to the Seville Junta, a declaration so significant of an end to Spanish monopoly that while Don Iturrigaray, the viceroy, was inclined to favor the appointment of a Mexican Junta to act until Spain was again independent, his Audiencia, composed of judges and other officials, all Gachupinos or Spanish-born, and even forbidden by law to marry a native-born

Mexican woman, first remonstrated with, and then imprisoned the viceroy in his own palace.

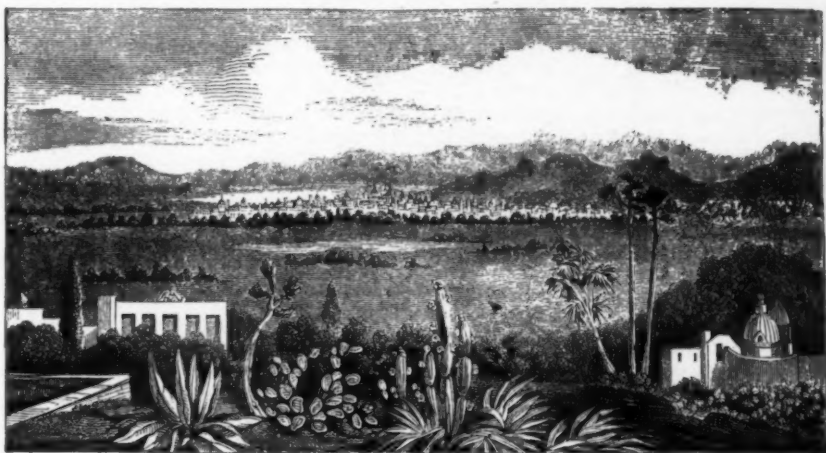
But in 1809 the Spanish Junta, driven by the French from Seville to Cadiz, called together a National Cortes, in which America and all the Spanish possessions were to be "represented" by delegates appointed by the Cadiz Junta, which, having thus striven "to strengthen the things that remain," promptly effaced itself, leaving a regency of five to administer the pitiable remains of a great empire. The regency's appeal for support called for the selection of twenty-six delegates to represent the Indies, and informed the hitherto despised colonists that "they were now raised to the rank of freemen," imploring them in choosing their deputies to remember that "their lot no longer depended upon the will of kings, viceroys or governors, but must be determined by themselves." These unwonted messages inspired a new spirit into many Mexican souls, but the Audiencia held its grip, and Don Francis Xavier Vanegas, who succeeded the deposed viceroy, mercilessly stamped out every attempt to secure representative government, promptly crushing a nascent revolution at Valladolid and forthwith shooting the leaders in the succinct and effective style still made and provided across the border.

Don Miguel Hidalgo de Castillo, the village cura of Dolores, Guanajuato, was something more than the usual type of parish priest, and had attempted to aid

his people temporally as well as spiritually. He had introduced silkworm culture and had a nice little vineyard about his own curacy, which the authorities ordered him to destroy, as the Audiencia of the Indies would not allow any colony to compete in grape culture and olive-growing with Spain.

He refused; his espaliers were destroyed and burned before his eyes. It was the proverbial "last straw" which exhausted patience and broke down outraged loyalty to church and King. The mild,

tender were their chief missile weapons, and so great was the shower of primitive arrows and pebbles that the besieged dared not show themselves except at the ports and loopholes of their ramparts. Many had only lances, machetes and even Aztec clubs set with jagged crystals of black obsidian, and the Spanish musketry mowed these madmen down by hundreds, and as they came on to the assault, Rianon threw great hand-grenades made of the emptied iron flasks used for quicksilver. But Hidalgo would not be denied and at last



THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO WHEN CAPTURED BY GENERAL SCOTT IN 1846

benevolent priest became a stern, relentless, merciless foe of the Spaniard, and on September 13, 1810, his church bells called to arms and action his parishioners and fellow-conspirators. All the Spaniards in Dolores were arrested and their riches divided among the rebels, and on the 17th and 18th the "Gachupinos" of San Felipe and San Miguel el Grande were reduced to beggary. He occupied the great city of Guanajuato, and besieged General Rianon, who with his garrison and all the Spaniards had fortified themselves in the Alhondrega or city granary.

Twenty thousand men raged about the fortalice, some of them disciplined troops, but the most of them rancheros and Indian peons mad with the lust of battle and desire of vengeance. Bows and arrows and the slings of the cowherd and goat-

the great gate was forced open, and Rianon died in the last desperate rally, sword in hand. Not a soul was spared; the Indians, so humble and subservient for generations, were beyond control, and from amid the shambles, a booty, including \$6,000,000 in gold and silver, repaid the victors.

Hidalgo took Valladolid, defeated Generals Calleja, Truxillo and Iturbide at Las Cruces, within thirty miles of the capital, and continued to advance until within sight of the city, but dared not attempt its reduction. His retreat was interrupted by Calleja, whose creole levies were almost ready, it is said, to join their countrymen, but Hidalgo attacked them and his cause was lost. He still commanded considerable forces, but suffered several defeats; and while traveling with Generals Allende, Aldana and Abasolo toward Texas

to purchase arms, ammunition and the assistance of American officers, was captured, in March, 1811, and shot with his companions at Chihuahua in July of the same year.

He is said to have beheaded seventy Spaniards in the public square of Valladolid; to have shot seven hundred Europeans at Guadalajara; and to have written to a subordinate to arrest as many Spaniards as possible, and "if you find any among them entertaining dangerous principles, bury them in oblivion by putting them to death in some secret place, where their fate may be forever unknown."

Even to this day, this distrust and hatred of the Spaniard is a prominent factor in the unrest of Mexico, Cuba and other Latin-American lands, and it is difficult for free peoples to understand how many and long-continued abuses and cruelties have almost justified this ancient heritage of hatred.

Excommunicated and degraded, Hidalgo went to his own death bravely, declaring to the last "that the knell of Spanish rule in Mexico had been rung," and that however strenuously the viceroy might resist, "the end would surely come."

The mantle of his mission and martyrdom fell on another patriot priest, Don Jose Maria Morelos of Nocupatario, who, being appointed in 1810 "Captain-General of the southwestern Provinces" rode away with a handful of servants to take over his government. Joined by Jose and Antonio Galeano, he captured Acapulco by a night attack, securing eight hundred muskets, five cannon, and a large amount of money and valuable goods. Seven hundred prisoners were treated with great humanity, an example lost upon his Spanish adversaries.

Calleja, who had defeated Hidalgo, drove the patriot congress from Zitacuaro and utterly destroyed the town (excepting the churches) and shot every tenth man of the unfortunate citizens. Later he besieged Morelos in Cuautla, but his initial attack was repulsed with so great loss that he sent for a siege train before attempting anything further against the city. For a month, from April 4 to May 2, his batteries thundered against Cuautla, but provisions and ammunition began to fail and Morelos decided to evacuate the city

and if pursued to scatter his men in small parties with orders to reunite at Izucar. Two Spanish trenches were safely passed in the darkness, but the bridging of a barranca with fascines carried by the Indians aroused the camps, and the Spaniards, falling upon the rear-guard, killed and captured less than twenty men, only to find that Morelos and his army had mysteriously vanished away. The next day Calleja hesitated to enter the undefended city, but when he did, wreaked his vengeance on the town and its unoffending people as he had done at Zitacuaro. Don Leonardo Bravo, the gallant father of three brothers, famed in the history of those wars, was taken prisoner with the few of the rear guard who did not escape. Nicholas Bravo, his son, offered three hundred prisoners in exchange, but the Viceroy Vanegas refused and executed Don Leonardo forthwith. Don Nicolas at once freed his Spanish prisoners, saying "that he might not be able to resist the constant temptation to avenge his father's death which their presence inspired."

ACAPULCO fell again into the hands of Morelos, but on December 23, 1813, Morelos was defeated by Iturbide near Valladolid, and again beaten at Puruaran, where the Padre Matamoros, another of the church militant, was captured. Morelos offered many Spanish prisoners in exchange, but Calleja, who had succeeded Vanegas as viceroy, refused all offers, and Matamoros, degraded from his priesthood, was shot, and the Spanish prisoners this time shared the same fate. Two weeks later Morelos, on the way to join Don Teran in an attack on Tehuacan in La Puebla, with only five hundred men, was suddenly attacked by an overwhelming Spanish force January 15, 1814. He at once ordered Nicolas Bravo, the only survivor of the three brothers, to save the main body, while he with his *escorta*, or body-guard, held the enemy at bay for a while. "My life," he said calmly, "is of little consequence provided the Congress be saved. My race was run from the moment that I saw an independent government established." So great was the fear inspired by his very name that although most of his fifty men retreated one by one

as the Spanish fire came hotter and fiercer from front and flank, it was not until only one man stood beside him that the Spaniards rushed in and bore down the hero who had sought in vain to die sword in hand for his country. His brutal captors stripped and bound him, loaded him with chains, and carried him before General Concha at Tescmalaca. Concha, however, appears to have been the one exception to the brutal type of "Spanish chivalry" which has generally figured in the wars of Mexico. He received Morelos with respect and treated him with the greatest humanity and attention.

Arrived at Mexico, Morelos was publicly degraded as an excommunicated priest, and on December 22, 1815, was removed from the prison of the Inquisition to the Hospital of San Cristoval for execution. He dined with Concha, embraced and thanked him warmly for his many kindnesses, made his last confession, walked serenely to the little plot of lawn back of the hospital where the firing party were already drawn up, and made his last appeal to the All-Father: "Lord! if I have done well Thou knowest it; if ill, to Thy infinite mercy I commit myself."

So saying, he tied his own handkerchief around his eyes, gave the signal for the soldiers to fire, and died as bravely as he had fought on many a stricken field. After his death the military organization of the liberators fell to pieces. General Teran had dissolved the Congress at Tehuacan, December 15, 1815, because it had voted its members salaries of \$6,000 a year, and had taken entire control of all monies and disbursements, making even Teran a mere dependent. All the other chiefs refused to remit any funds to them, and Teran alone could not supply their demands and bear their caprices. But there was now no bond of union or center of information, and one by one the little armies melted away until the partisan had almost become a brigand.

Apodaca, the new viceroy, promised amnesty to all who would come back to their allegiance. Strong reinforcements from Spain held most of the cities and states in check, and while considerable fighting still went on, the old regime continued until 1821.

General Teran fought on with varying fortunes until January 21, 1817, when he was obliged to surrender to General Bracho. He lived to be minister of war in independent Mexico, and to represent her at the court of England. Don Ignacio Rayon threw himself into the fastnesses of the Valladolid ranges and held his headquarters, the almost impregnable Cerro de Corporo, for two years after defeating Generals Llano and Iturbide, March



DON JOSE MARIA MORELOS

Priest, patriot and martyr in the revolution of 1810.
Shot at Mexico City, December 22, 1815

4, 1815. It was taken in his absence by General Aguirre, January 2, 1817, and Rayon himself captured by Armijo, pined in prison at Mexico City until 1821, when he took service under Iturbide and was a General in 1828.

Nicolas Bravo, also captured by Armijo, was imprisoned until Iturbide revolted in 1821, and supported him until he usurped the throne of Mexico, when he aided in his overthrow. He became the first vice-president of the republic under Guadalupe Victoria, who for two years after Morelos had sent him to the Vera Cruz district in 1814, was the constant source of loss and apprehension to all who

needs must travel the great highway from Vera Cruz to the capital. He seldom had over two thousand men under him at a time, and these once engaged, victorious and loaded with booty, melted into the scattered villages and ranchos of the mountains, while Victoria with a small force kept the entrenched heights commanding the King's Bridge, St. John's Bridge and other passes by which the "King's," now the "National Road," leads up from the port of Vera Cruz to the tableland of Central Mexico. At Puente del Rey, he held back for many months in 1815, Colonel Aguila with a convoy of six thousand mules guarded by two thousand men, which was six months in reaching the capital. It took three thousand Spanish troops and the establishment of fortified posts all the way through the mountain passes to wear out and disperse Victoria's partisans, and when he could no longer fight, he refused the pardon and inducements held out by the merciful viceroy, Apodaca, and took to the mountains without resources, solitary and alone. For a time the faithful Indians brought him food, but a thousand men hunted him "like a partridge in the mountains," and destroyed without mercy any ranch or village known to have given him succor. His escapes from death or captivity were innumerable, and his sufferings from hunger, cold and lack of clothing and shelter almost unbelievable. For thirty months he is said never to have tasted bread, or to have talked with a human being. At last a dead body was found and identified as the dreaded outlaw, Victoria, and he was no longer hunted as before. When Iturbide declared the independence of Mexico, a faithful Indian partisan who with many others joined in a six weeks' search for their old commander, found the imprint of a naked foot, which he believed was that of his old master. Suspending from a tree four tortillas, all the food he had left, he hastened home, to return with more food for a longer search. Victoria on finding the cakes, declared that having had no bread for nearly two years, he devoured them all before it occurred to him that there might be some motive in thus leaving them in the wilderness. He was accordingly rewarded for two days of

"watchful waiting" by seeing his old follower approaching the spot, but on stepping out to meet him, the apparition of an emaciated, unshaven, long-haired wreck of a man, garbed only in a tattered cotton robe and armed with a sword, was too much for the hunter's nerves and he took to his heels. Hearing himself called by name, however, he took courage and affected beyond measure at thus meeting his old general, took him to his village, where he was received as one risen from the dead.

Once restored to health and strength, he induced all Vera Cruz except the fortified towns to rise against the Spaniard, and joined Iturbide, but opposed his usurpation, and was driven back to his mountains until he came back with his Jarochoes to tear Iturbide from his throne.

In 1817 Don Xavier Mina fitted out an expedition from near Baltimore and joined another partisan priest, Padre Torres, in the fertile Baxio de Guanajuato, but after some brilliant but unimportant successes was captured by treachery October 27 and executed near Remedios, November 11 of the same year. Thus ended the first revolution, which, like our own, was not aimed at the kingly authority, but only at its abuses, and designed only to make Mexico an independent colony of the Spanish empire. Spain and the Gachupinos of Mexico opposed even this moderate measure of constitutional freedom with relentless vigor and massacres, executions, the destruction of villages and cities, and outrages innumerable.

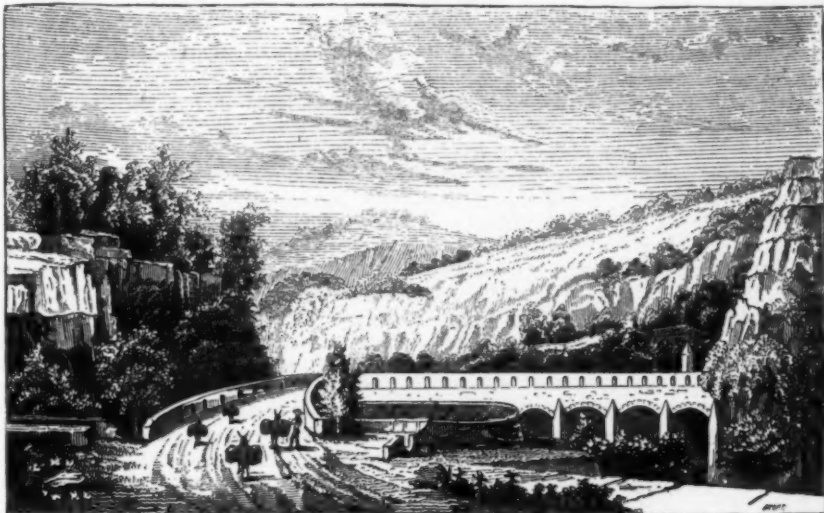
AMONG the Mexicans who became the willing and cruel champions of the royal tyrant, Don Augustin Iturbide stands pre-eminent in military success, cruel repression, religious hypocrisy and that suave diplomacy in which the bland Latin-American so often outgenerals the more direct and outspoken Saxon. A mere lieutenant in the Valladolid militia in 1810, he claims that Hidalgo offered him a commission as lieutenant general, which he refused because of the outrages on Spanish citizens, but the more generous aims and practices of Morelos, Teran, Bravo and others found no answering kindly and patriotic recognition. In his

own review of his life and services appears this very euphemistic account of his services to the viceroys: "I engaged with the enemy as often as he offered battle, or as I came near him, frequently with inferior numbers on my part. I led the sieges of several fortified places from which I dislodged the enemy, and *I rendered them incapable of serving afterwards as asylums for the discontented.*" Given an independent command in the Baxio de Guanajuato, he wrote after the battle of Salvatierra to

under Guerrero, but on February 24, with the approbation of the officers of his army, propounded "The Plan of Aguila," which provided:

First, that Mexico should become an independent empire, under the king of Spain, if he would consent to reside in America; if not, under any prince of the royal family who in due succession should be offered and accept the crown.

Second, that the Roman Catholic religion should be supported and all the rights,



THE NATIONAL (FORMERLY KING'S) BRIDGE ON THE ROAD FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO CITY, 1846. THE SCENE OF MANY BATTLES AND TRAGEDIES

the viceroy: "In honor of the day (Good Friday), I have just ordered three hundred excommunicados to be shot." Later, charged with rapacity and extortion by the Countess-dowager of Rui, and the heads of the Alaman family, with other loyalists of Queretaro and Guanajuato, he was recalled to Mexico, resigned his commission, and although he claimed a complete acquittal, and an offer to restore his rank in the army with permission to sue his slanderers, he retired into private life, becoming a prime favorite with the higher church dignitaries for his extreme devotional enthusiasm and practices.

In February, 1821, Iturbide was sent by the viceroy to act against the insurgents

immunities and property of the clergy preserved and secured.

Third, that all the inhabitants of Mexico, whatever might be their birthplace or descent, should enjoy the same civil rights.

These propositions were, on March 2, proclaimed to the army, who received them with enthusiasm and forthwith assumed the colors and title of "The Army of the Three Guarantees." Guerrero added his forces to those of Iturbide; Victoria led his mountaineers from Vera Cruz; Colonel Bustamante turned over his regiment at San Luis Potosi, and Santa Anna was thundering at the gates of Vera Cruz. Even the viceroy Apodaca made no move to check the revolution, and was

in consequence deposed by the Spanish garrison under General Novella. But before any hostilities took place in Central Mexico a new Captain-General, Don Juan O'Donoju, arrived at Vera Cruz from Spain, who seeing at once that he had no power to resist Iturbide and his associates, negotiated with him the "Treaty of Cordova" August 24, 1821, by which the independence of Mexico under "The Plan of Iguala" was declared and recognized. Two commissioners were forthwith dispatched to Madrid to offer the throne of Mexico to the King of Spain or a prince of his house, and the Army of the Three Guarantees entered Mexico City, September 27, on which day Iturbide appointed a junta, presided over by the Bishop of Puebla, which summoned a Cortes to meet in February, 1822, and forming a regency, made Iturbide president and generalissimo, with a salary of \$120,000 per annum. Poor O'Donoju did not live to learn the reception of the news in Spain, but broken-hearted and despondent, died at the capital, October 8, shortly after his arrival in the city.

The court of Spain would have nothing to do with the new constitution, and declared null and void the Treaty of Cordova, declaring forcibly that the power of Spain would be used to the utmost in restoring the former methods of administration in New Spain. This threat had no terrors for the initiated, who knew the utter weakness and exhaustion of the mother country, but was sufficient to aid his supporters to proclaim Iturbide emperor under the title of Augustin I, May 18, 1822. On June 22 of the same year the same servile congress declared the royal succession hereditary in the family of the new emperor, constituting his eldest son "Prince of the Empire," the other sons "Mexican princes," his father "Prince of the Union," and his sister "The Princess de Iturbide." The first provisional junta voted him a million dollars out of the property of the extinct Inquisition and twenty square leagues of land in the interior of Mexico. The congress which succeeded the Junta decreed that his expenses, whatever they might be, should be paid by the treasury, and the Junta that succeeded the congress dissolved by Iturbide voted him an annuity of \$1,500,000.

After this the empire of Iturbide hastened rapidly to extinction; Santa Anna, Guadalupe, Victoria, Nicolas Bravo, General Echivarri, and other leaders rose against him, and a pronunciamento, called the "Act of Casas Matas," declared the plan of Iguala superseded, and guaranteed to Mexico a republican form of government.

ITURBIDE made no fight for the royal dignity or the hereditary empery of his line, but abdicated March 19, 1823, just ten months after he had been acclaimed emperor. On the 11th of May he embarked for Leghorn, Italy. Congress annulled the acts creating him emperor, etc., but voted him an annuity of twenty-five thousand dollars provided that he should continue to reside in some part of Italy, and after his death an unconditional annuity of eighteen thousand dollars to his family. Later another act was passed forbidding him on pain of death to return into Mexico. Of this law he is said to have been ignorant, but being persuaded by some of his former associates to return into Mexico, he landed at Soto la Marina, July 8, 1824. He was almost immediately arrested by General Garza, sentenced by the Mexican congress to be shot, and died bravely, claiming to the last that he had sought only the best interests of the Mexican people.

A long statement made at Leghorn previous to his fatal voyage to Mexico is worthy of consideration today, not only in connection with the Mexican problem, but with the academic theories which urge the speedy independence of the Philippines. He wrote: "The republicans were hostile to me because they well knew they could never bring me to contribute to the establishment of a government which, whatever its attractions, did not suit the Mexicans. Nature produces nothing by sudden leaps; she operates by intermediate degrees. The moral world follows the laws of the physical. To think that we could emerge all at once from a state of debasement such as that of slavery, and from a state of ignorance such as had been inflicted upon us for three hundred years, during which we had neither books nor instructors, and the possession of knowledge had been thought a sufficient cause for persecution; to think that we could gain

information and refinement in a moment as if by enchantment; that we could acquire every virtue, forget prejudices, and give up false pretensions was a vain expectation, and could only have entered into the visions of an enthusiast."

Iturbide was succeeded by Guadeloupe Victoria, the first president of the republic, and Nicolas Bravo, the last survivor of the four great champions of his house, became vice-president, after an interregnum of about a year, during which time a commission of three held the executive power and arranged an election of an assembly which framed a constitution solemnly proclaimed October 4, 1824, much resembling that of the United States, except that the Catholic Church was recognized to the exclusion of all others, and there was no provision for trial by jury.

The *de facto* independence of Mexico had been recognized by the United States in May, 1822, and in 1825 Mr. Poinsett, minister plenipotentiary from the United States, and Mr. Ward, representing Great Britain, first represented great powers at the capital of the new republic. Under Victoria many Spaniards were banished; there were several minor revolts and executions, and in 1829 General Barradas sailed from Havana, with forty-five hundred men, convoyed by a seventy-four gun ship of the line, two frigate and several corvettes, and landed at Tampico, whence, leaving a garrison of one thousand men, he marched into the interior with the remainder. On August 1 Santa Anna captured this force and the town, but was obliged to retreat on the return of Barradas, who was at once besieged in Tampico and actually capitulated September 11, returning to Havana with less than half of the force with which he had attempted this last effort of Spain to hold her Mexican possessions.

The second presidential election in

1828 turned, curiously enough, very largely on the question of whether the York or the Scottish rites and authority in Masonry should be in the ascendant. Masonic lodges according to the Scottish rite had long existed in Mexico, and their meetings had largely served as a cover for revolutionary plotters, but after the secession from Spain seem to have become controlled



MEXICAN LANCERS IN MEXICO CITY, 1846

by the aristocratic or Tory party. Their Grand Master, General Bravo, had been supported chiefly by them for the presidency, and although he qualified as vice-president under Victoria, he eventually headed a revolt against him, but was defeated by Guerrero, and banished from Mexico. Mr. Poinsett during his embassy at Mexico, secured from De Witt Clinton of New York, then Grand Master, a charter for a York lodge at the capital. This gave a new impetus to the establishment of lodges of this branch of the order, and

the terms *Yorkino* and *Escocesse* became partisan terms answering to Whig and Tory in England. The *Yorkinos* supported General Guerrero, a leader in the war for independence, and the *Escocesses* General Gomez Pedraza, who was returned as having the most votes. Santa Anna raising an army, then occupied the fortress of Perote, and proclaimed the election of Pedraza fraudulent, but was besieged by order of President Victoria, and declared an outlaw. Zavala, then governor of the state of Mexico, was suspected of complicity with Santa Anna, but escaped and so arranged that a strong body of troops seized a large building filled with arms and raised the cry of "Viva Guerrero." Nearly all foreigners except the American legation left the city, and for three days Mexico was a scene of disorder and pillage. A new election was held and Guerrero elected president, with Anastasia Bustamente as vice-president. They were inaugurated April 1, 1829, and Santa Anna was made general-in-chief of the armies of the republic. Long before the close of his term, Bustamente, supported by Santa Anna, rose against Guerrero, declared him an outlaw, tried him by a military tribunal, and shot him; the usual and succinct Mexican substitute for the slower and more uncertain process of Congressional impeachment.

BUSTAMENTE soon threw off any semblance of constitutional restraint, and through his orders, backed by the military arm, Mexico again became an oppressed and unhappy country, in which the *Gachupinos* and other dominant clerical and professional classes continued for their own benefit the extortion and robbery which had heretofore enriched the Audiencia, and the house of Bourbon. Santa Anna, the evil genius of Mexico, again posed as her deliverer; deposed by force of arms Bustamente, his late fellow-conspirator, and restored Pedraza, whose term was now nearly expired. Returning to his vast estates near Vera Cruz, Santa Anna awaited, like a second Cincinnatus, the sure rewards of his public services. He was elected president in 1833, and in his first message, January, 1833, plainly intimated that the people of Mexico were

unworthy of a free government, whereupon the congress, the tools of his will, abolished the Constitution of 1824, with all state constitutions and state authorities. The States of Zacatecas and Texas alone defied the tyrant, and Santa Anna, who had again and again owed everything to the valor of the Zacatecan militia, dared not meet them in the field, but sent certain officers to join in their resistance and offer their services to discipline and lead their raw levies. These succeeded in so exposing the Zacatecans outside the city that a sudden attack destroyed half their number, and the rest were driven into the city, where military executions, and every wrong and outrage conceivable wreaked the merciless vengeance of Santa Anna.

Texas alone remained unconquered; Texas, to whom in the earliest years of her independence Mexico had invited the riflemen of the Southern States to curb the fierce "Indios Bravos," the Lipans, Comanches, Wacoos, Arapahos and Apaches, who had long before driven out or destroyed the feeble Mexican population, and now were carrying their annual raids into Central Mexico as far south as Durango. Besides the general guarantees of the Mexican Constitution unusual privileges and franchises were conferred on the Texans by special acts, and Samuel Austin and his associates soon planted in Texas settlements which not only held their own against the fierce "Horse Indians," but raised a body of "Texan Rangers" whose activity and courage soon drove the savage enemy out of the occupied zone.

Under Bustamente in 1830 every right granted to Texas was revoked; Americans forbidden to take up the lands already granted; customs dues exacted; the harbors closed to commerce; citizens arrested and even the envoy who bore the protest of the Texans against the abolition of their grants and privileges. When Santa Anna rose against Bustamente he gained his earliest successes in and through Texas, and Stephen Austin took a memorial to Mexico City, praying that Texas be made an independent state of Mexico, instead of remaining a mere appendage to Coahuila. Tired of empty assurances and exasperating delays, Austin wrote to his

associates to prepare to form a state government in accordance with the Constitution of 1824 without further waiting. His letter was opened and Austin, arrested at Saltillo, was long held prisoner in the cells of the Inquisition.

Under Santa Anna, General Cos, left by the dictator to "regulate matters in Coahuila," dispersed the legislature, leaving Texas utterly without a government. The Indians became unusually troublesome, yet the Texans were ordered to deliver up their rifles, and to maintain only

seen enough of the utter rottenness of Mexican politics, and in September, 1835, issued a proclamation calling for the election of delegates to a general convention, and declaring "We must defend ourselves by force of arms." On October 2, 1835, a detachment sent by General Cos to disarm the people of Gonzales were repulsed and driven back to Bexar, and on the 13th Stephen Austin moved on San Antonio with three hundred and fifty men. Colonels Bowie and Fannin, attacked by four hundred Mexicans, killed 'sixty-seven and



GENERAL ARISTA, PRESIDENT SANTA ANNA AND MEXICAN LANCER OF THE GUARD, 1846

one ranger for every five hundred of the population, which would have given Texas only four hundred and fifty armed men.

The Texans at first formed only a provisional government and "Committees of Safety," but Colonel Travis, without orders, captured a few Mexican troops at the customs port of Anahuac, and sent them to Bexar, where commissioners were promptly sent to disavow Travis' action. But General Cos would hear of no excuse and made an abortive attempt to arrest the Texan leaders.

After two years of detention in Mexico, Stephen Austin was set free by Santa Anna, with strong protestations of esteem for himself and Texas, but Austin had

captured a cannon, losing only one man. Cos, although he had much the larger force, would not attack, and Burleson, who had succeeded Austin, was about to raise the siege when Colonel Milam, who had just escaped from Mexico, called for volunteers, saying, "Who will go with old Ben Milam into Antonio?" With one hundred and one riflemen Milam in four days' fighting, digging through the adobe walls of the houses, drove Cos and his forces into the Alamo, where five days later General Cos capitulated. With 1,105 men, two guns, and ammunition enough to protect them against the Indians, Cos crossed the Rio Grande beyond which he had advanced with the undoubted

purpose of mercilessly chastising the "insolent Gringos." The Texans lost Colonel Milam and one other man killed and twenty-seven wounded; the Mexicans several hundred killed and wounded, twenty-one guns, and large numbers of small arms and cartridges. On December 15, 1835, Goliad was attacked by a Mexican brigade, which ended in the surrender of the attacking force, which was paroled and sent back into Mexico.

Santa Anna then took the field with an overwhelming force, and Houston, realizing the impossibility of holding San Antonio and Goliad, with his small army, fell back, ordering the evacuation of both places. How Travis, Bowie, Davy Crockett and his companions held the tyrant and his thousands at bay for many days, giving their countrymen a priceless delay in which to save innocent lives and gather their forces together, has been often told. Suffice it to say that of one hundred and sixty-six souls in the Alamo, all perished, and that the Alamo with its proud inscription, "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none," still preserves the memory of the Texan heroes and of the cruel tyrant who spared neither woman in his lust nor man in his anger throughout a life without one redeeming feature. Colonel Fannin, having left Goliad to join Houston with three hundred and fifty men and nine field pieces, was overtaken and surrounded on an open prairie by General Urrea with about a thousand Mexicans and a hundred Indian riflemen from Campeachy, but repulsed the first day's attack. On the second morning the Mexicans were reinforced and Fannin surrendered on written stipulations: the wounded to be cared for and the troops paroled not to serve during the war. After the surrender all were massacred except twenty-seven who escaped to the woods; the wounded were butchered in their beds, after which a huge holocaust destroyed what the Mexicans did not care to carry away with the mangled victims of their barbarity.

ON April 21, 1836, Santa Anna met the Texan riflemen under Houston at San Jacinto. He had 1,500 veterans intrenched with artillery and supplies. Houston had

743 Texans and adventurous Americans hungry for vengeance. They came out of the forest which had sheltered them, an ununiformed, haggard and savage forlorn hope, each man with his long rifle at the trail, the bowie knife loose in its sheath or even gripped between the teeth, their hunter's caps pulled firmly down to shade the eyes, and each muscle and nerve tense and tingling with the lust of battle. A single life and drum played them into the fight; the "Twin Sisters," a brace of howitzers, sent charges of pebbles and metal scrap into the Mexican breastworks; the Texans fired a volley at close range and then dashed forward with cries of "Remember the Alamo," "Remember La Bahia" (Goliad, the locality of Fannin's Massacre).

Long before sunset Santa Anna had fled from the scene of his utter defeat, leaving 630 of his followers dead, 208 wounded and 522 others prisoners, with all his artillery, camp equipage, small arms and ammunition. He himself was captured a few days later and barely escaped execution, but he was just then the despot of Mexico, and at Velasco, on May 14, 1836, signed a treaty between the government of Texas and the government of Mexico by which hostilities were to cease, all Mexican troops to be withdrawn beyond the Rio Grande, indemnity to be paid by Mexico, and Texan independence acknowledged *with boundaries not beyond the Rio Grande*. General Filisola marched four thousand Mexicans back to Matamoros, and although Santa Anna promptly abrogated his treaty on his safe return to Mexico, there was a practical cessation of Mexican governmental attacks on the Texas frontiers. On March 1, 1837, the United States formally recognized the Lone Star Republic.

Then came up the question of annexation, but for nearly nine years this was delayed, although Texas was rightfully independent, and settled by men of our own land and blood. Finally on February 14, 1845, the Congress of the United States by joint resolution made Texas a state of the American Union. As Mexico had formally declared in August, 1843, that the admission of Texas would be considered equivalent to a declaration of war, it

was evidently up to Mexico to make her bluff good or acquiesce in the inevitable. Five days later the Mexican minister demanded his passports, and on March 28th all diplomatic relations with Mexico had come to an end.

But no immediate invasion of Texan territory took place until after Minister Slidell, sent to attempt to adjust all differences with Mexico, had been twice refused a formal reception by the Mexican administration, first by the Herrera cabinet December 21, 1845, and again by General Paredes, who succeeded to the dictatorship March 1, 1846.

This mission of Slidell, like that of John Lind, was an attempt to avert actual war with a nation unable to fight, with a fair hope of success; yet unwilling to keep its agreements, to pay its solemn obligations, to repress its officials from extortion and violence, or to refrain from insults to the flag and representatives of the United States.

In 1839, an Arbitration Commission was agreed upon and Baron Roeme appointed by the King of Prussia as umpire. It met at Washington in 1840, but after continual delays and evasions on the part of the Mexican commissioners, dissolved in 1842, with only a portion of the many claims adjusted. Among those substantiated and allowed were the confiscation of the American vessel *Cossack* by a decree of the Supreme Court of Justice of Mexico; the arrest and imprisonment of William Hallett and Zalmon Hull as spies, taken from the house of the American consul at Matamoras; the lives and losses of American merchants slain in the sack of Zacatecas, and especially the barbarities inflicted on a train of American traders, who, after having suffered great hardships and heavy losses at the hands of the Indians, sought protection and succor of the governor of Santa Fe, but apparently fell out of the frying-pan into the fire in trusting to the tender mercies of General Armijo. All, sick or well, sound or wounded, were started on foot for the capital, with orders to Salazar, the commandant, to kill all who could not keep up. Mr. Golphin, a merchant, who had, of course, lost all his goods and was too sick to walk, offered his shirt for a short ride, but was shot twice while

trying to remove the garment. Griffith, wounded by Indians, and Gates, dying of pneumonia, were both butchered and their ears cut off to evidence the fidelity with which the barbarous orders of the governor had been obeyed. George Wilkins Kendall, a traveler whose passport and letters from Mexican authorities did not save him from abuse and imprisonment, then wrote what might well be repeated today, in the twentieth century,



GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR

and in the bonds of the fraternal ties of the Latin American republics:

"The fact is notorious that a fear of losing political influence has induced those in power (in the United States) to sacrifice the independence and jeopard the honor of their country on more occasions than one. Full well does the Mexican government understand this weak point in our foreign policy, else we never should hear of our countrymen being arrested, denied a hearing, thrust into loathsome prisons among malefactors, compelled to labor in chains, and all to gratify the caprice or feed the revenge of some such tyrant as Santa Anna"—or may we add—Huerta?

Among other barbarities of the earlier years was the massacre by General Urrea

of all the wounded and prisoners after a fight at Agua Dulce. Only one man was spared, a Dr. Grant, who was promised his life and passports if he would care for the Mexican wounded. After he had completed his work of mercy he was told, "Here is your passport," and, bound to wild horses, was torn to pieces.

When the Commission on Claims adjourned in 1842 one hundred and eighty-two claims had been allowed, leaving many unadjusted. The sum of \$2,026,139.68 was found to be due the United States. There were in dispute between the American and Mexican Commissioners \$928,627.08 more upon which the umpire could not decide within the time assigned him. The claims never reached amounted to \$3,336,837.05, and these last two items were never adjusted until after the Mexican War. Then Mexico pleaded poverty and was allowed to pay first the interest due and the balance in twenty quarterly instalments, thus giving Mexico five years in which to pay about one-third of her just debts. Only the accrued interest and three quarterly instalments were paid by Mexico up to the close of the war.

IN August, 1845, General Taylor occupied Corpus Christi, where a customs district had been established by congress, and in March, 1846, moved to the banks of the Rio Grande opposite the city of Matamoras. Paredes having ordered General Arista to attack the American forces, several minor skirmishes caused some losses to the Americans, and as Point Isabel, his depot of supplies was threatened, Taylor marched to secure its safety, leaving Major Brown to hold a redoubt opposite Matamoras. On May 8 he was attacked by Arista with six thousand men of all arms, including a splendid array of lancers, then a favorite arm of the Mexican service. The efficiency of the American field artillery, which had recently been brought to especial quickness of movement and accuracy of fire, completely dislodged Arista's army, which was pursued the next day to Resaca de la Palma, where Arista was routed and driven across the Rio Grande. Returning to Fort Brown, it was found intact after a bombardment of one hundred and sixty consecutive hours, but Major

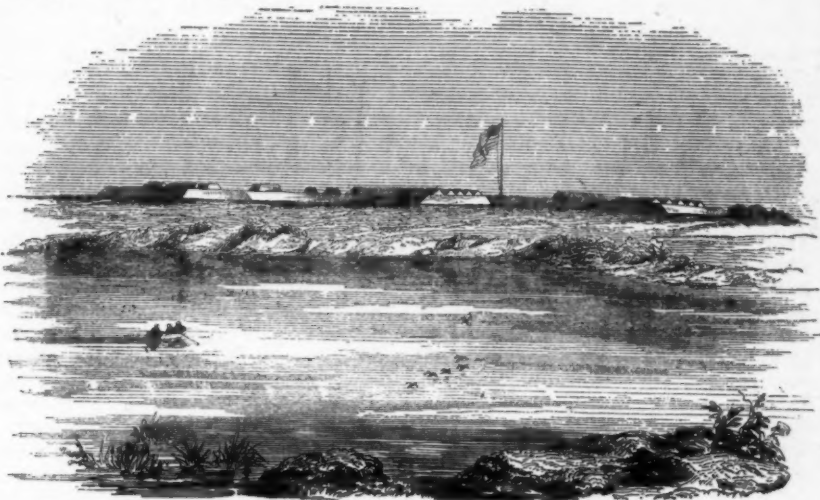
Brown was mortally wounded and died on the day of Taylor's return.

Matamoras surrendered. Taylor in October advanced upon Monterey, which General Ampudia evacuated with the honors of war September 24, 1846. On the 20th of February, 1847, learning of the advance of Santa Anna with a great army, Taylor fell back to Buena Vista, seven miles from Saltillo, where, after a fierce struggle on the 22d instant, Santa Anna retreated to raise another army. General Scott, having taken Vera Cruz, set out with only twelve thousand men to capture the City of Mexico by way of the high road which Victoria and Santa Anna himself had so often held against superior forces. The dictator now held the defile of Cerro Gordo with twenty thousand men strongly entrenched and well supplied with artillery.

Scott's plan of battle was set forth with Napoleonic confidence and terseness, and included a frontal attack and a flank movement by cutting a road through chaparral and across ravines considered impassable. His program was carried out, with scarcely a temporary check, and by meridian on April 18, Santa Anna's army was routed and the dictator himself in flight for Jalapa. Over three thousand prisoners, four thousand stands of arms, forty-three cannon and minor munitions, with between one thousand and twelve hundred killed and wounded fell into the hands of the victors, whose total loss out of eight thousand men engaged was only four hundred and thirty-one officers and men killed and wounded. So small was the American army that Scott felt compelled to parole his prisoners, break up and burn the muskets, and leave the heavy ordnance unguarded until he could spare the men and time to send them to Vera Cruz. On the 19th General Worth occupied Jalapa and continuing in pursuit found the fortified pass of La Hoya and its heavy ordnance undefended, and April 22 took possession of the fortress city of La Perote, with sixty-six pieces of artillery and a large amount of other munitions. Here the army halted and in May more than three thousand volunteers were sent home. General Worth again led the advance, and entered Puebla without opposition on May 15. Later a plot to poison

the American soldiery having been discovered, the greater part of the army encamped outside the city. Sufficient supplies being procurable, General Scott awaited reinforcements, and Mr. Trist, a peace envoy, attempted to open negotiations with the Mexican government. These men feared Santa Anna, and Santa Anna feared to jeopardize his own declining popularity, and no one dared to propose peace until the popular anger and desperation were salved by at least one victory.

and two hundred and fifty-two and one-half miles from Vera Cruz. All delays, diplomatic and otherwise, were ended, and the sword was to end the long dispute between the two peoples. On the fifth the American advance halted at Ayotla, fifteen miles from Mexico City, but Scott determined to make a detour and attack from the south and southwest of the city. August 17th found his forces at San Agustín on the Acapulco road, and only nine miles from the city.



FORT BROWN ON THE RIO GRANDE, OPPOSITE MATAMORAS, BOMBARDED IN 1846

A guerrilla warfare which had been so successful against the French in Spain was initiated by Canales, Cenobio, the Padre Jarauta, a Spanish priest, expelled from Spain for his cruelties during the Carlist revolt, and other leaders, both lay and clerical. Their chief operations were along the National Road between Vera Cruz and Perote, and the National Bridge was more than once barricaded to oppose an American advance or convoy. Small parties were sometimes cut off, and no quarter was given by the Guerrilleros, but the Americans could not be surprised and broken like European troops, and eventually the "little war" became unpopular and discredited.

In August Scott again advanced on Mexico about ninety miles from Puebla,

On the 18th, 19th and 20th the strong positions of Contreras and Churubusco were taken, with a loss to the enemy of 4,000 killed and wounded and 205 officers and 2,432 rank-and-file taken prisoners. The Americans lost 137 killed, 878 wounded and 40 missing.

Then began a useless armistice and a meeting of commissioners, in which the claims of the conquered exceeded in arrogance those of the victors, until it became evident at last that Latin diplomacy was only a cover for military preparation. The armistice ended September 7, and on the 8th, after a terrible onslaught, the cannon foundry of Molino del Rey and the Casa Mata, a very fortalice, were carried by assault under the guns of the castle of Chapultepec. Of over 12,000 Mexicans

in action, over 2,000 were killed and wounded and as many more were lost by desertion and capture. The Americans lost out of 3,000 men in action, 784 officers and men.

On the 13th Chapultepec was captured and other defences so near to the walls of the city that shells and rockets could be thrown into the public square. On the 18th Santa Anna had evacuated the city and General Scott entered it in triumph. There was considerable street fighting by the *leperos* of the city, joined by the convicts which Santa Anna had let loose in leaving, but these disorders were quickly repressed. Many attempts were made in other parts of Mexico to cut off detachments of the American army, but no material success was achieved and the Mexican Congress decided that further resistance was impossible. On February 2, 1848, a treaty of peace was negotiated with Mr. Trist, the American commissioner, by which the boundaries of the United States as now existing were established, and Mexico received back her conquered cities with fifteen millions of dollars, and the United States assumed the payment of the Mexican damages not exceeding \$3,000,000.

The territory ceded to the United States at that time was largely an unknown wilderness over which Mexico had no settled jurisdiction, and in which a very sparse population had established itself at a few points. That nearest the Rio Grande was the haunt of the most savage and warlike of the "Horse Indians," who for many years after the Mexican War made annual and desultory raids on the Mexican haciendas and villages, and were left unchecked by the state and central governments. The discovery of gold in California had not taken place and the wonderful growth of fruit-bearing California was not even dreamed of. But while other nations have chastised Mexican injuries and exacted indemnities, and France and England have combined to destroy the republic, and been checkmated by American diplomacy; although America was the first power to recognize her existence as a nation and has borne patiently many injuries and insults, she is today misunderstood and hated by a very large part of the Mexican people, and it is very doubtful if any forbearance on our part, or any good offices whatsoever will ensure our people safety and justice in the Mexican Land of Unrest.

IS BINN BEUL NA THOSD*

By SEUMAS MACMANUS

Author of "Donegal Fairy Stories," etc.

Is binn beul na thosd! That mouth is sweet
Which prattles not the stumblings of a brother.
But in its very muteness doth entreat
That we more gently bear with one another.

Is binn beul na thosd! That mouth is sweet
Which trumpets not the woes that we inherit.
But seals the lips till at Death's welcome feet
The burden's laid and freed the weary spirit.

Is binn beul na thosd! Melodious
As grandest organ to high heaven pealing;
As pleasing to his lofty sense, and us,
Is that mouth, man's unceasing murmurs sealing.

*A Gaelic proverb literally signifying "The silent mouth is melodious."

LET'S TALK IT OVER



THERE is exhilaration in the distinction of being a celebrated Nobody, going about the world mixing with noted people and plain people, and yet escaping the state of a real celebrity. The age-old craving for liberty is felt again in this enlightened time mingling among men who are eminent, famous or notorious.

Many real celebrities and notables are prisoners in the manner portrayed by the novelist who tells us of Lady Vere de Vaux or the Countess de Luxe, the wealthy heiress or social queen, craving the freedom of pastoral life, amidst the luxurious but prison walls of the castle, chateau or an American summer castle at Bucksport or Newport. The eyes of the fortune-hunting maids *en tour a la Martha*, with a "last rose of summer" smile, see visions of happiness in planning to settle for real life. Every age has its problems. At some time or other during our existence we seriously suggest our solvent for all evils and begin philosophizing at resort hotels, where we have not the wealth to tarry long.

This is not real philosophy, only observation. It is written on embossed hotel paper, and here are the notes: Got up early; found the blond-haired porter arranging the rocking chairs in military array on the solid cement veranda. Late last night I saw them all swaying in the wind and rain to the rhythm of the breakers; in the farther corner sat a young man

muttering, "I am as broke as the breakers," as he thought of that last gamè. He looked in at the ball room and saw Her dancing the red pepper tango in the embrace of a rival as the orchestra rattled out ragtime. Fond mammas, fat and lean, looked on. Little girls under ten with long hair danced with little fat boys with linen collars, and the front, back and side stepping continued until the cornetist turned bugler and sounded the reveille. The be-diamonded ladies at the card tables yawned as the little groups broke up one by one. Before retiring they tripped over to the water tank as 'twere a purling brook. The costumes and toilets that had taken hours and thousands of dollars' original investment to prepare had flashed in butterfly brilliance in the soft light of the "lounge." In America there must be a show room for costumes in well-regulated resort hotels as well as sample rooms for the drummer.

Here I sat—a Nobody—and heard tales of the young lady who wore one of her dozen costumes each night of the stay, then moved on north like a bird of passage with her sartorial plumage repertoire to dazzle the stray young society molly-coddles that escape the rigors of hot weather and real work. In the right wing was a well-known millionaire, followed by a retinue of secretaries, doctors, maids and servitors. Never alone was he. Curious eyes looked upon him as the whisper passed along, "There he is, there he is," for "Who's who" is the text of the piazza chat. That was his reward for the few years left to hobble about. He could not

go out with the freedom of a Nobody and get an oyster stew or an egg sandwich and save the time, the money and tips of the fashionable grill room. Some one might see him and wonder. He was a prisoner and denied many things, but he thought and dreamed he possessed power of the realm in his money. With all this he was denied the liberty of the Nobodies, who look on as the chorus of the play enacted by Americans in their wild pursuit of pleasure—pleasure that can be exhibited with two lines on the society page in the Sunday papers. Fashion reigns supreme. Green wigs wag knowingly and the gay world goes right on, seeking something new, ragingly new, while the "knew" and the "know" on the tree of knowledge remains the same old rare fruitage in the life of Nobodies and Somebodies.

* * *

ONE enthusiastic subscriber calls attention to the fact that the NATIONAL MAGAZINE comprehensively presents more timely matter concerning Mexico than all the other periodicals combined. Modesty forbids even checking the enthusiastic reader, but it is true that more facts and more articles on the Mexican situation have been treated in the NATIONAL than in other current magazines. This fact has only served to whet the appetite of our readers for information that tingles with incident, and we would like to receive data or information concerning the situation in Mexico that would be of interest; especially would we like to hear from those who have had personal experiences in the present revolution and have met with suffering and loss.

We believe in this way a great deal of information would be secured that does not come to light in congressional hearings or from official sources. We want to get the truth, the vital facts, for we feel that the people of this country want to know all that possibly can be known concerning the causes that have led up to the present situation in Mexico.

Now if you have any friend who has been in Mexico, please ask him to send in his experiences; special interest is attached to those that may not have been published in the newspaper dispatches or

are relegated to oblivion in the interests of diplomacy. The presentation of these facts by people in all parts of the United States who have been in Mexico may lead to a more speedy adjustment of matters when peace is declared and make it easier to secure the necessary witnesses, data, and testimony while they are still alive for presenting information that should be a matter of public record and assist in the equitable adjustment of the claims of all Americans who have suffered because of the situation in Mexico. It would be well for each contributor to also give in the names of others who are informed of such facts so that we can present a symposium of Mexican stories thoroughly fortified and substantiated by irrefragable proof.

* * *

"Did you ever feel the pleasure that comes from being kind,
Or the joy of some unselfish act that lingered in your mind?
Did you ever feel the tingle of self-respect that stirred
When you stood up nobly for a friend and killed the slanderous word?
If so, you've tasted all the pleasures that come from true success,
For *success* is being noble—nothing more and nothing less."

HOW curious it is that a bit of verse or a quotation will be easily memorized and constantly recalled when it just hits the mark. In chatting with Senator Dowdell of South Dakota some time ago he gave the above definition of "Success" which he read some fifteen years ago. It just sunk itself into his memory, and he has frequently used it since, though he cannot now recall the source of the verse or its author. One who could write such inspiring lines surely ought to be remembered, and we will welcome any clue as to his identity. The little quotation referred to was not called "Success," but we gave it this title as that word has a charm appropriate for any selection.

This search calls to mind the numerous letters received about "Heart Throbs," Volume III, which we have in contemplation. We would be glad to hear from all readers who have Volumes I and II who would be interested in another campaign for preserving in book form favorite bits of prose and poetry.

A VAST army of transients, estimated at from two hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred thousand per day, coupled with a marked tendency for hotel life on the part of its citizens, gives New York prominence as a hotel city. For years a movement has been carried on by the City Hotel Association to make the metropolis of the western world a summer resort for the thousands of people living inland. In the cosmopolitan life of a great city there is always enough to satisfy the sight-seeing instinct which most people possess, and the proximity of the well-known beaches is an added inducement. The objection that the city in summer is hot and dusty is easily overruled, for in a large airy room on the high floors of a New York hotel, one is always assured of a cool breeze, no matter what the temperature is below.

During a conversation with Mr. Harry P. Stimson, managing director of Hotel Cumberland, and secretary of the City Hotel Association, he remarked that each year more and more people are spending their vacations in New York. "Here at the Cumberland," he said, "I have people who change places regularly—one goes away to the mountains while another comes to the city, and both get the change of scene and environment."

A native of the Green Mountain State and an honor graduate of Middlebury College, Mr. Stimson is the only New York hotel man who wears the coveted insignia of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, and this fact influences many college boys and societies to make the Cumberland their New York rendezvous. Mr. Stimson has all the charm of a real, old-fashioned "New England" host. No detail that could add to the comfort of his guest is overlooked; even the unwelcome fly that buzzes so annoyingly in the morning as one tries to sleep, has been shut out by screening every window and door of the big hotel,

a feature no other New York hotel has yet adopted. Upon the hardwood floors of the rooms is to be found the finest large collection of Oriental rugs in the world.

Mr. Stimson's success in the hotel field has been hardly short of marvelous. Trained as a scholar, educated as a banker, he was auditor for two of the largest hotels in New York. In reaching out for business his ideas are simple and unique.

One day he was talking with a man just returned from the West. "By the way,"



HARRY P. STIMSON

Managing director of Hotel Cumberland, and secretary of the City Hotel Association

observed the guest, "I saw an advertisement of your hotel in an inconspicuous local newspaper, away out in the wilds of the West; now, why did you place an ad where nobody would ever see it?" With a comical smile crinkling the corners of his mouth, Stimson retorted: "You saw it!" The man was forced to admit that such was the case. "And it impressed you a good deal more than if you'd found it in a big metropolitan publication!" The other had to admit this also, and as he did so there dawned upon him a great light.

FEW editors there are who ever confess disappointment when an author whose manuscript has been "returned" unexpectedly rises to prominence. Of course, there are so many reasons for returning manuscripts that it is often difficult to make contributors understand why they are "returned with thanks."

After speaking at the Authors' Club in Boston recently, I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Eleanor H. Porter, who has won the hearts of her readers with the inimitable and incomparable "Pollyanna," that charming little character lady whose bright smile and winning ways are just what one would expect after meeting the author who has given us that winsome simplicity which we all long for.

There was a twinkle in Mrs. Porter's eye when she told the editor, fearlessly, face to face, that he had sent back one of her manuscripts; and there was no blushing confusion on his part, for it was well remembered, and he frankly confessed that "he missed it that time." But Miss Pollyanna keeps going on and on, and if ten times more of her material had been published in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, greater enthusiasm concerning the work of the author of the "Glad Book" could not be found even in the home of her publishers.

"Miss Billy" owes her creation to Mrs. Porter, also, and her story is told in a series of novels, so charming and unique that there was a rush for the advance pages when it was announced that "Miss Billy—Married" was to appear. The opening chapter tells of the wedding and recalls many scenes and incidents of the ceremony and reception such as occur in every married couple's experience. Then begins a series of letters, frank and candid, just as would be expected from Eleanor

Porter, they are so full of the glad spirit. You just follow it on and on, in season and out of season, through the Christmas tide and on to the end in breathless suspense, until we find that the concluding chapter is made charmingly tender by a baby's hand. Bertram confesses his long regrets very low and tenderly, after hearing Billy's laughing confession that, like Aunt

Hannah's clock, some of her cogs had been getting out of place at first and concluding, with sweet seriousness, "If you just look at my face you will see I tell the right time, just as Aunt Hannah's clock always does. I shall tell the right time even if I do go off a half hour ahead."

From which follows the moral that matrimony is something like clocks, that have to go just so or they don't tell the time right, and that there are little cogs in everyday life that have to be filed so that the works will run

smoothly. There is a quaint and gladsome philosophy in the book from cover to cover. If more people would read books like "Miss Billy—Married," there would not be so many divorces between the married people of today.

In "Pollyanna," Miss Pollyanna is a character that surely wins you. Pollyanna is not a story girl; she is just an ordinary girl who walks right into friends and takes possession of their hearts. As for Miss Billy, she will live as one of the most charming characters in American fiction, so carefree and original, and to see this winsome character transformed into a young matron is a study of life worthy of the genius of Eleanor H. Porter.

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THE genius of the age is business. On that proposition all observers will agree. Years ago I recall a chat with Mr. A. W. Shaw, founder and organizer of



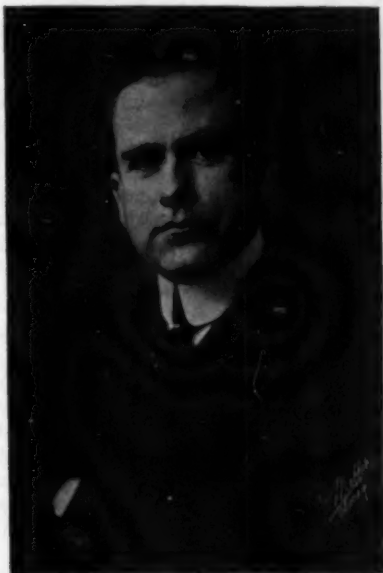
ELEANOR H. PORTER
Author of the "Miss Billy" series and
"Pollyanna"

System, a magazine of business. He had been interested in the manipulation of card index systems and new business devices, and unfolded in a glowing and enthusiastic way his ambitions for the future. His purpose was to make *System* and the name of Shaw synonymous with the searching out of successful business methods and circulating them for the benefit of all in business, and few men of his years have exercised a more potential and widespread influence upon business methods of the world today than A. W. Shaw of Chicago, whose publications are known the world over wherever business is transacted.

Naturally a modest man, he put the whole force of his personality into the work which developed by leaps and bounds. Now he has concluded that the work begun with *System* is too vital and important to be carried on entirely as personal propaganda. The height of this young man's ambition has been announced in a plan to have a Government Bureau of Business Practice. He says, "The facts about every phase of production, distribution and administration, of buying, selling, making and managing, could be gathered from the experience of efficient organizations and printed for the use and benefit of all business men." The path was blazed for this plan by individual initiative now to be expanded, as is the case of the agricultural and many other governmental departments. The purpose seems quite logical, for as Mr. Shaw insists, in making the internal economies of one notable successful concern, a national textbook could be made for general use throughout the country. The limitations of conducting this work as a private enterprise in providing comprehensive and complete information is apparent and in these days of all-powerful commissions and bureaus, we are drifting toward a bureaucracy form of government. It would seem that the business interests of the country were entitled to some consideration, inasmuch as business is undeniably a dominant force of the age. Mr. Shaw points out that the American business man has been playing the game alone, gauging his efforts with what he did this year and last year, but without standards inside or outside of his trade with which to measure

his own efforts on general lines. At the Harvard University a Bureau of Business Research has been established, and a great deal of work accomplished, but the information has been primarily gathered for educational purposes.

Mr. Shaw has carefully outlined the Government Bureau of Business Practice, and the proposition is meeting with enthusiastic response, because if the business men of the future are to meet the fierce problems of competition there must be some standard of national efficiency established, a sort of experiment and information station in business practice such



A. W. SHAW

Founder and organizer of *System*, a magazine of business

as has already been established for the benefit of farmers in the Agricultural Department. The necessity of meeting the problem of waste in manufacturing and merchandising has an important bearing upon the subject of the high cost of living which even the manipulation of tariffs and other legislation so far has been unable to accomplish to any marked degree. Mr. Shaw sums it up very effectively in a single paragraph, saying,

"National efficiency and national well-being are the sums of individual efficiency and individual well-being. Farms, factories, railroads, mines and stores are all bound up in a common circle of production and exchange. If any trade group bungles or slights its functions—overcharges or underserves—not only does the nation become a more backward factor in the world's business, but each group and each individual is involved and must help to pay the cost of that lost motion or wasted material.

* * *

ONE of the most artistic and finely illustrated books dealing with American scenery that has been submitted to the editor of the NATIONAL is John H. Williams' "The Mountain that was God,"* known to the Indians as "Tacoma" or "The Great Snow Peak," but christened in 1792, by Captain George Vancouver, "Mount Rainier," after a decidedly rotund and excessively English admiral, Sir Peter Rainier, and for a generation or two it appeared thus on all the maps and charts which paid any attention to the farthest Northwest. Major Theodore Winthrop, whose charming book, "Canoe and Saddle," began to give the splendid peak its ancient and melodious name, was one of the first victims of the great Civil War, killed at Big Bethel, in an obscure and desultory skirmish, which later in the war would have hardly received a passing thought from the general public. He was a lovable, chivalric and gifted gentleman and his name and memory are perpetuated in the grand and many-hued Winthrop Glacier.

The splendid tinted views of Tacoma, its rugged escarpments, crest of sun-tinted snow and glittering ice rivers, the surrounding forests, fertile valleys and mirror-like lakes and ponds, are veritable works of art and on a scale which does not materially lessen their beauty or dwarf their effect. The descriptive and collateral matter is in keeping with the subject, while the magnificent illustrations and Edna Dean Proctor's sympathetic and eloquent poem, "The Mountain Speaks,"

bring you into the actual presence of this "Monarch of the Coast."

Now comes Mr. Williams' sumptuous edition of "Canoe and Saddle," the text enriched by notes and Winthrop's own letters from the region, and the illustrations so profuse and beautiful that the cities of the East may well look to their laurels when such a book comes from Tacoma. Mr. Williams is doing noble, enduring work for the Northwest. His three volumes, "The Mountain that was God," "The Guardians of the Columbia," and this edition of "Canoe and Saddle," may make all appreciative Americans proud of their country, and should hold an honored place in every library.

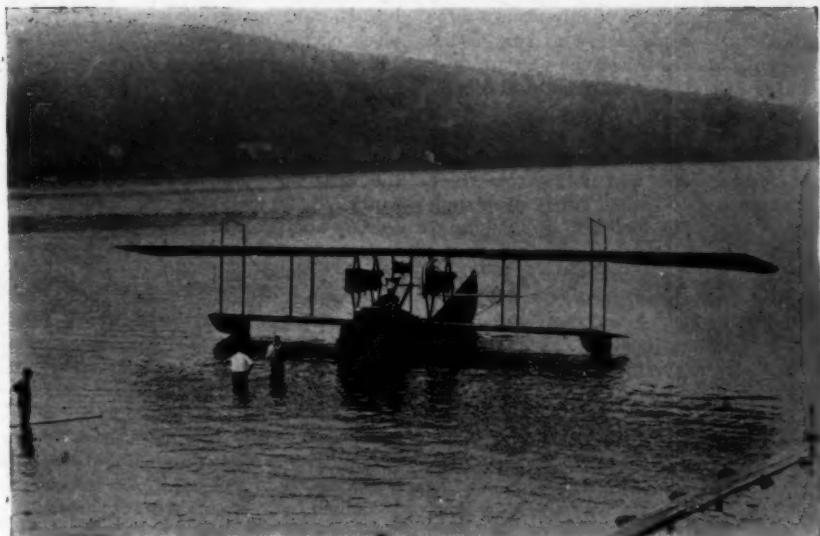
* * *

FROM Princeton, Kansas, Alice Elizabeth Wells writes the editor as follows in regard to the simple life:

"In response to 'Let's Talk it Over's' request for opinions of readers concerning 'the happiest life,' I come with the suggestion that a personality in harmony with conditions is the happiest one, whether on the farm or in the marketplace, in city or country, on the hilltop of popularity or in the valley where violets bloom. The whole secret of happiness exists in harmony.

"Years ago, when the little frame building of two or three rooms surrounded all household gods, the barn housed the team of dappled gray work horses, with stout harness hanging conveniently near, the straw shed covered the jersey cow, the poultry yard resounding with cackle and crow, we two were happy, as a matter of course. Contented? Not quite. The biggest part of our happiness resulted from dreams of the future, when the little house would develop into a fine mansion, the work horses and big wagon into a coach and four, the Jersey cow into a big herd of thoroughbreds. Looking backward, we live over again the joys, aspirations and achievements, forgetting the toil, sicknesses, disappointments when crops failed and stock died, the heartaches, headaches, backaches and feet aches, all of which were necessary and prominent factors in the achievements that followed. Yes, the successes did follow, as they always do when right factors are intelligently used

*"The Mountain that was God" or "Tacoma." By John H. Williams. G. P. Putnam Sons, New York and London. Magnificently illustrated. Price, \$1.50 net.



THE AMERICA

Rodman Wanamaker's transatlantic flier is thirty-four feet in length and six feet in depth: the upper wing spread is seventy-four feet, while that of the lower wing is forty-six feet. Its weight, fully loaded, is five thousand pounds, and the approximate speed is about sixty-two miles an hour in still air. Two motors of ninety and one hundred horse power respectively are mounted midway between the planes, whirring at the rate of thirteen hundred revolutions per minute. A third engine was added to insure lifting the America with load out of the water. Seven gasoline tanks hold 312 gallons, and two tanks mounted on the engine have a capacity of thirty gallons of lubricating oil.

in the working out of life's problem. Today, we have the modern comfortable home dreamed of, automobiles instead of coach and four, electric lights, hot and cold water, telephones, rural delivery of mails, gas and trolleys, without leaving the farm for the city. We have the fine stock, green lawns, modern conveniences, inside and out, and are happy in them. Happier than in youth? Yes, I am sure of it. Each day is better than yesterday. Happiness consisted in early life in exerting ourselves to the limit to create a future worthy of cherished ambitions. We were no bigger then than our kerosene lamps, dutifully cleaned and trimmed every day, the jean trousers proudly created for father and son by deft fingers of mother, the oat straw bed ticks annually renewed at housecleaning time, supplemented by huge featherbeds, also home products. This far in the house, while out of doors the farmer hopefully plodded after ox or horse team, from sun to sun, doing the milking and other chores before and after; drove to town every Saturday afternoon

with carefully shelled corn or winnowed wheat for the grist mill, happy because he was doing his best with material on hand.

"So as truly as the 'Chambered Nautilus' would have perished in his shell with no room for expansion, humanity everywhere must keep pace in material things with expansion of soul. This is no age for fossils. Progress is in the air. Achievement, possessions, growth of mental, moral and spiritual life and personality are not antagonistic to the simple heart. Where both exist in harmony, happiness prevails."

* * *

SOME new words and phrases are added yearly to our vernacular—Americanisms, as they are called in Europe—and their derivation is interesting. The common phrase of today of "jacking him up," used so generally, originated in 1870. A. Van Valkenburgh, a young lad, approached Engineer Conley at the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, at Sharon Valley, New York, using a jack to repair his engine running on a branch line of the railroad,

which had a trackage of only twenty-three miles, and a name almost as long as the railroad. It was called the "Delaware & Hudson, Cherry Valley, Sharon & Albany branch." Conley was raising the truck from the rail with a jack and was using some forcible language with reference to the fireman who was not getting there quick enough. Young Van Valkenburgh exclaimed, "Why don't you jack him up?" The expression became familiar among the railroad boys, and from that day "jack him up" was used whenever the boys were not right on the job and needed a talking to. Roadmaster James H. Dorsey adopted it and often gave inefficient subordinates a "jacking up."

Then there is the well-known old phrase, "Johnny Morgan plays the organ." It seems that Mr. Morgan used to give recitals in the Old Music Hall in Boston every afternoon, to which the women shoppers would drop in before or after they did their errands at the stores. That was before they had moving-picture shows and the phrase came into use that "Johnny Morgan plays the organ," and the other members of the family came trooping in to make the rhyme complete. There is something peculiar in the very sound of certain words that seem to strike the popular fancy and carry themselves on to the point where everybody begins repeating them unconsciously and then they keep on going until they have become a part of the vernacular.

This is characteristic today of the phrases used in advertising, and "there is a reason" will always be associated with the late Mr. C. W. Post, one of the best and most noted business characters in the last century, whose recent death is sincerely regretted, and whose great work goes right on with the numeration of original ideas.

You cannot hear "Eventually—Why not Now?" without thinking of Minneapolis and Gold Medal Flour. Benjamin S. Bull, advertising manager of the Washburn-Crosby Company, who originated this phrase, can hear it echoed in almost every part of the world. "Eventually—Why not Now?" has a sort of go and logic to it that is compelling and convincing.

And these phrases crowd in pages of magazines and newspapers and adorn bill-

boards, and many "eventually" find a place between the covers of dictionaries and encyclopedias.

* * *

THE man of today must still be strong physically as well as mentally to bear the wear and tear of the struggle and worry of life, quick to assert his rights and fearless and prompt in maintaining them; and the theories and sublimated policies of the scholar and philanthropist have never won success until they were backed by the strong arms and stout hearts of the masses of the people. Especially is this strength, courage and action necessary in the guidance of a nation, wherever the lives and property of her people are insolently and cruelly destroyed by a neighboring power who consider forbearance cowardice, and laugh at all considerations of humanity and national responsibility. Nations have no souls and very little collective morality in the way of shame or repentance for wrong-doing, and fear or actual punishment is usually the only remedy for such abuses.

Conflict from birth to death is the scheme of life, of men and nations alike, and the spirit that wins out for either is best voiced by Macaulay's Horatius as he left the council of the Conscript Fathers of Rome to defend the narrow bridge across the yellow Tiber, when Lars Porsenna of the Thirty Cities came up against the walls of Rome:

"Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate,
To every man upon the earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the hearthstones of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

Of what avail is it to point to our teeming millions, immense industries, wonderful inventions and the flag and its myriad traditions of honor and glory if the blood of our brothers and the agony "of women wronged beyond relief of tears" appeal to our patriotism and sense of justice in vain? What is it all worth if the most that Old Glory can substitute for the thrilling legends it once grandly bore is the cold-blooded injunction "You'd better get out of there and come home."

HOTEL EARLINGTON

27th Street, West of Broadway
NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PLAN

- Q A Step from Broadway.
- Q Absolutely Fireproof.
- Q Quiet as a Village at Night.
- Q Your Comfort Our Aim Always.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, front of house,
one person, \$2.50; two people, \$3.50. Why
pay more when our service is equalled only
by the best?

SINGLE ROOMS, \$1.00

E. W. WARFIELD, - - - Manager

Hotel San Remo

NEW YORK

Central Park West 74th and 75th Streets



One of the most attractively located hotels in
New York, commanding an extensive view of
Central Park. Within 15 minutes of everything
worth while.

Handsome suites and rooms with bath, at reasonable
rates. Special term rates to permanent guests.

Restaurant à la carte

also

Table d'hôte dinner served

PROTECT

YOUR

COMPLEXION

Every woman who spends the Summer at
the seashore, in the mountains or at some
watering place should take with her

GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream



to improve and beautify her
complexion and protect her
skin from the burning sun,
bleaching winds, and damp
night air.

The favorite for over 65
years.

Excellent for tan, pimples,
freckles and other blemishes
of the complexion.

At Drugists and Department Stores

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON, Props.

37 Great Jones St., New York



FREE

6 Handsome Photogravure
Art Posters in Sepia
Brown on heavy white
stock 19x10 with one
year's subscription to the

BASEBALL MAGAZINE

\$1.50 per year
Canadian \$2.00

Published the year round. On sale 10th of the month
15c per copy at all News Dealers.

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Send us 25c (stamps or coin) and we will mail you
prepaid one of these Art Posters and a Sample Copy.
If, after reading sample copy, you decide to subscribe,
you need only send \$1.25 additional for a year's sub-
scription. WRITE AT ONCE. This offer may be
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Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c for which send me art
poster and sample copy of B. B. Magazine, with the
understanding if I subscribe for one year, I need only
send \$1.25 additional.

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LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR the Little Helps found suited for use in this department we award six months' subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, your subscription must be paid in full to date in order to take advantage of this offer. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your Little Help does not appear it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes unless for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose stamped addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

OLIVE OIL WITH HONEY

BY B. T.

Olive oil is one of the finest flesh builders and nerve foods in the world, and I often wonder why parents do not give it to the children more than they do. Combined with honey, which is also valuable as a food and a blood purifier, it makes an ideal tonic, and the oil cannot be distinguished. Try a teaspoonful of each before meals or after, or with the meals; the amount may be increased if desired. In the absence of honey, any sweet fruit juice may be substituted, and makes a much more palatable combination than the acid juices, such as lemon, grape juice, etc., which are usually recommended as a disguise for the oil. Children, especially, prefer something sweet.

STITCHING LACE ON THIN GOODS

BY D. E. S.

When stitching lace on thin goods, place a piece of thin paper underneath the goods and it will not pucker; after it is stitched the paper is easily removed.

Covers for Comforters

When making comforts, if the cotton is placed in cheese-cloth before tacking, the tops may be removed and washed without disturbing the cotton.

EASY WAY TO CLEAN HARDWOOD FLOORS

BY J. A. B.

One of the easiest ways to clean hardwood floors is to use two tennis flannel bags on a broom—a thicker one underneath. Beat out often as it fills with dust. In that way the floors are not scratched and keep a nice polish.

Canning Fruits and Vegetables

In canning fruits and vegetables in cans with screw tops, they will keep much better if rubbers are dipped in hot liquid before sealing. This excludes all the air.

ELECTRIC LIGHT SHADES

BY M. F.

Simple electric light shades may be made from green China silk, in the shape of bags large enough to slip over the globes. They make the light soft and restful to the eyes.

Gathering Peaches

Melt the rim off an old tomato can, then screw it to a stick, as long as necessary to reach the peaches, and you can get each one separately, without bruising it. Put the can up underneath the peach, hitting it very gently, and it will drop into the can.

**Deaf Olde
SONGS**
For a Good Old Fashioned Sing



96 Pages 10c Only One 80
Every
Library

10c

96 Pages

**Words and
Music**

At 5 and 10c Stores

or will be mailed direct on receipt of
price and 4c additional for postage.

Chapple Publishing Co., Boston

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM**
OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
beautifies
the skin.
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth
Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and
every blemish on beauty, and defies
detection. It has stood the
test of 35 years; no other
has, and is so harmless
we taste it to be sure it is
properly made. Accept no
counterfeit of similar name. The
distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre
said to a lady of the *Harvard*
(a patient): "As you ladies will
use them, I recommend 'Gour-
aud's Cream' as the least harm-
ful of all the Skin preparations."
For sale by all druggists and
Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin
Irritations, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

Price 25 cents, by mail.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBLIME

Removes superfluous Hair. Price \$1.00, by mail.
WEND. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

Antikamnia
-FOR ALL PAIN-
HEADACHES NEURALGIA AND LAGRIPE TABLETS

Promptly Relieve
Periodic Headaches
Nervousness and
Insomnia

Ask for A-K Tablets

**WIRELESS RAILROAD
COMMERCIAL
TELEGRAPHY**

Classes form monthly, open all summer.
The Oldest and Largest School in the East.
Write for Catalogue. Special Summer Rate,
\$8 per month.

"You Know Us—Let Us Know You"

Correspondence Courses

BOSTON SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY

18 Boylston Street

BOSTON, MASS.

IF COMING TO NEW YORK
WHY PAY EXCESSIVE HOTEL RATES

THE CLENDENING 299 W. 163d St.
New York

Select, Homelike, Economical
Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Private Bath for
two persons \$2.00 daily to Parlor, three Bed-
rooms and Private Bath at \$4.00 per
day for the suite, not for each occupant.



Write for descriptive booklet O
with map of City

AGENTS

MONEY MADE obtaining members and organizing Lodges
for the most popular and progressive fraternal order. No
insurance. Geo. D. Bereth, South Bend, Ind.

MEN OF IDEAS

MEN OF IDEAS and inventive ability should write for new "Lists
of Needed Inventions." Patent Buyers and "How to Get Your
Patent and Your Money." Advice FREE. RANDOLPH & CO.,
Patent Attorneys, Dept. 81, Washington, D. C.

SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS

FOR SALE High-grade B & L microscope complete and
imported microtome, suitable for college or
laboratory use; in first-class condition; an exceptional bargain.
Address, J. C. DOW, care National Magazine, Boston, Mass.

A VACATION COMPANION

No. 602 "ULERY"
Pocket Knife Tool Kit

Just the thing for Boy Scouts

POCKET BOOK
KNIFE
REAMER
FILE
SAW
CHISEL
SCREW DRIVER
CORK PULLER
CAP LIFTER

ALL

9 in 1

Each tool
firmly attached
or detached
to knife
in a second



Always at hand for immediate
use, whether Camping, Boating,
Teaming, Driving, in the Shop,
Factory, Office, Store, Ware-
house, Automobile, on the Farm,
Bicycle, or around the Home.

Sent Postpaid on receipt of
price, \$2.35.

Use it five days and if not sat-
isfactory return it and we will
refund your money.

111 Warren Street **U. J. ULERY CO.** New York, N. Y.

THE HOME

GREEN ELDER SALVE

Take two pounds of fresh elder leaves and of the flowers, if in bloom, and two pounds of fresh (unsalted) lard and one of beef suet, perfectly clean, and if necessary purified by boiling with a tablespoonful of alum and an equal volume of water and washing the grease in several waters. Stew the elder leaves and flowers in this fat in a double boiler, until all water is evaporated, but do not let the ointment boil. Strain and press the ointment and pack in glass bottles, for use.

The salve, beautifully soft and green, and more or less perfumed by the flowers, is one of the finest and most soothing skin emollients ever used and very healing.

USES FOR GASOLINE

BY O. D. B.

Gasoline will remove wax and dirt from floors, and put them in splendid condition to be re-waxed. Gasoline is very good for cleaning the enamel in the bathroom, as it does not injure the surface, as articles containing lye will do, and by its application the dirt disappears like magic.

For Adding to Cook Book

Blank leaves pasted at intervals through a cook book will be found very handy for written recipes, which in this way will always be in their proper departments.

TO CLEAN SILVER

BY A. E. F.

Silver is very quickly and nicely cleaned by boiling in an aluminum kettle, in a suds made with ivory soap.

Stained Earthenware

If an earthen dish has become stained by overheating, boiling in soda water will remove the stain.

TO CLEAN THE HAIR

BY E. M. R.

Use a wire hair brush with a piece of absorbent cotton pressed firmly over the wire, to the back. Brush the hair twice a day; the dust and oil will adhere to the cotton, leaving the hair light and fluffy. This method of brushing the hair takes away the necessity of frequent washing, which is often injurious, especially to dry hair.

TO IRON SHIRT BOSOMS

BY N. F. W.

After ironing all parts of the shirt except the bosom, turn the body of the garment inside out, lay front side down on the ironing table and after wiping the bosom lightly with a damp cloth, iron it through the back opening till dry. This is much easier than to use a bosom-board.

MEDICINE CABINET

BY G. E. M.

A neat medicine cabinet may be made out of an old Seth Thomas clock, by removing the works, fitting in shelves and screwing it to the wall.

Uses for Dry Mounting Tissue

The dry mounting tissue that is used for mounting photographs is handy for pasting on stamps, pasting down the flaps of envelopes, and for use in making home-made calendars. The tissue can be cut in any shape or size and is neater to work with than mucilage or paste.

OLD-FASHIONED DOUGHNUTS

BY W. J. S.

These are the kind that "mother used to make" and are worth trying: 1 cup of sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups of sour milk, 1 level teaspoonful of soda, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, flour to roll out as soft as possible. Cut with doughnut cutter and fry in cottolene. The fat must not be too hot and they must be fried very slowly and turned over often, in order to rise until very puffy. Do not fry very brown, and roll them in powdered sugar while hot. They are very good and very different from the doughnuts often made these days.

FOR SCORCHED GARMENTS

BY L. M. B.

If a garment is scorched in ironing, rub a lump of dry starch on the mark, then sponge off; repeat till the stain is all gone.

To Preserve Books

To preserve books from becoming musty and mouldy in moist weather, place a few drops of oil of lavender and Canadian balsam in a back corner of each shelf. This will not injure the binding of the books.

COLD TEA FOR FERNS

BY L. E. F.

Ferns wet with cold tea will thrive almost beyond belief, and failing ferns may be restored to health by its use.

To Prevent Clock From Stopping

A piece of sheet wadding saturated with kerosene and placed under the works in the case of a clock, which is dry or needs cleaning, will often keep it from stopping.

TO DRY CLEANSE LACE CURTAINS

BY F. K. P.

To clean soiled lace curtains and save washing them often, fold a pair carefully and place in large flour sack containing two cups of corn meal and one cup salt. Close sack and holding it lengthwise, shake thoroughly. The dust and dirt will remain on the meal.